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GUSTAVE COURBET, ARTIST AND COMMUNIST.

It is a lovely, unvisited region,—unvisited by Americans and English at least,—the ancient province of Franche-Comté. Lying upon the eastern limits of France, its hills divide the streams of the through-routes, the travel toward the Rhine going to the north, the travel to Switzerland passing by on either hand; so that the greater part of the region still remains unknown to the tourist,—a sort of water-shed of travel. But the new railway from Besançon to Locle will soon change that. Already, from the sweet valley of the Doubs, the parting genii have been sent, and construction trains are rolling to and fro upon the very face of those romantic precipices. As yet, however, the only tourist who has made a book about this region is Miss Betham Edwards, with her pleasant "Holidays in Eastern France." Two summers ago I found a new route into this land of hills. From New York I took the new and in every way excellent line of steamers direct to Bordeaux; and thence, a cross-lot route through central France, stopping overnight, or longer, at Périgueux, Tulle, Clermont-Ferrand, Paray-le-Monial, and Bourg, and so to Besançon, the ancient capital of the ancient province.

Province, of course, it has not been for many a year, at least administratively and cartographically. The old division is still convenient for several purposes; but the modern maps of France do not often mark other political divisions of the country than those of 1792 into departments. The ancient Franche-Comté is distributed into three—the Haute-Saône and the Doubs, named from their rivers, and the Jura, named from its mountains. The two last-named departments border upon Switzerland; from the nearest point of the French boundary, in the Jura, Geneva is distant scarcely twice the range of modern

cannon-shot. These four thousand square miles of mountain, valley, meadow, and forest form one of the most beautiful regions in France or in Europe. The Jura and the Doubs are Courbet's country.

Ornans, in the Doubs, was the painter's birthplace. The little stone-built village stands in the valley of the Loue, a stream that slips down between grassy banks to the Doubs, and so to the Saône, and so to the Rhone, and so to the Mediterranean. What an inland place is Ornans! what woodland glades are there, what still haunts and romantic *combes*,—small deep valleys, walled in by green turf on three sides, and without water-courses. It is a region of magical beauty. Ornans is a place for Keats to have been born in, or Claude. Victor Hugo was born a few miles away, under the citadel of Vauban, in Besançon. But it was quite out of keeping for the rude-striding figure of Gustave Courbet, the iconoclast artist, to appear in that vale of Rasselas, Ornans in the Doubs.

There, however, with nature's too frequent disregard of the proprieties, Courbet was born (June 10th, 1819), and there still reside the survivors of his father's family and his oldest friends. Among the latter his name is not yet "rehabilitated." For them, and indeed for most Frenchmen, Courbet is less an artist than a vandal. After the events of the Commune, his friends turned upon him. A painter notorious rather than distinguished in France, and little known outside of France, an agitator and a Communist, he achieved infamy by destroying works of art when he found that he could not win fame by creating them,—this, or something like it, is the substance of the judgments you will hear from his countrymen to-day. Ornans is visited by many artists, who seek to fix the visionary

beauty which generally eluded the sturdy, realistic art of Courbet; but his birthplace is not a shrine for his countrymen, who more than most other people seek to do honor to the memory of those whom they consider worthy.

Let us ask how much of his countrymen's censure is deserved by the painter of Ornans; and for the better answering, let us not take sides in the quarrel which still goes on respecting his merits as a painter and as a man. It is the vice of criticism to reduce itself to terms of praise and blame. Is it not better to study Courbet neither as a praiseworthy nor a blamable, but simply as an interesting person?

Courbet's father was an independent farmer, and an uneducated man except in his own business. He had a relative in the University of Paris, a law professor; but Courbet *père* was chiefly acquainted with the soil, the changes of crops, the spots where the wine and the fruit would ripen best; he had personal acquaintance, after the pottering way of French farmers, with every quince and peach in his orchard. He was well to do; and, like most French farmers, he was contented; he was satisfied with his life and his position. If, now, he could only have been induced to take interest in the affairs of the rest of the world,—say in European politics or in American progress! But the French farmer is painfully narrow; he persists in understanding his own things, in caring for his own things, and in caring but little for the things of other people. He is content to be prosperous and happy at home; and he shows a sad apathy to the claims of politics and literature. That eminent critic of *Bœotia*, Dr. Samuel Johnson, used to say that the Athenians were "brutes" because they had no newspapers. The French farmer has his newspaper, but he cares less for the news than for the regular installments of the *feuilleton*. Love of the soil and of the home is his deepest feeling,—a narrowness for which he is commiserated by most of my countrymen. Yes, it is a sad thing to be contented and happy! Yet we may remark that the French farmer has at least this much of good fortune: he does not spend his life in merely hoping to be, at some future time in this world or the next, contented and happy.

From such stock came Gustave Courbet,—himself a man of quite different qualities. He inherited one trait, of which I have not spoken,—a certain willfulness that had stood more than once in the way of his parents' own interests, and came in part from their possession of independent means. On the Courbet farm one may see, or might have seen last September a year, an unusual thing in

thrifty France; to wit, a large pile of fire-wood decaying in the open air. The nearest neighbor of the Courbets, Dr. C——, told me that years ago the old farmer had cut the wood to sell, offering it at a certain figure. No one would give his price; and when some of the neighbors offered less, Courbet *père* was nettled. "My price or none," said he. But, the neighbors having their own mind about it too, the wood has lain there rotting ever since,—a Declaration of Independence that is years older than the French Republic.

The young artist thus came of a self-willed stock; and his own self-will was shown in a very early and a very resolute bent toward painting. He began with caricature while at school in Ornans (his first teacher was the Abbé Gousset, since a well-known cardinal). In school and out of it, he caricatured everybody—teachers, comrades, family and friends. The wife of my informant just mentioned, Dr. C——, was one of his involuntary sitters. At church he caricatured the priests and the choir-singers; he was getting his hand in for the coarse but telling assaults upon the priesthood which are among the best known of his later pictures.

As the boy grew up, his parents sent him to the college at Besançon. Here there were brief studies and long rambles among those beautiful hills and along the Doubs. When his course was finished they found him a teacher in mathematics, a Mr. Delby; but the amiable Delby secretly favored his inclination for painting. While ostensibly struggling with co-sines and other disagreeable things of that sort, he was doing the first art-work of which I have been able to find any trace; and it is curious enough. M. Auguste Castan, the accomplished librarian of the great library in Besançon, showed me, a year ago, a little book of poems, excessively rare, by Max Buchon, the first publication by that author, who became famous in his country before his death: and Buchon's venture was illustrated by his friend Courbet's first engraved work, four small vignettes. The title-page reads: "Essais poétiques, par Max B. Vignettes par Gust. C. Besançon, 1839." The vignettes are quite boyish and commonplace. "Both the pictures and the verses are bad enough to break your heart," says Max Claudet, the gifted sculptor of Salins, and an old intimate of both Buchon and Courbet. But they show the strong story-telling bent of the artist—the dominating impulse, as we shall see, in all of Courbet's work outside of pure landscape; and they show, too, his dominating trait as a man, his egotism. These distracting little vignettes (I wish they were



THE FAIR DUTCHWOMAN.

worth reproducing here) are signed in full. Other bad vignettes have been made before and since, but I doubt whether an equally intelligent artist has often set his name to work as poor as this. M. Paul Mantz, in the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts," compares Courbet to Vacca, an artist of the sixteenth century, whose epitaph, composed by himself, may still be read in the Pantheon at Rome: "Here lies Flaminus Vacca, a Roman sculptor, who satisfied himself in none of his works." The inscription supplies a contrast rather than a comparison. The fitting epitaph of the painter of Ornans would read as follows: "Here lies Courbet, a painter who more than satisfied himself in all his works."

School and college ended, what was to be done with the energetic youth? His father, as we have seen, had a learned cousin in Paris; and thither young Courbet was sent, in the year 1839, to study the learned cousin's profession of law. But law was not for Courbet, neither in books nor in art nor in life. He abandoned himself to painting and to the pleasures for which in our country Paris is chiefly reputed. He tried his hand at figure-drawing and at landscape: his first efforts in landscape date from 1841,—views in the forest of Fontainebleau. In 1842 he painted his own

portrait, and for several successive years he sent it to the Salon. Each time it was refused. But portraits of himself, more or less flattered, appear more than a few times in the course of his work; as in "The Lovers in the Country," and, notably, in "The Man with the Leather Girdle" (*L'Homme à la Ceinture de Cuir*), now No. 424 in the Luxembourg gallery. In this powerful portrait the head is too ideal for Courbet's at any time, unless, possibly, for the year or two during his college life when he studied Goethe, and even painted a scene from the "Walpurgis Night." But Courbet had as little of poetry or of the dramatic gift in his nature as any painter who ever painted; and in later years, looking on this scene as treason to his rigid doctrine of realism, he obliterated it by painting another picture over it.

Courbet's first exhibited pictures, portraits of himself and of his dogs (1844), attracted little attention. But before long his work began to tell upon the public and the critics. The "After Dinner at Ornans," in 1849, was especially noticed. In 1850 Courbet awoke and found himself famous. Two of his most important works were upon the Salon walls that year: "A Burial Scene at Ornans" (*Un Enterrement à Ornans*), and *Les Casseurs*

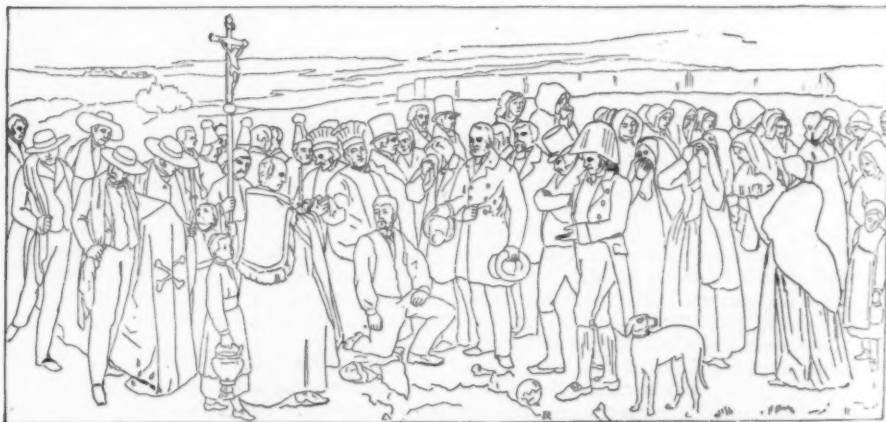
de Pierres ("The Stone-Breakers"). These works placed him at once among the men who cannot be put aside; right or wrong, here was a new force in European art. De Maistre says: "He who has not conquered at thirty years will never conquer." Is not the aphorism a little too stringent, a little too brilliant? Doubtless; yet Courbet's first pictures illustrated the aphorism. When he conquered he was not yet thirty-one.

These are strong pictures; they have great faults, too, if one judge them by any canons of perfection. Certainly I do not; I am content to take them, as other works of art, for their own merits and defects, for what they are in themselves and in their expression of their time. It is better to judge a picture by what is in it than by what is out of it. And these pictures are at least full of truth after their own kind.

The "Burial Scene at Ornans" (now in the Salle des Colonnades at the Louvre) is a "stunning stroke" of realism. Into a canvas ten feet by twenty-two are hustled nearly fifty heads and figures of life-size: you can count forty-nine and a dog. They are hustled upon the canvas, as I say. There is no composition there, no beauty of expression in the faces; but there is severe truth in the greater part of the picture, even in the details of the background landscape. The overhanging cliffs of the valley of the Loue, for instance, will recall the country to any one who knows it well. The picture is truthful, yet not wholly true:

are still living; and the portraits are quite the reverse of flattered. And one might say that even in the technique of the handling there was a pugilistic spirit. The delicate French criticism complained of a "brutality in some of the dark tones and in some of the reds"; but, on the other hand, a certain tenderness of sentiment cannot be denied to the group of women mourners who stand toward the right. This unwonted note of gentleness was welcomed by Courbet's critics; it led some of them to hope that Courbet might come to value and to reproduce in his art more delicate things than the "paint-slinger," as in their equivalent phrases they called him, had theretofore chosen to render,—some such tender beauty as that which his birth-mate in years, Édouard Frère, was already producing. But nature loves to make opposites of her twins. Frère she consecrated to tenderness and poetry, Courbet to "brutality"—so far, at least, as relates to his dealing with human sentiment. Courbet was a realist, but a narrow realist in spite of his power; for to him emotion was merely a sentimentalism, instead of a prime truth with which art is concerned. He excluded the fruitful emotions from his pictures; and this deficiency is their main demerit.

But, as if in compensation for this, Courbet had great sympathy with animals. This you feel, for instance, in that spirited "At Bay" (*L'Hallali du Cerf*). How ardently the dogs bound upon the scene, breaking out from



A BURIAL SCENE AT ORNANS.

there is a strong note of caricature in the portraits of the priests and beadies, whom Courbet hated; he has made their faces radiant with vulgarity. They, and the rest of the group, are portraits of actual persons, many of whom

every copse and cover; in what a rapture of excitement they tremble between fear of the master huntsman, who towers over them with his long whip, and dread of the wounded stag, who has already sent one of the pack to

bite the snow. Never was such a tempest of the chase, such a stirring tumult of hounds. The life and action of the work are extraordinary; the picture, in spite of more than a little bad drawing, is a fascinating one, because it is full of vitality; it thrills; its errors of execution are overlooked because it tells a story with extraordinary vividness and power.*

In the "Hallali" our sympathies go with the chase, with that excited and intelligent democracy of hunting-dogs. There is a companion picture, the antithesis of this, "The Doe Run Down in the Snow" (*La Chevrete forcée à la Neige*). It is the end of the chase; the poor creature can run or stand no longer; she has fallen breathless on her track. The hunter blows a strong blast, the horn rings out the fatal *hallali*; all four feet in the air at once, the dogs are bounding down the hill-side like demons; in a minute they will be upon her. For those last few seconds she takes her tranquil rest there in the snow.

A companion piece, "The Quarry" (*La Curée du Chevreuil*), an interesting work, in spite of faulty drawing and an inexplicable perspective, was exhibited in the same Salon (1857), and was bought by the Allston Club of Boston.

But I am a little in advance of the record. At the Salon of 1850-51, beside the "Burial Scene," another of Courbet's chief works appeared, "The Stone-Breakers" (*Les Casseurs de Pierres*). This, too, is transcribed from the life; and the figures are portraits and life-size, as if Courbet feared to lose any detail of the scene. A hard, laborious scene it is,—the true presentation of men outworn, *swinked*, in Chaucer's phrase, with labor and travail. The painting was held by the susceptible critics of the Salon to have a message, an extra-aesthetic significance. Proudhon declared that "The Stone-Breakers" signified *morality in action*; he said that certain good peasants had wished to see the painting used for an altar-piece,—in the church of the agnostics, I presume. The active intelligence of the French is continually detecting and, it must be in fairness added, continually expressing meanings in art that lie quite outside of the pictorial or technical values of the work. But through his art Courbet did not discourse as a preacher; he raised the laugh as a satirist.

During the few years immediately after 1851 Courbet painted much that seemed done less in neglect than in actual defiance of natural beauty; he created what one of his biographers calls, and not unjustly, "types of reasoned ugliness." The only exception that

I know is a portrait, "The Fair Dutchwoman" (*La Belle Hollandaise*). In this picture is presented the most refined type of beauty that Courbet ever painted. "The Spanish Lady" (*La Dame Espagnole*) has a certain degree of distinction, though the subject is not attractive. But most of his studies were made from peasant girls and women, as the *Demoiselles de Village* (1852), the *Baigneuses* (1853), and many others.

Portraits and landscapes were not wanting during this period; nor were critics wanting to labor with him in behalf of the ideal. They sought to reclaim him to a more poetical treatment of life and nature; they expounded to him the idea of archetypal beauty, etc., etc. To all of which Courbet made answer, as also to his friends who urged him to marry and to become a pillar of society, by exclaiming "*Quelle balance!*"*

About the year 1854 Courbet gave exhibitions of his works in Besançon, Dijon, Munich, and Frankfurt,—everywhere dismaying the critics, and awaking a moderate degree of popular interest. In Munich he made the acquaintance of an artist named Leibl. Courbet could not speak a word of German, Leibl could not speak a word of French; but the two men were united by a deep love of painting and of beer. They admired each other and each other's works; and they made the round of the Munich galleries together. Neither of the comrades tried to learn the first phrase of the other's language; but they gazed admiringly together upon the great pictures, and slapped each other's backs by way of genial criticism, these interpretations being helped out by the circumstance that Leibl was a skillful mimic and pantomimist. But it was over the beer of Munich that the boon companions came to their first understanding of Munich's art. Both the Frenchman and the German were mighty drinkers; and each was no less astonished than delighted at the prowess of the other. Neither of the men had dreamed that such great qualities could exist outside of his own country. Here was true communion. Not a word was exchanged during Courbet's visit; but the two artists parted eternal friends.

In Ornans I went to Courbet's favorite *café*. "Many an afternoon has he passed in that corner," said the tidy woman who kept the place; many a *bock* of beer had she brought him there; and as she mentioned Courbet's name, a sitter at another table, apparently an *habitué*, said to his companion,

* It is not my fault that this slang is not elegantly translatable. "Don't tear your shirt" is, I fear, what a New York or Chicago Bohemian would say under corresponding provocation.

* This picture, too, is in the Louvre; it is eleven by sixteen feet, and cost the government 33,900 francs.

"Courbet used to drink forty glasses at a sitting." Here, too, he would put in from time to time, like a ship in distress, to mend his tackle—a bit of twine serving to repair some accident to the contrivances of his "original" apparel. There was a boyishness in his character to the last, as in that of many another old bachelor.

At the Universal Exposition of 1855, in Paris, Courbet hung eleven pictures, and made a private exhibition of thirty-eight more. A noticeable profession of Courbet's art-creed appears in the preface to his catalogue of this private exhibition; the document, however (so his reviewers say), was touched by a friendly critic's hand before the printers saw it. He says: "I have studied ancient art and modern art, and without committing myself to any system or party. Nor have I imitated the old or copied the new. I have simply sought to nurture, through a complete knowledge of the record of art, my own intelligent and independent individuality. To know in order to achieve,—such has been my aim."

An admirable purpose; the words, too, are admirable. "Through a complete knowledge of the record of art." Alas! of that particular thing, the record of art, our egotist had least of all a sufficient knowledge; and if his knowledge had been sufficient, his temperament would scarcely the less have held him to his limited range of work.

Meanwhile, Courbet was getting well talked about,—not always quite as he would like, but still talked about; a good thing for one's immediate necessities of vanity, and a form of ambition which is common and perennial among both painters and writers. My courteous informant, Dr. C—, once asked him if he liked being abused as he was. "All those people advertise me well," was Courbet's answer. The desire to be talked about, or, as he would have put it, to be "original," was a leading trait of Courbet's character. He would not even dress well, lest he should be taken for a commonplace citizen. More than one of his old acquaintances have described to me his "original" wardrobe: two shirts, one on his back, and two pairs of socks; as for outer clothes, he seldom had any others than those he wore. "In 1864," says Max Buchon, "when cold weather came, he bought a bed-quilt from a Jew; he made a hole in the middle of it for his head; that was his winter overcoat." This was all for oddity's sake, for Courbet had abundant means to dress decently. These manners naturally gave him an odd reputation among the critics. Champfleury writes: "It is believed by some that Courbet is a wild creature, who has studied painting in the interests of his toil as a swine-herd." It

is true that Courbet had about him a good deal of the bucolic rudeness of the mountaineer and the peasant. Courbet did not Osricize. Even his affectations were forcible. But on the other hand, he purposely accented his own tricks and affectations, as this of rude simplicity, of playing the *montagnard*. He made himself more of a peasant than he really was. Most men have their affectations. It was Courbet's affectation to be natural. That charming man and artist, my friend M. Paul Franceschi, of Besançon, another of Courbet's old acquaintances, thus expressed the thought to me: "*C'était sa coquetterie de n'être pas coquet.*"

I have noticed Courbet's chief work of 1857. In 1858 he visited the south of France and the Mediterranean, and in the following year went to Belgium. It was a time of reserve with the artist; he put forth no work which distracted the critics. In 1861 he had them all by the ears again. The cause was his important picture, the "Stags Fighting" (*Rut du Printemps* or *Combat de Cerfs*)—a title which I would paraphrase "The Struggle for Existence." A stirring scene, an *arcaneum* of nature, is revealed upon this spacious canvas; but much of its merit is necessarily lost in the engraving. All painting does not lose in engraving, but most paintings do; the paintings of Courbet lose more than most others. His strongest point, technically, was color; his weakest points were drawing and composition; it must be added, however, that he professed at least to despise composition. Engraving, then, necessarily reproduces not the essential merit, but the essential faults of his work. As an apostle of realism, Courbet did not hesitate to make the leading lines in the "Fighting Stags" fall into an arrangement of rhomboidal figures; one cannot avoid remarking the parallel lines, the equal acute angles that are formed by the legs of the animals. But in the painting you scarcely notice this; you are deep within the ancient wood, the dark green forests of the Jura deepen beyond, the cool stream flows down from the heart of the glade; and, in contrast, the fury of the conflicting stags is given, and the flight of the mortally wounded creature that tosses up its head in agony. We are present at a woodland mystery, and far more really present than when we read the poets and essayists who falsely tell us that the "spirit of nature" is a spirit of rest and peace.

There are great faults of handling in the work; there is also great power. The mere critic sees nothing but its handling. But what, for instance, would Blake's art be if we looked to the handling only? In every feature of his technique Blake was cruder than Courbet, and Martin was more accom-



THE MUSICIAN.

(ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE PAINTING BY COURBET IN THE POSSESSION OF ERWIN DAVIS.)

plished than either; but Martin's "Belshazzar" and all other extant Martins are forgotten, because Martin did not build on truth. Blake and Courbet must be remembered for their truth—for the spiritual realism of the one, for the material realism of the other.

I may add that Courbet has not neglected to paint repose. "The Hay-makers' Noonning" (*La Sieste*) is one of his best examples of a pastoral scene.

In 1862 Courbet was urged to admit students to his studio. He declined to do this; it would have been too conventional a thing, at least to open his studio formally. For a short time, however, he gave "advice" to students, and a cow was quartered in his studio for a model. Except for the advantage of this cow, it is hard to make out the difference between Courbet's advising and the routine privileges of any other master's studio. During the following year Courbet exhibited at his studio, because it was refused at the Salon as a libel upon religion, the work by which I dare say he is better known than by any other—the "Priests Returning from the Conference" (*Retour d'une Conférence*). The satire of it is extremely coarse and telling, and all the more so in Courbet's country because the story is substantially a true one; the figures depicted are portraits of which I could name the originals. Several of them, indeed, are still living. It is the custom of the clergy to meet at stated times at one another's houses, both for social and professional purposes; and in this case there was a good cellar, and the genial *curés* drank too much. One does not often see tipsy folk in France, least of all among the clergy. Thirty years ago, both in Europe and in America, it was the fashion to drink more than is drunk now; but even then the occurrence was rare enough to cause a scandal, which Courbet remembered as such and caricatured in his painting. One of the *convives* was too "mellow" to walk, and the rest of the company actually propped him upon a donkey, as set forth in the picture. It is full of telling points. One remarks especially the peasants at the left of the consecrated oak-tree; the husband is convulsed with laughter, but his wife, though in dismay at the scene, has fallen on her knees from the old habit of reverence to the priest. Courbet painted three companion scenes to this picture, still more vulgar caricatures of the priests and their failings. Their injustice is the common injustice of caricature of manners—the effort to make an unusual incident or accident appear as the usual course of things.

I have mentioned the best known of Courbet's paintings; but we need not try to follow in detail the long catalogue of this prolific

artist's work. We have now reached the most fortunate period of his life, his culminating time,—from 1860 to the year of the Commune. Let us follow him back from his Paris studio into his beloved Franche-Comté on his summer tours. He made frequent visits to Ornans. The son of one of my informants lived directly opposite to his studio; the two houses are the first that you come to on entering Ornans by the road from Besançon. The young man was very fond of music; the father, Dr. C——, intended him to study medicine; Courbet urged him to give up all for music: "You have a talent for music, as I have for painting; give up all for music." "But my father?" said the young man. "Your father is a *vieille ganache*" (an old imbecile), said Courbet. Dr. C——'s eyes twinkled as he told me this. I asked him, "What did your son do?" "He studied medicine," said Dr. C——. But art was not forgotten in the doctor's house. The open piano is still in the parlor; and every summer painters come for his permission to paint the hills of Ornans from his balcony.

The gifted sculptor of Salins shall describe one of these summer episodes of artist life. Max Claudet was the youngest of the joyous trio who wandered in the deep valley of the Lison. I translate from his brochure, "Souvenirs de Courbet" (Besançon, 1880):

"One day in 1864 Buchon said to me, 'They tell me that Courbet is at Nans. You ought to go and find him, and bring him down to spend a few days with us.'

"It was the end of September; and September is the finest month in our mountains of the Jura. The country was alive with a swarm of vintagers.

"I set out at ten A. M. with one companion. We went afoot; it would be sacrilege to ride through a country so unspeakably lovely that you have to pause at every other step to admire great nature.

"Nans is a wonderful place; it is a corner of Switzerland strayed into the French Jura. The road finds its way thither through a wood; first the village appears, with its beautiful houses; then the Saracen's Grotto, a niche among the rocks, worthy of the Lago di Maggiore; then the source of the Lison, and the Creux-Billard, the wildest of cascades. It is the region that now is full of artists during the season of good weather; Courbet, indeed, in good part set them the fashion.

"We found him at the inn, just finishing his dinner.

" 'You have come for me, then?' said he. 'The diable! but I have a picture to paint this afternoon,—the source of the Lison. You want us to leave at five o'clock? Well, there is time enough, but I can't fool around any. You sit down and eat; I will go on ahead with Jerome, and you shall come on after me!' Jerome was a handsome donkey that Courbet had provided, with a little wagon, to carry all his artist 'traps' when he went on his painting excursions near Ornans.

"I confess that I was somewhat incredulous as to the birth of a landscape which should be begun at two o'clock and finished by four. However, we lost no time in following Courbet. It is two kilometers from the inn to the outpouring fountain of the river. There we found the painter installed upon a level spot,

facing the torrent-spring; the canvas was upon the easel; Jerome was grazing philosophically by his side.

"A high wind was blowing. Just as we arrived upon the scene the easel blew over; and, to make matters worse, one of the forks of the easel was forced through the canvas.

"That's nothing!" said Courbet. He set up his apparatus again; he smeared some pigment upon the torn place; he stuck on a piece of paper, and said: 'You won't see anything.'

"We were standing before a great cliff of many-colored rock; a forest crowned its summit. A vast cavity, like the nave of a church, opens in this cliff; its roof is sustained by rock pillars. From the depths of the chasm pours a stream of blue water, as cold as that which flows from glaciers. It falls in a cascade to the base of the cliff, and thence takes its way down the valley, bathing the foundations of the houses in Nans, the scene of the first love of Mirabeau and Sophie.

"Courbet stood before this beautiful scene, a black canvas at his side; it was still untouched, except for the torn place. We secured his easel as well as we could, with a wagon-frame and with heavy stones, so that the master could begin without fear of further mishap.

"It surprises you that my ground is black?" said he. "Nature is dark without the sun. I do as the sun does. Bring out the lights, and the picture is done."

"He had a box containing tumblers filled with colors,—white, yellow, red, blue. With his knife he mixed them upon his palette; then, still with his knife, he began to cover the canvas; his strokes were firm and sure.

"Let me see you paint rocks like those with a brush," said he,—"rocks rusted in long veins from top to bottom by time and flowing water!"

"He painted in the water in the same way; the *ensemble* of the picture began to appear. 'A few trees here, some green grass in the foreground, and we shall soon be done,' said he; and his knife was running constantly over the canvas.

"At four o'clock the picture was actually complete: the hand of the master was in it, and his strong inspiration. We were stupefied by this swiftness of execution. Hardly two hours to cover a canvas more than a yard square!

"Now," said Courbet, 'en route for Salins!'

"All the traps were put into the little wagon; the picture was firmly secured behind; Jerome, who appeared vexed at this interruption of his dinner, was harnessed up, and we started. At the village we brought another donkey to the aid of Jerome, because the road is up-hill for nearly four miles. We followed on foot, watching the donkeys, who did not behave very well.

"When we got to the top of the hill we sent back the duplicate donkey. We had now an equal distance down-hill before us, and Courbet said, 'Now let us ride.'

"You should have seen us three in that wagon. We were crowded like herrings, for Courbet filled a good large place. Our donkey trotted along slowly; night fell; we were nearly in sight of Salins. The road is constructed upon giddy ground; the mountain rose up straight on our left hand; on our right was the profound gulf of a ravine.

"In this situation we met an ox-cart, weighted with an immense tun of the new vintage. We kept to the right, the outside, in order to get by. To our horror, Jerome took fright, and set off at full gallop.

"Courbet pulled the reins violently. The left rein broke. The right rein pulled the donkey's head over the precipice. Donkey, painter, passengers, wagon, and all, began to go over; it was an awful moment. Happily, the two hind wheels of the machine caught upon the stone parapet of the road, and held us hang-

ing. We scrambled out; we hauled back the donkey, the wagon, and the picture. Long after night-fall we got safely back to Salins. But none of us got into that wagon again!

"That picture remained with Buchon until his death. Then Courbet took it. Where is it now? I do not know. If its owner chances to read these lines, he will know the history of it."

It is a charming episode; and M. Claudet adds that Courbet, who came to Salins to remain a week, was still there after three months had passed away.

Here is another picture from those fortunate years before the trouble came,—a scene near Paris this time. Max Claudet will let me borrow once more, I am sure, from his charming "Souvenirs":

"I shall never forget a dinner that we had together one beautiful spring day, in the country near Paris.

"Our party met at the railway station at half-past one. Max Buchon and I were among the first on the ground; then came Champfleury with Castagnary and Courbet. The latter brought a spectacled young man with him, armed with a large umbrella, whom he introduced as M. Vermorel.

"We got off at Chateau, and walked to Bougival; there Courbet decided that we should get a better dinner at a hostelry on the Seine, opposite to the charming islet of Croissy; so we walked thither by the river-side, following a path that was traced lightly on the green grass. Courbet talked about painting.

"Arrived at our inn, he ordered dinner. We sat down. In the midst of our *festa Gambetta* came in. The future minister chatted a moment with us, then returned into the neighboring room.

"It was a merry dinner. Courbet told the funniest stories of Franche-Comté. The afternoon sped quickly in such company; in the evening we returned to Paris.

"To wind up the day properly, we went to a *brasserie*. There we met Chaudey, the advocate, who argued, with his usual fire, that the artists were all fools,—men who hadn't enough wit to associate themselves for their mutual benefit, as even the shoe-makers do. Vermorel, as great a ranter as he, opposed him; Courbet fretted at being prevented from talking about his beloved painting; and Buchon stroked his mustache,—his habit whenever he was wearied of a discussion.

"Alas! what somber days were to come between these companions, then so droll and so merry!

"If a voice had spoken to us then and there, designating each one of the company: 'You, Chaudey, you will be shot by your own partisans! You, Vermorel, you will die upon a barricade in the midst of Paris, the city blazing and running with blood, and a hundred thousand Germans applauding! You, Courbet, will bid farewell to the arts, and go to die in exile! You, advocate of Cahors, you are to be Minister of War; you are to struggle in vain against the enemy, and to escape from Paris in a balloon [and, we may now add, to die prematurely, a full generation before your time! And you, Buchon, who are so strong, so robust, always ready to sing the old songs of the Franche-Comté, you will not see all that—you will be dead the first!']—Ah, well; if a prophet had said that to us on that day, we should have dined less gayly, and even Courbet would have had an indigestion."

Then came the war, the invasion of Courbet's country; the German troops made of Courbet's studio a stable for mules, and kicked

their boots through his pictures on the walls. Let us glance at the later scenes of this active life. Courbet was no less a radical in politics than in religion, and from a similar love of oddity; but radicals of this cast are never devoted reformers. Reform implies reconstruction; but destruction is an easier work, and Courbet's most famous act was the destruction of the Vendôme Column.

In France and out of it the act provoked a storm of criticism. Why did he pull down



GUSTAVE COURBET. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CARJAT & CO.

the Column? "In the interest of European peace," was Courbet's own professed defense. "In the interest of high art, to which the Column was a flagrant offense," said Courbet's friends. But I fear that Courbet did not have either the interest of the arts or of humanity very deeply at heart. There were other motives; the desire of notoriety, even the desire of money, was not absent. I am able to contribute something to the story of the destruction of this Column,—a story that has been discussed at great length, and with great heat, never fully told.*

* M. Castagnary has recently sought to rehabilitate his old friend in the esteem of the French. He argues that Courbet was not responsible for the destruction of the Column, by pointing out that he was not a member of the Communist committee who

It was no new idea of Courbet's. During the Commune he posted placards invoking destruction upon the Column, because it perpetuated the memory of so many French victories. Why record in eternal brass the humiliation of Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Swiss, and other good people? The Column, in short, he said, was a standing offense to the good-fellowship of European nations. This appeal was surprisingly humanitarian, considering the moment—that of the profound humiliation of his own country, his *patrie*; and it was, in any case, a little out of keeping, one would think, as addressed to the men of the Commune—a class of persons not eminent for humanitarian sentiment.

After the Column was pulled down, his friends took the other line of defense, as already noted. They said that the Column was a bad work of art; never was more atrocious taste; the sight of it galled the delicate sensibility of Courbet, and of other similarly organized persons. It was, in short, in a righteous rapture of iconoclasm that he threw it down; it was the logical consummation of his love of high art, and is not the love of high art an excellent thing?

Doubtless; yet this claim, again, seems a little inconsonant with what we have seen of the man who scorned the ideal, and whom his best friends described as a *montagnard*, a "mountaineer."

A more genuine clew to Courbet's motives in destroying the Column was given me by Max Claudet. Though a younger man by some fifteen years than Courbet, he was one of his intimate associates during many years, and they were much in each other's studios; and years before the Franco-German war Courbet used to talk about the Vendôme Column. "You can quote me for the fact," said Claudet to me in his mountain studio in September, "that Courbet repeatedly told me, as much as ten years before the war, that he would like to destroy the Colonne Vendôme."

"And why?" I demanded. "Was it because of his devotion to high art, as his friends said? or because he regarded the Column as an offense against the friendship of nations, as he said himself?"

"For neither reason," answered the sculptor. "What Courbet more than once said to me was this: 'It took a vast quantity of bronze to build the Colonne Vendôme; it is very valuable. How I should like to pull it

ordered it to be thrown down until some days after the thing was actually done. He was none the less the inspiring spirit of the affair. It will be hard to prove that Courbet was not Courbet.



THE QUARRY.

ENGRAVED BY E. C. ATWOOD, FROM THE PAINTING OWNED BY HENRY SAYLES, ESQ., NOW IN THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

down for the sake of the bronze that it contains!' Would you believe," said Claudet, "that Courbet actually supposed that the Column was made of massive bronze?"

On the 16th of May, 1871, at a quarter after four in the afternoon, the Vendôme Column, previously undermined by the masons, yielded, but only after many efforts and slowly, to the strain of powerful windlasses. It came down with a great crash, filling the adjacent streets and squares with dust. An immense crowd was in attendance; they saw Napoleon's statue roll headless in the débris. The Commune was suppressed; all of its leaders who had saved their lives were brought to trial. On the 3d of the following September, Courbet was duly sentenced to six months' imprison-

ment for destroying the Column, and to restore it at his own expense. The heavy cost of this was paid in part, and on Courbet's death his devoted sister, who had the Gallic dread of pecuniary dishonor to her family, assumed the remaining debt; which, however, was canceled by the Government. They restored the Column: they could not restore to the French mind the idea which fell with it,—that military glory is the first glory of a nation. Courbet unbuilt better than he knew when he threw the Column down. But his good time was over. Then followed sickness, neglect, the horror and aversion of his friends and countrymen, and voluntary exile to Switzerland. Courbet went to a little place near Vevay, Tour-de-Peil by name; it is not far from the bound-



PULLING DOWN THE VENDÔME COLUMN.

ary of the Jura; he painted a little there, but not much. November 18, 1877, his pictures were sold in Paris, or "slaughtered" rather, toward the payment of his fine; they brought only twelve thousand one hundred and ten francs. On the 31st of December following Courbet's troubled life had ended.

An exhibition of nearly two hundred of Courbet's works was held in the summer of 1882 in the *École des Beaux-Arts*, in Paris. There it was to be seen that in one important sense Courbet was a born painter. He had the unappeasable instinct of creation; he would paint anything, down to a broomstick, and call it good. Let us be thankful for the

"natural truthfulness" of his landscapes and his animals.

But in another sense he was not a painter at all, at least outside of his landscapes. In all his other work he was a story-teller. He did not paint for the sake of painting; neither for beauty's sake, nor even for the sake of the unbeautiful, like so many of our young realists, American and English, who are sated with beauty, and so devote themselves to *Our Lady of Ugliness*. Courbet cared for neither; he was a born story-teller and satirist, and he painted to tell stories and to satirize. As he once said, he was the "preappointed historian of the priests." He told stories of all kinds with the

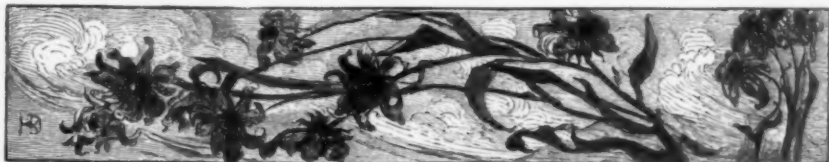
brush. As pure art, his works have little value outside of their color. But they have a sturdy material verity. They are free from self-consciousness, and they tell us much about the French country and country life of our time. It is unfortunate that he took up, as over-willful men are apt to do, with a coarse theory, in his case the theory of a narrow realism in painting.

He had one of the characteristics of dilettante art: he never learned to draw thoroughly well. But, in its spirit, in its results, his work was virile, not dilettante. Dilettante and amateur work in general tells us more about the artist than about the object represented; it even describes the whims of his inner consciousness, which are dearer to many contemporary painters and poets than anything in the outer world, the world in which the true artist mainly lives. But it was egotism, and not dilettantism, which appeared in Courbet's work throughout. His faults as a painter were those of his temperament—coarseness of nerve-fiber, and consequent egotism. Courbet was in love with himself to a degree seldom exemplified. As a matter almost of consequence, he had little sentiment or poetry in him, and that little he sought to exclude from his work. M. Silvestre says well of his landscapes: "They are true, but they express only the material truth of nature. They do not express her vast and mysterious aspects." Even of his own works his criticism was coarse; he could not tell his better from his poorer work. "*Il n'avait pas conscience* [critical insight] *sur ce qu'il avait fait*," said one of his old friends to me, speaking with the frankness which the truest friends permit themselves to use in France.

Courbet's art, of course, was the outcome of his character; not indeed of the visible traits only—but the art and the character hung together. A rude, masculine energy, a

ruling egotism, were at the foundation of his nature; but his abounding animal spirits made these traits more tolerable than they are in less abundant natures. He had an overflowing physical life, warmth and vivacity of feeling, energy of mind and body, and a sort of boyish freshness about him. Was he a good companion? Not always; that excessive self-love stood in the way. He was anything but catholic as regarded his intellectual companionships. He avoided his superiors; he did not get along very well with his equals; his inferiors were more to his taste,—a sure mark of deficient intellectual nobility. Courbet lived in a time of superior men, but he numbered few of them among his friends. Ste. Beuve was one of the few; it was the friendship of the sturdiest and one of the subtlest minds in France. They were drawn together by the frequent attraction of entirely opposite temperaments; they enjoyed each other's natures, and profited by each other. But in general Courbet did not show in his friendships any faculty of ascending fellowship; he preferred the descending fellowship with his flatterers. Of these, in Paris, a body-guard of some twenty or thirty was commonly in his train. He was like the chess-player who refuses to learn from an opponent stronger than himself. This egotism led him to the exhausting life of the *cafés*; too much beer and his heavy troubles broke that doughty form and rude mind at last. We may look upon him more gently than his countrymen can do. "*Comme homme, il n'a pas laissé un souvenir très regretté*" ("As a man, he is not very kindly remembered"), said one of his old fellows to me in the Jura. But with all his errors, he was an original and interesting figure in a passionately interesting time and society. With all his faults, and with all the faults of his work, it was still worth while for Courbet to have lived and painted.

Titus Munson Coan.





P. H. Mieraud

LIEUT.-GENERAL SHERIDAN.

HANNIBAL, having been sent into Spain, from his very first arrival drew the eyes of the whole army upon him. And there never was a genius more fitted for the two most opposite duties of obeying and commanding, so that you could not easily decide whether he were dearer to the general or the army; and neither did Hasdrubal prefer giving the command to any other when anything was to be done with courage and activity, nor did the soldiers feel more confidence and boldness under any other leader.

LIVY, B. xxi.

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN was born March 6, 1831, in the village of Somerset, Perry county, Ohio. He lived there continuously until he was seventeen years of age. His father was a contractor for the construction of various important roads at the West, and spent most of his time away from home. Young Sheridan lived with his mother and went to the village school, where he learned reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, arithmetic, and geography. This was all the education he received until he entered the Military Academy at West Point. He was, however, an attentive student of history, and especially of military history and biography; military matters indeed filled his mind, and his dream was always to become a soldier. There seemed, however, little prospect of this, and as soon as he was able to do anything for himself he entered the country "store" of Mr. John Talbot, in Somerset, at a salary of twenty-four dollars a year, his home being still with his mother. In due course he was promoted to a situation in another "store," where his pay was sixty dollars, and finally arrived at the point where his services were worth one hundred and twenty dollars a year. For this sum he acted as book-keeper, and managed what, for the time and region, constituted an extensive trade. He had never been ten miles from the place of his birth until he was sixteen years of age; then he was sent occasionally, for his employers, distances of sixteen and eighteen miles, but this was the extent of his travel.

During all this while the future general-in-chief had not neglected his books, and he was well up in all the English studies already mentioned; but he still kept his mind bent on a military career. A vacancy occurring at West Point when he was seventeen, Sheridan applied to the member of Congress from his district for the appointment. The answer inclosed his warrant as cadet, and directed him to report at West Point, June 1, 1848. He brushed up his spelling and grammar, and passed his preliminary examinations without trouble. When he entered the Academy he knew nothing of algebra, geometry or any of the higher branches of study. But cadet

Henry W. Slocum, since major-general of volunteers and member of Congress from New York, was his room-mate. Slocum was an industrious, hard-working student, and from him Sheridan derived much assistance, especially in the solution of knotty points of algebra. The two boys were very much in earnest, and after taps, when the lights were put out and every cadet was expected to remain in bed, Slocum and Sheridan were in the habit of hanging a blanket over the window, and then lighting their lamp and pursuing their studies. At the first examination Slocum went up toward the head of the class, and Sheridan stood several files higher than he had expected with his disadvantages.

In 1852, in his graduating year, he had some trouble of a belligerent sort with another cadet, which resulted in his suspension. He thought at the time the punishment was unjust, but riper experience convinced him that the authorities were right and he was wrong. He was suspended for a year, after which he joined the class of 1853, and in this he was graduated. He was at first assigned to the First Infantry, but soon afterward was transferred to the Fourth.

He was not long in developing the traits which have since made him famous. In 1856 he was stationed in Washington Territory, and while there was engaged in defending the Cascades of the Columbia River against Indians. At one point the enemy were posted on an island, and the troops were obliged to land under heavy fire; but Sheridan took a little force down the stream unperceived by the Indians, crossed the river, and got around in their rear, and by this maneuver rendered the success of his command practicable. He was especially commended in orders by General Scott for this achievement, which not only foiled the savages in their own strategy, but was the exact device he afterward employed in several of his most important battles on a very much larger scale.

When the war of the Rebellion broke out, Sheridan was on the Pacific coast, but found his way eastward as soon as possible; for he snuffed the battle from afar, and was from the

first heart and soul for the Union. In May, 1861, he became a captain, and in December was appointed Chief Quartermaster and Commissary in Southwest Missouri, on the staff of Major-General Curtis. The service at that time and in that region was, in some respects, in a deplorable condition. Many officers of high rank were concerned in dealings not at all creditable. Valuable property of the region was regarded as a private prize, and much that was ostensibly taken for the use of the quartermaster's department was really secured in the private interest of high officers. Sheridan, as chief quartermaster, determined to put a stop to these proceedings. He prohibited the use of government wagons for private purposes whatsoever, and required that all horses and mules taken from the country should be immediately branded U. S. This brought him into collision with many officers, and he was directed to rescind the instructions he had given his subordinates. He protested, but in vain; and feeling that his usefulness would be impaired by a course which tended to demoralize the officers of his department, he applied to be relieved from duty with General Curtis's army. This request was shortly afterward complied with, and, reporting at St. Louis, he was assigned by General Halleck to another field.

In April, 1862, Halleck assumed command in person of the army in Tennessee, taking Sheridan with him on his staff. Shortly afterward the colonelcy of one of the Michigan regiments fell vacant, and the Governor of the State wrote to Halleck to name a good man for the post; it was immaterial whether he was from Michigan or not, so that he was an educated soldier. Halleck at once nominated Sheridan, who thus received his first command, as colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. He participated in several engagements during the advance on Corinth, and on the 2d of June was given command of the Second Cavalry Brigade of the Army of the Mississippi.

On the 1st of July he was attacked at Booneville by a force at least forty-five hundred strong, and at once displayed the qualities of steady determination and fertility of resource in emergencies for which he was afterward so preëminent. After a stiff resistance he fell back to an advantageous position on the edge of a swamp, where he could hold the assailants at bay. Finding, however, that the enemy was passing around his left and threatening his camp, he determined to make a bold dash on the right and convert the defense into an offensive movement. Selecting four of his best saber companies, he sent them several miles around the enemy's left to attack

in rear and flank, while he was to make a simultaneous charge in front.

The plan worked admirably. The four companies appeared suddenly in the enemy's rear, not having been seen till near enough to fire their carbines, and, having emptied these, they charged with drawn sabers on the astonished enemy, who doubtless took them for the advanced guard of a very much larger force; for it was not to be supposed that so small a body would have the audacity to throw themselves against a force of forty-five hundred men without the promise of speedy support.

Before the enemy could recover from the confusion of this attack they were fiercely charged by Sheridan with his remaining handful of men, and, utterly routed, fled from the field. This engagement, in which two small regiments of cavalry defeated nine, won for Colonel Sheridan his first star,—his commission as brigadier-general dating from the battle of Booneville. Those who study his after career will find numerous examples of the same peculiarities so strikingly illustrated in this his earliest independent fight.

The reputation he acquired by this affair made Sheridan known to all his superiors at the West. Halleck, Rosecrans, H. G. Wright, and Gordon Granger all recommended his promotion. Several expeditions in which he was engaged still further developed his powers; and when Halleck was transferred to Washington, leaving Grant at the head of the Western army, the new commander fully appreciated his subordinate. In September, 1862, the situation of Buell in Kentucky was such that Grant was ordered to reënforce him. Grant selected some of his best troops for the purpose. He was superintending the movement himself when he perceived Sheridan at the head of his command, about to march. "What!" exclaimed Grant, "are you here, Sheridan? I did not intend that you should leave this army." He had not remembered that the colonel commanding a brigade in reality belonged to the Second Michigan Cavalry, and had purposed to keep a man whose ability he so highly esteemed in his own command. But Sheridan had no desire to remain. He had been ordered to the field where fighting was most imminent, and he said nothing to Grant to induce him to change his destination. Grant was a little touched at this indifference, and Sheridan went on to join Buell. Neither suspected then how close and intimate their relations would become in the wider spheres that awaited them.

Arriving at Louisville, Sheridan was assigned to the command of a division, and with this force constructed in a single night the whole series of rifle-pits from the railroad

station in Louisville to the vicinity of Portland, a distance of five or six miles. In October he accompanied Buell in his advance against Bragg, and on the 8th of that month he bore a conspicuous part in the battle of Perryville, holding the key-point of the position, and successfully defending it against several attacks of the enemy. Hardee repeatedly charged him with fixed bayonets, but was invariably driven back in disorder from the open ground in front of the heights where Sheridan was posted.

He remained in command of a division in the Army of the Cumberland until the battle of Murfreesboro, in which he sustained four separate attacks, and four times repulsed the enemy, when his ammunition became exhausted, and he was compelled to fall back from his original position. Even after this he engaged the advancing enemy, recapturing two pieces of artillery, and absolutely routing the force that had driven him. For his conduct in this battle he was made major-general of volunteers, on the recommendation of Rosecrans.

He participated in the march on Chickamauga, and on the 2d of July arrived at the Elk River, but found the stream so swollen by recent and heavy rains as to be impassable. He thereupon turned the head of his column and marched it parallel with the river till he discovered what seemed to be a practicable ford. But the enemy was guarding it with a cavalry regiment; the stream was waist deep, and the current was quite too impetuous for infantry to pass unaided; it would have separated and swept away his column. In this emergency Sheridan's invention came to his aid, and a device worthy of Hannibal indicated the genius of the Union commander. He first drove the enemy from the opposite shore, and after a sharp skirmish crossed his cavalry. A cable was next stretched across the river, by the aid of which the weak men of the division were passed. The remainder of the command was then formed in solid phalanx to resist the stream. With muskets and cartridge-boxes on their shoulders, and their hands resting on the knapsacks of the rank in front, they went in with a cheer, supporting each other, and the entire division crossed the deep and rapid stream without the loss of a man.*

In the battle of Chickamauga, Sheridan shared the terrible fighting and the disasters of the army. He was on the extreme right on the second day, and entirely disconnected

* The Spaniards, without making any difficulty, having put their clothes in bags of leather, and themselves leaning on their bucklers placed beneath, swam across the river.

from the remainder of the command. At eleven o'clock he was directed to move to the left to the support of Thomas; and, while marching at the double quick to carry out the order, he received an overwhelming assault, and was driven back three hundred yards. In the meantime he was receiving the most urgent orders to throw in his entire command; and, rallying his men, he drove the enemy in his turn, inflicting immense slaughter, and regaining the line he had originally held; but the enemy had strong supports and Sheridan none, and he was driven back again. But the assailants showed no disposition to follow up their advantage, and Sheridan had learned positively that the divisions on his left had also been driven, so that he was completely cut off. He therefore determined to connect himself with Thomas by moving back on the arc of a circle until he was able to form a junction. But the enemy moved parallel with him, and arrived first at the point at which he was aiming. Sheridan then moved quite around in the rear of Thomas, and at last came in on his left flank. Shortly after, the whole command was retired.

Sheridan's part of this disastrous battle was fought under the most disadvantageous circumstances. No time was given to form line of battle, he had no supports, and one division contended against four or five. His command numbered four thousand bayonets, and he lost ninety-six officers and one thousand four hundred and twenty-one private soldiers. He did his best to beat back the furious storm which so nearly destroyed the army, and never displayed more stubborn courage or military skill in a subordinate sphere than on this terrible day.

Hitherto his fighting had all been on the defensive. He had served under unsuccessful soldiers, and his ability was directed rather to efforts to repel and resist than to those more congenial to his nature—to assault and advance. These were to find their scope and opportunity under Grant.

The battle of Chattanooga, two months later, redeemed that of Chickamauga, and in this it fell to Sheridan to lead a division in the famous charge on Missionary Ridge. The situation at Chattanooga was simple, and can be understood by the most unmilitary reader. The town lies on the south bank of the Tennessee, with a vast plain extending toward the hills in front and on either side. On the right is Lookout Mountain, rising abruptly two thousand feet, while the southern limit of the plain is Missionary Ridge, so called by the Indians, who allowed the missionaries to pass no farther. Grant was in possession of Chattanooga, and the enemy held Missionary Ridge

and Lookout Mountain. On the 24th of November Sherman carried the hills at the end of the ridge on the left, and Hooker stormed the works on Lookout Mountain. Thomas had already moved out from Chattanooga to a point in front of the center of the ridge. Sheridan held the extreme right of Thomas's command. Grant's plan was to move Sherman and Hooker simultaneously against the enemy's flanks, and, when Bragg was weakened or distracted by these attacks on right and left, to assault his center on the ridge. The movements on either flank occurred. Sherman's attack was very vigorous, but the enemy were obliged to maintain the point in his front, for it commanded their trains and their only possible line of retreat. Bragg, therefore, reinforced heavily from the center, and when Grant perceived this movement he ordered Thomas to assault.

Thomas's command consisted of four divisions, with Sheridan, as already stated, on the extreme right. The center of his division was opposite Bragg's head-quarters on Missionary Ridge. The ground in his front was, first, open timber; then, a smooth and open plain, the distance across which, to the first line of the enemy's rifle-pits, varied from five hundred to nine hundred yards; next, a steep ascent of about five hundred yards to the top of the ridge, the face of which was rugged and covered with fallen timber. About half-way up the ridge was a partial line of pits, and, last of all, the works on the crest of the mountain.

While Sheridan was making his dispositions to attack, the enemy's regiments could be plainly seen moving to the still unoccupied rifle-pits on the summit, their blue battle-flags waving as they marched. As he rode in front of his line to examine the works, which looked as if they would prove untenable if carried, a doubt arose in his mind as to whether he had understood his order, and he sent an officer to ascertain if it was the first line only that was to be carried, or the ridge itself. Grant had intended to carry the works at the foot of the ridge, and, when this was done, to reform the lines in the rifle-pits, with a view to carrying the top. But Sheridan's aide-de-camp had scarcely left his side when the signal was given, and the division rushed to the front under a terrific burst of shot and shell. Nevertheless, it moved steadily on, Sheridan in front of the line, and, emerging from the timber, took up the double-quick step and dashed over the open plain and at the enemy's first line with a mass of glittering bayonets that was irresistible. Many of the enemy fled; the remainder threw themselves prostrate before the assaulting line and were either killed or captured, and the national

troops rushed over. The three brigades had reached the first line of pits simultaneously. The enemy's fire from the top now changed from shot and shell to canister and musketry.

At this moment Sheridan's officer returned and brought word that it was the first line only that was to be carried. He first reached the left of Sheridan's command; and one brigade on the left was accordingly withdrawn to the rifle-pits which they had already crossed. The officer then rode up to Sheridan himself with the order, but the attack had by this time assumed a new and unexpected phase. Sheridan saw that he could carry the ridge, and he could not order officers and men who were already gallantly ascending the hill, step by step, to return. He rode from the center to the left, and saw disappointment on the faces of the men who had been withdrawn; he told them to rest for a few moments, and they should "go at it" again.

Meanwhile the right and right center were nearly half-way up the hill, and approaching the second line of pits, led by twelve sets of regimental colors. First, one flag would be advanced a few feet, then another would come up to it, each vying with the other to be foremost, until the entire twelve were planted on the crest of the second line of works. Now came another aide-de-camp to say that the original order had been to carry the first line; but that if, in Sheridan's judgment, the ridge could be carried, he was to take it. Sheridan's judgment was that Missionary Ridge could be carried, and he gave the order. "When I saw those flags going up," he said to me, in describing the fight, "I knew we should carry the ridge, and I took the responsibility." The men obeyed with a cheer.

Thirty pieces of artillery now opened on the assailants with direct, plunging, cross, and enfilading fire, and a tempest of musketry from the still well-filled rifle-pits on the summit; but the men put their faces to the breast of the mountain to avoid the storm, and thus worked their way up its front, till at last the highest crest was reached. Sheridan's right and right center were the first, being nearest. They crossed at once to Bragg's head-quarters, but the rebel chief had fled. The contest, however, was maintained for several minutes, when the enemy was driven from his artillery, and guns and supports were captured together. Whole regiments threw down their arms, others fled headlong down the further slope, the national soldiers not waiting to reload their pieces, but driving the enemy with stones. Before the entire division had reached the crest, the disorganized troops of Bragg could be plainly seen, with a large wagon-train and several pieces

of artillery, flying through the valley below, within a distance of half a mile.

Sheridan, however, had no idea of resting upon his laurels. The victory was gained, but the results must be secured. He at once directed two of his brigades to press the flying rear-guard and capture their wagon trains and artillery. Nine guns were speedily taken; but, about a mile beyond the ridge, the road ran over a high and formidable crest on which the enemy had posted eight guns, supported by a large infantry force. Sheridan at once rode to the front with a couple of regiments, and found the advance contending against greatly superior numbers, the men clinging to the face of the hill, as they had done a few hours before on Missionary Ridge. It was dusk, but he determined to flank the enemy with the fresh regiments he had brought. In order to accomplish the flanking movement, a high bluff, where the ridge on the left terminated, had to be carried. When the head of the column reached the summit of this hill, the moon was rising from behind, and a medallion view of the column was disclosed as it crossed the moon's disk and attacked the enemy, who, outflanked on right and left, fled hurriedly, leaving two pieces of artillery and many wagons behind. "This," says Sheridan in his report, "was a gallant little fight."

One hundred and twenty-three officers and eleven hundred and seventy-nine men of the division bathed Missionary Ridge with their blood. For one and one-eighth miles, emerging from the timber, and crossing the open plain, the troops were subjected to as terrible a cross fire of artillery and musketry as any in the war.

It was Sheridan's conduct during this battle and the pursuit, which inspired Grant with the supreme confidence he always afterward felt in his great subordinate. This was the first time that Sheridan had fought immediately under the eyes of Grant, who has often told me of the impression made on him by Sheridan's determination to advance up the mountain, his gallantry in leading the charge, and, quite as much as either, the remorseless energy with which he pursued the routed enemy. This last trait is most uncommon even with brilliant soldiers; for many are apt to sit contented with an incomplete victory. In this very battle more than one of Sheridan's superiors displeased or dissatisfied the chief by a willingness to rest before the fruits of success were all secured; but Sheridan never displayed this fault; and on this occasion he earned the advancement which he afterward received, and which gave him the opportunity to achieve what has made him world-re-

nowned. At Chattanooga he really did as much as in any other battle to earn the generalship of the army.

Only two or three months later, Grant was made general-in-chief of the armies, and determined to take command in person at the East. He was dissatisfied with the results accomplished by the cavalry in Virginia, and was talking with the President and the Secretary of War of his designs. "I want," he said, "an active, energetic man, full of life, and spirit, and power." Halleck, who was present, inquired: "How would Sheridan do?" "The very man I want," said Grant, and telegraphed for him that hour.

But, with the ignorance of the future that besets us all, Sheridan was unwilling to leave. He had won his laurels at the West; he had fought only with Western troops; success at last seemed opening there, and he was loth to change his sphere and come to untried men and unknown theaters. Of course, he was too good a soldier to express unwillingness, but the honors pressed on him by Grant were all unwelcome; and he left the West with regret to enter upon those fields where he was destined to gather so splendid a harvest of renown.

When Sheridan took command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, it numbered from ten to twelve thousand effective men, and was employed to encircle the infantry and artillery with a picket line which, if continuous, would have stretched out nearly sixteen miles. This was a use of the force which Sheridan disapproved. It was shortly after dispensed with, and the horses instead were nursed for the coming campaign. It was Sheridan's idea that cavalry should fight the enemy's cavalry, and infantry the enemy's infantry. He thought, too, that he perceived a lack of appreciation of the power of a large and well-managed body of horse. This power he was destined himself to display in a striking manner in the events of the following year.

He participated in the battle of the Wilderness, opening a way for the movement of the various columns, crossing the Rapidan in advance, and guarding the trains and the left of the army. This battle was fought on the 5th and 6th of May, 1864; on the 7th Sheridan again led the way to Spottsylvania, fighting the battle of Todd's Tavern to clear the road for the infantry. On the 8th he was sent for by Grant, and received orders to go out and engage the rebel cavalry; and when out of forage, of which *he had half rations for one day*, he was to proceed to the James River, sixty miles away, and replenish from Butler's stores at Bermuda Hundred. This was carry-

ing out Sheridan's own idea that cavalry should fight cavalry. The details of the movement were left to himself, and he at once determined to march around the right of Lee's army, and put his command, before fighting, in a region where he could find grain. There he believed that the enemy's infantry would not molest him, and he felt fully able to contend with Lee's cavalry.

This plan was executed. He moved his three divisions on a single road, making a column thirteen miles long; "for," he said, "I preferred this to the combinations arising from separate roads—combinations rarely working as expected, and generally failing, unless subordinate officers are prompt and fully understand the situation": a maxim which, coming from a master of the art, is worthy commemoration. He soon came into a green country where, as he expected, he found supplies, and also destroyed immense quantities of grain and ammunition intended for Lee.

The enemy's cavalry, under Stuart, at once started in pursuit, and threw themselves between the national forces and Richmond; but their leader unwisely divided his command, sending a large party to attack Sheridan in rear. He, on the contrary, threw his principal strength against the force which attacked him in front, and fought the remainder with a small rear-guard. He was completely successful; the enemy were beaten front and rear. Stuart was killed, and Richmond itself exposed to the victorious troops. A reconnoitering party indeed dashed over the outer works of the town.

It was no part, however, of Grant's design that Sheridan should enter Richmond at this time. He could not possibly have held the place, and though Jefferson Davis and his Congress were greatly alarmed, the cavalry leader obeyed his orders and turned his column eastward. He was now between the Chickahominy and the James, and as soon as the enemy ascertained that Sheridan had no intention of attacking Richmond, they came out in force to assail him. The bridges on the Chickahominy were destroyed and had to be rebuilt under fire, while the enemy were advancing on the other side from Richmond. But the opposition in front was repelled while the work on the bridges continued, and a severe encounter in the rear also resulted favorably for Sheridan, who then proceeded to the James River and went into camp. After resting three days he set out to return to Grant. The enemy molested him again, and at a point on the York River he once more found the bridges burned. But he sent out mounted parties, each man to

bring back a board, and made the river passable in a day. In sixteen days from leaving the army he rejoined it at Chesterfield.

The skill and pluck he had displayed in this expedition, eluding the enemy when it was necessary, attacking and beating him at the right moment, destroying stores, burning and building bridges with almost equal facility, greatly delighted Grant, and amply justified that general in the choice he had made of a cavalry commander.

During the remainder of the Wilderness campaign, the cavalry was engaged in the battles of Hawe's shop, Totopotomoy, and Cold Harbor, and always satisfied the expectations of the general-in-chief, whether in active battle, or on the march, or in the strategic maneuvers of the campaign.

On the 6th of June Sheridan was ordered to proceed with two divisions to cut the Virginia Central Railroad near Charlottesville, and, if possible, unite with General Hunter, at that time moving up the Valley of Virginia. Another object of the maneuver was to entice the enemy's cavalry from the Chickahominy during Grant's contemplated passage of the James. The latter part of the scheme was entirely successful, for the greater portion of Lee's cavalry set out to follow Sheridan, and the Army of the Potomac achieved its difficult passage of the James without molestation or hinderance. Eight or ten miles of the railroad were also destroyed by Sheridan, after a smart battle at Trevillian's station, in which the enemy was driven off in a panic; but at this time Sheridan learned that Hunter had moved in a different direction from that proposed, and the junction between the two commands became impracticable. He accordingly returned to Grant. When near the James River, a cavalry force attempted to obstruct him, but he placed his trains at the rear, and threw out his troops toward the enemy, fighting heavily in front, while the trains under cover of the battle marched safely by.

In July Sheridan took part in the movements around Deep Bottom, preliminary to the explosion of Burnside's famous mine. He was sent to the north bank of the James with Hancock, to distract the attention of the enemy while the real movement against Petersburg took place on the opposite side of the river. His force was attacked by a large body of infantry, and at first he was driven back over a ridge; but he made his men lie quickly down in line of battle about fifteen yards behind the crest, and, when the enemy reached this crest, he opened fire with his repeating carbines, and the assailants gave way in disorder. The cavalry followed them over the plain, capturing two hundred and fifty men,

besides those that they killed and wounded. In this affair, which is known as the battle of Darbytown, the cavalry repulsed a superior force of infantry, a circumstance most unusual in recent war.

The enemy, as Grant had hoped, was completely deceived by the long front presented by Hancock and the cavalry, and supposed that nearly the entire army had been moved to the north side of the James. Lee therefore transferred a large body of his own troops to oppose them, thus leaving a way open for the national advance on the southern side.

The object of the movement being accomplished, Hancock was moved back to the river, near the bridge-head; but, to continue the deception of the enemy, Sheridan during the night sent one of his divisions to the opposite bank of the James, first covering the bridge with moss and grass to prevent the tramp of horses being heard, and at daylight marched it back again on foot in full view of the enemy, to create the impression that a large and continuous movement to the north side was still going on. On the second night Hancock was withdrawn to take part in the engagement expected to follow the mine explosion. Sheridan was directed to follow and withdraw by brigades from the right, successively passing them over the bridge. This movement was one of extreme delicacy, as, after Hancock had crossed, the space at the mouth of the bridge, occupied by Sheridan, was so circumscribed that an attack by the enemy in force might have resulted in the annihilation of his entire command. The whole operation, however, was successfully executed, and every point made; but it was attended with such anxiety and sleeplessness as to prostrate nearly every officer and man in the command.

From May to August Sheridan had lost between five thousand and six thousand men, killed, wounded, and missing; but he captured more than two thousand prisoners. In his marches he had been obliged to live, to a great extent, off the country; his hardships were great, but the men endured willingly under a leader who shared alike their dangers and their toils. He had already made them know that he led them to victory, and had aroused that feeling which enables a commander to take his troops whithersoever he accompanies them. His cavalry had indeed fought the enemy's cavalry. He had always been the attacking party, and had achieved almost constant success. The enemy's force he believed superior to his own; but their spirit diminished daily, while that of his command increased. All this was apparent to Grant, who was now in want of a commander

for one of his independent and most important armies.

After the advance of Early upon Washington in 1864, the greatest alarm and confusion prevailed at the national capital. The Government was disturbed, the people of the North mortified, and apprehensions for the safety not only of Washington and Baltimore, but even of Philadelphia, were rife. Grant was in front of Richmond, and Halleck, the ranking officer at Washington, declined positively to take any responsibility. At no time during the war did the prospect of disaster seem closer or more imminent. Grant had been for weeks urging that a single and competent commander should be opposed to Early; but his suggestions were unnoticed, and he finally started himself for the north, having previously ordered Sheridan with two divisions of cavalry to the same field. He went directly to the front, not stopping at Washington on the way, and then, without consulting the Government, put Sheridan in command.

His orders were to protect the capital, to drive Early back, and to hold and strip the Valley of Virginia, which had afforded supplies so long to the enemy, so that it never again should be a base or a granary for Lee's soldiers. "Put yourself south of the enemy," said Grant, "and follow him to the death." After laying down these general aims, he added: "I feel every confidence that you will do the best, and will leave you as far as possible to act on your own judgment, and not embarrass you with orders and instructions."

For nearly six weeks the new commander moved cautiously about at the entrance to the Valley. He was unwilling to fight until he could get Early at a disadvantage, and till he should receive whatever reinforcements Grant could allow him. His operations, besides, were a part of the great strategy in which all the armies were involved, and he was sometimes obliged to move in accordance with necessities hundreds of miles away. Still, the general control of his army was his own. He corresponded daily with the general-in-chief, and the two were in perfect accord. The country meanwhile was impatient, and the enemies of the Government at the North made the most of the delay. Sheridan was pronounced another failure, and the capital was said to be still in danger. But Sheridan was not to be forced inopportunely or while unready into battle.

Finally, Grant paid him another visit, near Winchester, to decide, after conference with his lieutenant, what order should be made. As before, he went direct from his own army to Sheridan, without consulting the Government. Sheridan he found ready for battle. The

enemy were weakening their force, and he felt able to contend with the remainder. He had, however, never commanded so large a body before, and in fact had never been at the head of an independent army, and he says in his report: "I was a little timid about this movement until the arrival of General Grant, who indorsed it." Grant, on the other hand, informed the writer of this article that he had a plan of battle for Sheridan in his pocket; but he found him so ready to advance, so confident of success, and his plans so matured, that he gave him no orders except the authority to move, and hurried away lest the credit should be given to him for the success he foresaw, and not to Sheridan. On Friday he asked Sheridan if he could be ready by Tuesday, and Sheridan replied he would be ready by daylight on Monday.

On the 17th of September Early unwisely divided his command, sending two divisions to Martinsburg, twenty-two miles away. Sheridan at once detected this blunder, and determined to attack the enemy in detail. Early, however, learned that Grant had been with Sheridan, and therefore concluded that he would be speedily attacked, and ordered back his detachment. Sheridan nevertheless proceeded with his plan. This was to assault with the greater part of his force, holding one division in reserve to be used as a turning column when the crisis of the battle occurred. The cavalry were on the right and left of the infantry. The attack was made as proposed; but Early's detachments had now returned, and after a serious fight the national center was first forced back and then regained its ground. Sheridan now brought forward the reserve under Crook, and directed it to find the rebel left and strike it in flank and rear, while he himself made a left half wheel of his main line in support. The maneuver was executed with complete success; the reserve advanced with spirit, forcing the enemy from their position, and the cavalry on the right at the same moment came sweeping up, overlapping the enemy's left and driving their cavalry in confusion through the infantry. Sheridan now advanced himself, and the rout of the enemy was complete. Crowded in on both flanks, their lines were broken in every direction, and, as Sheridan said in his famous dispatch, he "sent them whirling through Winchester." Early lost four thousand five hundred men, of whom two thousand two hundred were prisoners. "The result," said Grant, "was such that I have never since deemed it necessary to visit General Sheridan before giving him orders." This battle was fought September 19th.

Sheridan, however, was not content with

victory. He pushed rapidly after Early, twenty or thirty miles, and came up with him on the night of the 20th at Fisher's Hill, where the Valley is only three miles wide; and here, behind a stream called Tumbling River, the enemy had erected a line. Early, indeed, felt so secure that he unloaded his ammunition boxes and placed them behind his breastworks. But he did not know his antagonist.

On the 21st the eager Sheridan determined to use Crook's command as a turning column again, and strike the enemy in left and rear, while the remainder of the army made a left half wheel in his support. This maneuver, however, demanded secrecy, and Crook was concealed in the forest till the main line had moved up in front of the enemy's position. Before daylight on the 22d, Crook was massed in the heavy woods on the face of the mountain on the west of the Valley, and the main line moved ostentatiously forward toward Early's right and center. When the enemy's attention was thus attracted on the east, Crook suddenly burst from the hill-side on the west, striking them in flank and rear, doubling up their line, and sweeping down behind the breastworks. The main line at once took up the movement in front; the works were everywhere carried, and the enemy again completely routed. Many threw down their arms, abandoning their artillery, and sixteen guns with eleven hundred prisoners fell into the national hands, though Early reported a loss of only two hundred and forty killed and wounded. It was dark before the battle was ended, but the flight was continued during the night and on the following day. Sheridan pursued, and drove his antagonist completely out of the main valley into the gaps of the Blue Ridge, while his own infantry took possession of the country as far as Staunton and Waynesboro, and advanced a hundred miles from Harper's Ferry. "Keep on," said Grant, "and your good work will cause the fall of Richmond."

The effect of these double victories was startling upon the army and the people of the North, and even greater on the Southern soldiery and the population behind them. The troops of Early were disheartened; he himself reported a panic, and was directly censured by Lee; while the Richmond mob painted on the fresh artillery ordered to his support: "General Sheridan, care of General Early."

Till October 1st Sheridan was occupied in carrying out Grant's directions for the destruction of crops and mills; and having accomplished this most thoroughly, he himself recommended that his command should be

reduced and his troops distributed elsewhere. "The Valley of Virginia," he said, "can now be held with a small force." But Lee was not yet ready to abandon the important region beyond the Blue Ridge, and determined to make one more effort to recover what had been lost. He sent reinforcements to Early of ten thousand men, and a new commander for his cavalry, and when Sheridan fell back Early advanced. At Tom's Brook, however, Sheridan deemed it best to delay one day, "to settle," he said, "this new cavalry general." Torbert, with all the national horse, was ordered to engage the enemy's cavalry, and Sheridan reported the result as follows: "The enemy, after being charged by our gallant cavalry, were broken and ran; they were followed by our men on the jump twenty-six miles, through Mount Jackson and across the north fork of the Shenandoah." Early lost eleven guns, with caissons, battery forges, head-quarters' wagons, and everything else that was carried on wheels.

Sheridan, however, had so devastated the valley that it could furnish him no supplies, and he was fifty miles from a base. He therefore continued his retrograde movement as far as Cedar Creek. From this point, on the 15th of October, he was summoned by the Government to Washington for consultation, and during his absence Early determined once more to attack the national army. The plan was well conceived. The enemy advanced in the night, and before dawn surprised and attacked the national forces still in camp. The army was driven back, portions of it in great disorder, six or seven miles. Eighteen guns were captured, and nearly a thousand prisoners, a large part of the infantry not preserving even a company organization.

Sheridan had left Washington on the 18th, and slept at Winchester, twenty miles from his command. Artillery firing was reported early on the 19th, but it was supposed to proceed from a reconnoissance, and at nine o'clock Sheridan rode out of Winchester, all unconscious of the danger to his army. Soon, however, the sound of heavy battle was unmistakable, and half a mile from the town the fugitives came in sight with appalling rapidity. He at once ordered the trains halted and parked, and stretched a brigade of his troops at Winchester across the country to stop the stragglers. Then, with an escort of twenty men, he pushed to the front. The effect of his presence was electrical. He rode hot haste, swinging his hat, and shouting as he passed, "Face the other way, boys! face the other way!" And hundreds of the men turned at once and followed him with cheers.

After reaching the army he gave some hur-

ried directions, and returned to collect the fugitives. He was in major-general's uniform, mounted on a magnificent horse, man and beast covered with dust and foam; and as he rose in his stirrups, waving his hat and his sword by turns, he cried again and again: "If I had been here, this never would have happened. We are going back. Face the other way, boys! face the other way!" The scattered soldiers recognized their general, and took up the cry: "Face the other way!" It passed along from one to another, rising and falling like a wave of the sea, and the men returned in crowds, falling into ranks as they came. They followed him to the front, and many who had fled, panting and panic-stricken, in the morning, under Sheridan's lead had covered themselves with the glory of heroes long before night. Such a reinforcement may one man be to an army.

A few dispositions, and the battle began afresh. But now all was changed. The enemy advanced, it is true, but were at once repelled, and the national line, in its turn, became the assailant. Sheridan led a brigade in person, and the enemy everywhere gave way. Their officers found it impossible to rally them; a terror of the national cavalry had seized them. The captured guns were all retaken, and twenty-four pieces of artillery besides. Sixteen hundred prisoners were brought in, and Early reported eighteen hundred killed and wounded. Two thousand made their way to the mountains, and for miles the line of retreat was strewn with the debris of a beaten army. Early himself escaped under cover of darkness to Newmarket, twenty miles away.

This battle ended the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. The enemy made no subsequent attempt to invade the North; Lee withdrew the greater part of Early's troops, and Sheridan's detachments marched when and whither they wished. The whole country south of the Potomac was in his hands. In a short time more than half of his army was restored to Meade's command, for its presence in the Valley was no longer necessary.

Sheridan was made a major-general in the regular army, as he was informed, in Lincoln's own words, "for the personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in the courage and gallantry of your troops, displayed by you on the 19th day of October, at Cedar Run, whereby, under the blessing of Providence, your routed army was reorganized, a great national disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battle within thirty days."

It was just eleven weeks since Sheridan had assumed command in the Valley. In that

time he had taken thirteen thousand prisoners, forty-nine battle flags, and sixty guns, besides recapturing eighteen cannon at Cedar Creek. He must besides have killed and wounded at least nine thousand men, so that he destroyed for the enemy twenty-two thousand soldiers. "Turning what bid fair to be disaster into glorious victory stamps Sheridan," said Grant, "what I have always thought him, one of the ablest of generals."

During the winter he remained near Winchester, but as soon as the roads and the rains allowed, Grant directed him to push once more up the Valley—this time not to return. He was to advance in the direction of Richmond, destroying the railroads in every direction, as well as all stores that could possibly be of use to the enemy. In order to conceal his purpose, Sheridan resorted to one of those ingenious devices in which he was unrivaled since the days of Hannibal. He learned that the people of the neighborhood were fond of hunting, and encouraged his staff to make their acquaintance and talk of foxes and hounds. A pack of hounds was found, and a day set for the chase. The hounds were brought into Winchester, the horses were shod, and all the talk of the country around was of Sheridan's hunt. On the appointed day the whole neighborhood came to the meet, the general and his staff conspicuous. The start was made and the run was good, but the general and staff went further than the Virginians, and the army followed. They rode after the enemy, and never returned. The stratagem had kept all news of Sheridan's intentions secret, as all preparations were attributed to the hunt, and he was far on his way before the wile was discovered. He took rations for only four days in haversacks, and coffee, sugar, and salt for fifteen days in wagons; and with this provision, and thirty pounds of forage for each horse, ten thousand men moved into an enemy's country, already stripped bare, for a campaign whose objective point was two hundred miles away, and expecting to march at least two hundred more.

The weather was bad, the rains and thaws of spring had begun, the streams were too high to ford, and most of the bridges were burned. But they marched sixty miles in two days, swimming the streams and molested by partisan troops. Horses and men could hardly be recognized for the mud that covered them. Early was found at Waynesboro, with his back to the Shenandoah, and here the last battle between the two commanders was fought. The attack was impetuous and irresistible. The troopers charged through the town and over the breastworks, sabering the enemy as

they passed, and forced their way to the rear of Early's command, where they turned with drawn sabers and held the approach to the Shenandoah. Early's entire force threw down their arms and surrendered with a cheer. The leader himself and a handful of officers escaped, hiding in the houses of the town or in the neighboring woods until dark. Sixteen hundred prisoners and eleven guns fell into Sheridan's hands. After his defeat, Early was relieved by Lee of all command. His army and his reputation had both been destroyed by Sheridan.

The victorious general pursued his now unmolested march, and fulfilled his orders literally, destroying railroads and canals, mills, factories, and bridges, and finally determined to join Grant at Richmond, fortunately for himself as well as his commander. The rain and mud again impeded him; but Sheridan replaced his worn-out mules with those he had captured from Early, and set two thousand negroes who had joined him to work destroying the roads. As he approached the Pamunkey River, he was notified that Longstreet intended to dispute the passage. He was still west of Richmond, and at once determined to push toward the city and attack the enemy in that direction, and, when they came out to meet him, to move rapidly round by a circuitous route to a point where the river could be crossed. The feat completely succeeded. A brigade was left to amuse the enemy, and the remainder of the command made haste to White House, whither Grant had sent a force to repair the bridges and await them with supplies.

He had annihilated whatever was useful to the enemy between Richmond and Lynchburg; besides capturing prisoners and munitions of war, he had destroyed forty-six canal locks, five aqueducts, forty canal and road bridges, twenty-three railroad bridges, twenty-seven warehouses, forty-one miles of railroad, and fourteen mills. These are some of the results of war. He had been nineteen days on the march, and had lost only one hundred soldiers; many of these were men unable to bear the fatigues of the road.

His command arrived at the James on the 25th of March, and after halting a few days to shoe his horses and rest both them and the men, he was ordered to take the left of the army with which Grant meant to make his final movement against Lee. That army lay in front of Petersburg, and Grant's plan was to stretch westward until he should turn the enemy's right, while Sheridan was to destroy entirely the two railroads by which alone Lee was now supplied. Lee could not possibly allow these roads to be interrupted, and must either

fight to save them, or fly. Grant read his instructions to Sheridan in person. Toward the close there was a passage directing him in certain contingencies to proceed to North Carolina and join Sherman. Grant perceived that this passage was distasteful to Sheridan, and quickly added: "Although I have provided for your joining Sherman, I have no idea that it will be necessary. I mean to end this business here." Sheridan's face brightened at once, and he replied: "That's what I like to hear you say. Let us end this business here." The instincts of the two were in complete accord, and their natures struck fire from each other in the contact.

The army moved on the 29th of March, and that night Grant sent word to Sheridan, "I feel now like ending the matter, if it is possible, before going back." He therefore modified his order, directing Sheridan to remain with the main army, but to "push around the enemy and get on his right rear."

The rain that night fell heavily, and before morning it became impossible to move anything on wheels. The soil was like quicksand, the frosts were disappearing, and the roads became a soft and shifting mass. The advance of the troops seemed nearly impracticable, and some of those nearest to Grant strove hard to induce him to return. The gloom of the morning penetrated the minds of all, until, like a gleam of light, Sheridan came riding up to confer with Grant about "ending the matter." He was full of spirit, anxious for orders, certain of success if only an attack were made. The officers felt the influence of his magnetic temper, and knew how Grant appreciated the soldierly instinct and judgment of his great subordinate. They urged Sheridan to say the same to the chief that he had said to them. But he, for all his victories and his fame, was modest and subordinate. He thought it his duty to take orders from Grant, not to offer advice. But those who had the right took the great trooper in to Grant, who saw at once that, with such a lieutenant, advance was the wisest course. He sympathized with his ardor for battle, and Sheridan went back with orders to attack the enemy.

He pushed out at once from Dinwiddie Court-House to a point called Five Forks, because of the meeting of so many roads. Grant was to support him by an attack on his right with two infantry corps. Sheridan, however, was separated by eight or ten miles from the left of the army, and Lee, perceiving this isolation, at once sent a large force under Pickett to crush him before he could be reënforced. Sheridan reported this to Grant, who made further dispositions to support the cavalry. These movements occupied the 30th of March.

On the morning of the 31st the enemy had eighteen thousand men in front of Sheridan's ten thousand. The national general, however, moved simultaneously with his opponent, but, being heavily outnumbered, was forced to retire. His line was penetrated, and two entire brigades on the right were isolated from the command. But Sheridan at once ordered this detached force to move still further to the right, and march around to join the reserve in rear. The enemy, deceived by this retrograde maneuver, which they mistook for a rout, followed it up rapidly, making a left wheel, and presenting their own rear to Sheridan. He of course perceived his opportunity, and ordered the remainder of the command to advance; and then, as the enemy went crashing through the woods in pursuit of the detached portion of the cavalry, Sheridan struck them in flank and rear. This movement compelled them to abandon the pursuit and face by the rear rank.

But now the entire force of Pickett, foot and horse, had turned on the national cavalry; and "here," said Grant, "Sheridan displayed great generalship." Instead of retreating with his whole command to tell the story of superior forces, he deployed the cavalry on foot, leaving only mounted men enough to take care of the horses. This compelled the enemy also to deploy over a vast extent of woods and broken country. Thus, holding off the enemy and concentrating his own men, Sheridan fell back to an advantageous position at Dinwiddie, where he repelled every assault until dark. His detached command came up all safe, but the enemy lay on their arms, not a hundred yards from his line.

He had extricated his force for the time from formidable dangers and difficulties, and had displayed extraordinary genius and audacity in all the movements of the day; but he had been driven back five miles, and was confronted by a vastly outnumbering force of infantry as well as cavalry. His danger was still imminent, and he sent word to Grant: "The enemy have gained some ground, but we still hold in front of Dinwiddie. This force is too strong for us. I will hold Dinwiddie until I am compelled to leave." He asked for no help, and made no suggestions, but simply reported the situation, leaving Grant to determine how to aid him. He and Grant were not obliged to explain to each other in detail their necessities or their dangers.

Later, however, an aide-de-camp brought further word to the general-in-chief from his beleaguered subordinate. Sheridan, being driven back and hard beset, naturally, for him, considered the time had come when the enemy should be forced to fight outside of cover,

where the national troops could make their blows decisive. Grant fully sympathized with the feeling, and sent an entire corps of infantry that night to Sheridan, determining to convert his defense into an offensive movement. Still later he dispatched a cavalry force to support the movement.

On the 1st of April the reinforcements had not arrived, but Sheridan nevertheless moved out against the enemy. The rebels, however, had learned of the approach of national infantry, and gave way rapidly, reaching the position of Five Forks before Sheridan was able to intercept them. Warren, who commanded the infantry reinforcements, and Mackenzie, with the cavalry supports, came up; and when his force was all in hand, Sheridan devised a brilliant scheme. It was his old maneuver, a feint upon the enemy's front and right, and suddenly a turning movement to overwhelm the left. But in this instance its application was more felicitous than ever before; for the success of the movement would isolate those of the enemy who might escape, and separate them entirely from Lee. It would thus not only secure victory in the immediate field where Sheridan fought, but break the entire right wing of Lee, and open the way for Grant to destroy the army of Northern Virginia.

These tactics were executed as brilliantly as they had been conceived. It was late before the troops were in position, but at five o'clock the cavalry moved briskly forward on the left and attracted the enemy, while the infantry, marching at right angles, took the rebel line in flank. There was hard fighting in front and flank, and the infantry at first wavered; but Sheridan himself seized a battle flag and plunged into the charge. The man who had borne the flag was killed, and one of Sheridan's staff was wounded; but the fiery enthusiasm of the leader was contagious. The bands were ordered to play, and the division burst on the enemy's left like a tornado, sweeping everything before them, overrunning the works at the bayonet point, breaking the enemy's flank past mending, and capturing one thousand five hundred prisoners.

The cavalry in front advanced simultaneously, and the battle was won. The troopers had been dismounted, but many were now mounted and rode into the broken ranks of the enemy. Pickett himself was nearly captured, and galloped off with a mere remnant of his force; six thousand prisoners were taken, and six pieces of artillery, and the fugitives were driven north and west, miles away from Lee, Sheridan pursuing until long after dark. This was the last battle of the war

in which the enemy fought for victory; after this their struggle was to escape.

As soon as the news reached Grant, he ordered an immediate assault all along the lines. To Sheridan he said: "From your isolated position I can give you no positive directions, but leave you to act according to circumstances." Sheridan accordingly moved up against the right flank of Lee. But the crash had come before he arrived. On the morning of April 2d the works in front of Petersburg were carried. During the day Grant telegraphed to the President: "I have not yet heard from Sheridan, but I have an abiding faith that he is in the right place and at the right time." He had found out his man.

That night the army of Lee fled westward from the defenses of its capital. Lee's object was to reach Burksville Junction, where two railroads meet, and thence either to join Johnston's army in front of Sherman, or, if this proved impracticable, to escape to the mountains of West Virginia. Grant followed with his whole command to intercept the fugitive army. Sheridan, being on the extreme left, and at the head of the cavalry, was ordered to take the advance, and the Fifth Corps of infantry was added to his command. But he replied to Grant: "Before receiving your dispatch, I had anticipated the evacuation of Petersburg, and commenced moving west." Thus it was till the end. Sheridan anticipated Grant, and Grant confirmed Sheridan. The same idea, the same instinct, animated both. They moved with one impulse, like the brain and arm of one strong man.

That day and the next Sheridan moved with superhuman energy, but the enemy fled with the eagerness of despair. At times the cavalry came up with the fugitives in the chase, driving them from fords, picking up thirteen hundred prisoners, and not stopping to count the abandoned cannon. On the 4th Grant got word of a railroad train loaded with supplies on the way from the south for Lee, and at once sent the information to Sheridan. But before receiving the dispatch Sheridan had come up with Lee. At a place called Jetersville, about forty miles from Petersburg, he captured a telegraphic message not yet sent over the lines, ordering three hundred thousand rations immediately to feed Lee's army. He forwarded the message in the hope that the rations would be sent and received by the national army. At this point Sheridan was planted directly across Lee's path, on the only road by which the enemy could obtain supplies; and the unhappy leader halted and sent out his men in every direction to gather what they could for food. The fortunate ones had two ears of Indian corn apiece uncooked,

and others plucked the buds and twigs just swelling in the early spring, and strove with these to assuage their hunger. Half of the artillery was dismissed to relieve the famished horses.

Sheridan had only the Fifth Corps and the cavalry, and was still far inferior to Lee in numbers; but he intrenched across the railroad, and sent word to Grant that he had intercepted the enemy. He had accomplished exactly what Grant intended. The chief, of course, hurried up with his whole command; but, before the army could all arrive and take position, Lee became aware of his danger and marched with the keenness and eagerness of those who fly for life, moving by a circuitous route that brought him a few miles west of Sheridan. Grant at once detected the maneuver, and faced his army about to the left, dispatching Sheridan again in the advance. The fiery trooper struck the flying column of Lee in flank near Sailor's Creek, and then disposed his troops with marvelous skill and celerity. His cavalry was sent around in front of the enemy, and the remainder pushed against the flank. Grant had by this time dispatched the Sixth Corps to reinforce Sheridan, and it was important to detain the enemy until the cavalry could make its detour and appear in front and the Sixth Corps arrive. Sheridan therefore sent a single brigade to make a mounted charge against Lee's line. The daring demonstration accomplished its object and delayed the movement of any large force against the cavalry.

As soon as the Sixth Corps came up, Sheridan advanced in force. The enemy pushed on to the creek, and, facing about, made a stand on the further side. There was a severe fight of some minutes. The stream was muddy and difficult, and the position strong; but the cavalry had now attained the point where they were in rear of the enemy, and a simultaneous attack was made on every side. The national troops closed in, like gates, upon the entire force of the enemy. There was one bewildering moment of fighting on every hand, and then seven thousand men, seven generals, and fourteen guns were surrendered in the open field. The general officers were taken to Sheridan's head-quarters, and shared the supper and blankets of their conquerors, but Sheridan started before daybreak in pursuit of what was left of Lee's army. He sent word to Grant: "If the thing is pressed, I think that Lee will surrender." Grant forwarded the dispatch and an account of the victory to Lincoln, at City Point, and the President replied: "Let the thing be pressed."

There were other battles and other movements after this and simultaneous with it, but

Sheridan always had the advance. He was always on the left to head the fugitives, and the remainder of the army followed on the right and rear. Lee was literally between them. Grant was plotting to drive the enemy into Sheridan's grasp, and Sheridan was striving to outmarch Lee and receive him in his flight.

Sheridan soon learned that supplies were awaiting Lee at Appomattox Junction, the same that had been ordered and driven so often and so far; it was certain, therefore, that Lee would make for that point to obtain the stores. He notified Grant of the news, and the chief ordered up all his columns. The Fifth Corps and the army of the James, under Ord, were now following Sheridan on the south side of the Appomattox, while the remainder of the army of the Potomac came up on the 8th of April within a few miles of Lee, north of the river. That night Custer, with the advance of the cavalry, rode into Appomattox and captured four heavily loaded trains,—cars, engines, and supplies. They were hardly in his hands when a force of the enemy, infantry and artillery, appeared. Twenty-five guns were captured and a large number of prisoners, the advance of a heavy column. Sheridan had headed Lee's army.

At this great news, though he had only cavalry to oppose to all that was left of the army of Northern Virginia, Sheridan held fast to what he had gained, and, at 9.20 P. M., sent word to Grant: "If Gibbon and the Fifth Corps can get up to-night, we will perhaps finish the job in the morning." Gibbon and the Fifth Corps got the message, and moved with terrible speed, marching from daylight on the 8th to daylight again on the 9th, halting only three hours on the road. They reached Sheridan's position just as Lee was approaching in heavy force to batter his way through the cavalry. Ord and Sheridan held a short consultation, and the cavalry leader proceeded to the front, while the infantry was deployed across the valley through which Lee must pass. The cavalry advanced to engage the enemy, and then fell back gradually, so as to give time for Ord to dispose his men in the woods out of sight of Lee. This last ruse of Sheridan succeeded. The enemy, with the energy of desperate men, rushed on, thinking they had only cavalry in front. Sheridan fell back, to deceive them further, and the soldiers of the rebellion gave one more battle yell—when suddenly the infantry emerged from the woods, their line wavered, and Lee sent forward a white flag with a request for a cessation of hostilities.

I have thought the best way to indicate and illustrate Sheridan's traits as a man and a soldier was to tell his story. No reader can

have failed to perceive wherein his greatness consists. From first to last, the same peculiarities are apparent. In his earliest fight, as a second lieutenant, with the Indians, he showed the same determination and the same ingenious readiness of device as in the pursuit of Lee and the final stratagem of Appomattox. He was, indeed, the Hannibal of the American war. Full of the magnificent passion of battle, as every one knows, riding around with his sword drawn, rising in his stirrups, grasping a battle flag, turning disaster into victory, or pursuing the enemy with the terror and speed of a Nemesis, he was also abundant in caution, wily as an Indian, original and astounding in his strategy—always deceiving as well as overwhelming the enemy. It was not only his personal courage and magnetic bearing, his chivalric presence and intense enthusiasm, which produced his great results. He was more than one of Froissart's paladins, although in many traits he recalled the heroes of the ancient chronicler. He was a great commander of modern times; learned in the maneuvers and practice which require intellectual keenness and comprehensive calculation. The combinations which he employed in all his greatest battles are strokes of military genius almost matchless in our time. The daring with which at Dinwiddie he seized the critical moment, and, when the enemy had driven a part of his force, and thus presented their own rear, advanced and compelled the pursuing column, all superior in numbers, to desist and defend itself, was hardly paralleled during the war. The repeated maneuver to which he resorted of attacking with a smaller portion of his force, and, when the enemy's attention was attracted by the feint, hurling an irresistible column upon an unexpected point elsewhere, and that point always a flank which could be turned, is in accordance with the best canons of military science, and the practice of the greatest masters of the art.

His strategy was fully equal to his tactics in battle. The prudent skill with which he delayed in the Valley, not allowing himself to be enticed into attacking Early until he was ready, and the series of evolutions by which he held off the enemy, advancing and withdrawing, and only fighting when it was necessary, till at last the great moment came, are as worthy of study as the brilliant achievements at Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill; while the keenness with which he detected every movement of Lee in that remorseless chase after Appomattox,—than which the world has never seen an instance of more terrible and consummate energy and power,—and the skill with which he followed and

finally headed Lee, are instances of strategic ability in action unsurpassed since the time of Napoleon.

In that power of skillful and audacious combination in the immediate presence of the enemy, which above and beyond every other trait is highest and most essential in a general, he approached the greatest. His mind was always clearest in emergencies. He never forgot in the turmoil of the fight to consider every possibility; to watch and guard and work and plan, while in the thickest *mêlée*. He was once describing to me the battle of Cedar Creek, and told how at a certain juncture, when the tide had set in favor of victory, Custer came riding up and kissed him on the field. "And so," said Sheridan, "he lost time; he lost time." There could hardly be a better illustration of his self-control, of the steadiness of his intention, of his appreciation of every necessity of the moment. He loved Custer, and understood the enthusiasm which prompted the boyish general to embrace his chief on the instant of victory; but "he lost time."

Among other smaller, though far from unimportant, traits may be mentioned his wonderful knowledge of what the enemy was doing. Livy says of Hannibal: "Nothing which was going on among the enemy escaped him, the deserters revealing many things, and he himself examining by his scouts." The words apply exactly to Sheridan. His scouts were famous throughout the army, and his information was exact. It was always relied upon by Grant as absolute, and it never misled him.

Grant and Sheridan indeed always concurred. It is true that Sheridan was disinclined to stay with Grant at the West or to come with him to the East; but that was before he personally knew his chief,—before he thought that Grant had that intimate acquaintance with his qualities which Sheridan doubtless felt that they deserved,—before their natures were brought into absolute contact. Their friendship was first military, and afterward personal. It continued after the war. Grant sent Sheridan at once to the Rio Grande when the rebellion was over, because he considered the Mexican enterprise of the second Napoleon only a part of the struggle, and in this conviction Sheridan fully shared. So, also, although Sheridan was no politician, he was in complete sympathy with the policy of reconstruction adopted by Congress, and his course at New Orleans was entirely in harmony with the views of Grant. When Andrew Johnson removed him, Grant protested, and the career of Sheridan in Louisiana was one circumstance in the chain which led to the impeachment of Johnson and the first

election of Grant. At the last Republican convention at Chicago Sheridan was present as a spectator; and when he received a single vote for President, he stepped to the front and begged to transfer it to his "best friend, General Grant."

His influence over his men was supreme. He knew just what his troops could do and would do, and when. He led them frequently in person, and they never failed to follow. Every one remembers the famous instance at Cedar Creek, where he changed the whole course of battle by his single presence. But he possessed the same power with individuals as with masses. At the battle of Five Forks a soldier, wounded under his eyes, stumbled and was falling to the rear, but Sheridan

cried: "Never mind, my man, there's no harm done"; and the soldier went on with a bullet in his brain, till he dropped dead on the field.

His career since the war has always been conspicuous for courage, sagacity, and ability. His management of the Indians was singularly successful, and his course after the Chicago fire gained the applause of the country.

His accession to the position of general-in-chief is perhaps the last great military event proceeding from or connected with the war; for Sheridan is, in the direct line of succession, the youngest of the three great generals who came out foremost, not only in rank, but, beyond all question, in the estimation of their countrymen, their enemies, and the world.

Adam Badeau.

A SHADOW.

My Lady paces up the broad oak stair;
Men smile to see her face so soft and fair.
"Look up! She's worth a glance!" does one declare;
"My Lady there."

Tender and fine, from 'neath the cloud of lace
Crowning her hair, gleams forth her clear-cut face,
Its eyes alight, upon its lips the grace
Of smiles so rare

And gay, that those who pass her feel their light
Warm their own smiles until they grow more bright.
"She looks her best," they say—"her best—to-night,
My Lady there."

The music pulses in the rooms below;
Outside, the moon falls on the soft, deep snow;
Inside, the dancers' rhythm seems to flow
Through all the air.

My Lady paces up the broad oak stair,
The smile still on her lips so red, so rare.
"Look up!" she hears, "and smile then as you dare,
My Lady there!"

The music pulses in the room below,
The dancers to its pulsing come and go;
Out from her face is blanch'd all light and glow—
It fronts her there!

"I am thy Grief! I am thy Grief!" it cries,
"The Grief that darkens for thee all thy skies,
That blights thy bright life for thee as it flies!
And dost thou dare

"To smile and wear thy mask and play thy part
As though thy white breast held no broken heart,—
As though it bled not 'neath my stab's fierce smart?
When did I spare?

"I am thy passionate grief, thy bitter pain.
Turn on the world thy light, sweet, cold disdain,
But not on me! Here stand I—here again!
Thy fierce Despair!"

A SHADOW.

She smiles — her smile more sad, but not less sweet
 (She hears the music swell and throb and beat).
 "I know thee!" she says gently. "Strong and fleet,
 Thou dost not spare!

"Lead me, and I will follow to the last;
 Or follow *me* — until the light be past.
 May I not pray this from a friend so fast?
 'Tis all my prayer.

"Once in the darkness, lying at thy feet,
 With lips to bitter dust, as it is meet,
 Before thine eyes my breast shall bleed and beat,
 Throbbing and bare.

"But here, leave me my mask, my smile, my play;
 Thou art my friend by night, my shame by day;
 With fiercer pang for all thou grant'st I pay,—
 I speak thee fair!"

"Pass on!" the Shadow answers. "Wear thy mask;
 Thus do I grant the boon that thou dost ask.
 To wear it be thy weary, bitter task,
 Thy ceaseless care."

Onward my Lady passes — all the light
 Aglow and trembling in her jewels bright.
 "She looks her best," 'tis said, "her best to-night,
 My Lady there."

The music throbs and surges soft and low;
 Amid the dancers threads she to and fro,
 And, following close and dark and sure and slow,
 Her Grief is there!

My Lady lies upon her dying bed,—
 "So bright and fair!" her friends have, weeping, said
 "With all youth's flowers upon her golden head
 Crowning her hair!"

My Lady meets dark Death with patient grace;
 There is a little smile upon her face,—
 Within her eyes of fear or pain no trace,
 No touch of care.

Before her gaze pass shadows moving slow.
 "And you are Youth," she says, "but you may go!
 And you are Life—and Hope. Pass by also,
 Though you were fair!

"But you, dark Shadow, standing at my feet,
 Leave me not lonely now; it is not meet;
 Though you were bitter, you were true and sweet.
 Nearer—not there!

"Clasp close my hand—lay head upon my breast;
 My Grief and I—we bore the bitter test!
 Let thy sad lips upon my sad ones rest,
 And this too share!

"I loved you better than my joys," she said,
 "Better than all my summer skies!" she said;
 And, with her sad smile on her lips, lay dead—
 My Lady there.

Frances Hodgson Burnett.



MERINOS IN AMERICA.

THE writer of a recently printed book concerning Americans of royal descent, and all such Americans as come near to being so graciously favored, has neglected to mention certain Americans who are descended from the pets of the proudest kings and nobles of the Old World. For there is such a family here,—one so large that it greatly outnumbers all American descendants of European royal lines, excepting perhaps those of the green isle, almost as prolific of kings as of democrats. They carry their finely clothed blue-blooded bodies on four legs, for they are the famous American Merino sheep.

The Merino sheep originated in Spain, probably two thousand years ago, from a cross of African rams with the native ewes, and in course of time became established as a distinct breed, with such marked character-

istics as to differentiate them from all other breeds in the world.

Different provinces had their different strains of Merinos, which were like strawberries in that, though all were good, some were better than others. There were also two great divisions—the Transhumantes or traveling flocks, and the Estantes or stationary flocks. The Transhumantes were considered the best, as they had a right to be; for their owners were kings, nobles, and rich priests, and they had the pick of the fatness of the whole land, being pastured on the southern plains in winter, and in the spring and summer on the then fresher herbage of the mountains to the northward, from which they returned in the fall. For the accommodation of these four or five millions during their migrations, cultivators of the intervening land were obliged to leave a road,



IN AN OLD PASTURE.

not less than ninety yards wide, as well as commons for the feeding of these flocks—a grievous burden to the husbandman, and for which there was little or no redress. A French writer says: "It was seldom that proprietors of land made demands when they sustained damage, thinking it better to suffer than to con-

the life of their guardians are referred to the interesting essay on Sheep, by Robert R. Livingston, printed by order of the Legislature of New York in 1810.

Of the traveling sheep were the strains known as Escurials, Guadalupe, Paulars, Infantados, Negretis, and others, all esteemed



A DROVE OF RAMS.

test, when they were assured that the expense would greatly exceed any compensation they might recover." A Spanish writer complains in a memoir addressed to his king, that "the corps of *junadines* (the proprietors of flocks) enjoy an enormous power, and have not only engrossed all the pastures of the kingdom, but have made cultivators abandon their most fertile lands; thus they have banished the *estantes*, ruined agriculture, and depopulated the country." The *transhumantes* were in flocks of ten thousand, cared for by fifty shepherds, each with a dog, and under the direction of a chief. Those who wish to learn more of the management of these flocks and

for various qualities, and some of whose names have become familiar to American ears. The stationary flocks appear to have passed away, or at least to have gained no renown.

The Spanish sheep reached their highest excellence about the beginning of this century; but during the Peninsular war the best flocks were destroyed or neglected, and the race so deteriorated that in 1851 a Vermont breeder of Merinos, who went to Spain on purpose to see the sheep of that country, wrote that he did not see a sheep there for which he would pay freight to America, and did not believe they had any of pure blood! But Merinos of pure blood had been brought into France in



PASSING FLOCKS ON A DUSTY ROAD.

the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and there carefully and judiciously bred, and as carefully but injudiciously bred in Saxony, where everything was sacrificed to fineness of fleece.

Less than one hundred years ago the sheep of the United States were the descendants of the English breeds, mixed and intermixed till they had lost the distinctive characteristics of their long-wooled, well-fleshed ancestors, and were known as "natives" (a name they were as much entitled to as their owners), being born here of parents who had not slept or grazed under other skies. For many generations having little care, their best shelter in winter being the stacks their poor fodder was tossed from, and their fare in summer the scant grass among the stumps of the clearings and the shaded herbage of the woods, by the survival of the fittest they came to be a hardy race, almost as wild as deer, and almost as well fitted to withstand the rigors of our climate and to elude capture by wild beasts or their rightful owners. Indeed, so much had they recovered the habits of their remotest ancestors, that to get up the settler's flock for washing or shearing, or the draft of a number for slaughter or sale, was at least a half-day's task, if not one uncertain of fulfillment. All the farm hands, and often the women and children of the household, were mustered for these herdings, and likely enough

the neighbors had to be called in to help. The flocks were generally small, and the coarse, thin, short wool was mostly worked upon the now bygone hand-cards, spinning-wheels, and hand-loom for home use. As the clearings widened, the flocks of sheep grew larger, and wool-growing for market became an industry of some importance. The character of the animals and the quality of their fleeces remained almost unchanged until this century was a half score years old, when the Merinos had become established here, and the effect of their cross with the natives began to be manifest.

Perhaps mention should be made here of the Smith's Island sheep, of unknown origin, but peculiar to the island from which they took their name, which lies off the coast of Virginia, and belonged, about 1810, to Mr. Custis, Washington's stepson, who wrote a pamphlet concerning them, in which he says: "Their wool is a great deal longer than the Spanish, in quality vastly superior; the size and figure of the animal admit of no comparison, being highly in favor of the Smith's Island."

Livingston does not indorse these claims, but says of the wool: "It is soft, white, and silky, but neither so fine nor so soft as the Merino wool." If this breed is not extinct, it never gained much renown, nor noticeably spread

beyond its island borders. I think Randall does not mention it in his "Practical Shepherd." There were also the Otter sheep, said

eight and a half pounds of brook-washed wool, the heaviest fleece borne by any of the early imported Merinos of which I have seen any account."

What was then considered fine form would hardly take that place with our modern



MERINO LAMBS.

to have originated on some island and on our eastern coast, and whose distinguishing peculiarity was such extreme shortness of legs that Livingston says they could not run or jump, and they even walked with some difficulty. And there were the Arlington sheep, derived from stock imported by Washington, the male a Persian ram, the mothers Bakewell ewes. They seem to have been a valuable breed of long-wooled sheep, but are now unknown.

The first importation of Merino sheep on record is that of William Foster, of Boston, who in 1793 brought over three from Spain and gave them to a friend, who had them killed for mutton, and, if the sheep were fat, I doubt not found it good, and wished there was more of it. In 1801 four ram lambs were sent to the United States by two French gentlemen. The only one that survived the passage was owned for several years in New York, and afterward founded some excellent grade flocks in Delaware. Randall says of him: "He was of fine form, weighed one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, and yielded

breeders, and the then remarkable weight of wool was not more than a quarter that of the fleece of many of the present Americans of the race; these last, however, not brook-washed nor even rain-washed. The next year Mr. Livingston, our minister to France, sent home two pairs of Merinos from the Government flock of Châlons, and afterward a ram from the Rambouillet flocks.

A table given by Livingston in 1810 is interesting in showing the effect of the first cross on the common or native sheep. The average weight of the fleeces of a flock of these was three pounds ten ounces; that of the half-bred Merino offspring, five pounds one ounce. Similar results came of the larger importation, in the same year, by Colonel Humphreys, our minister to Spain, of twenty-one rams and seventy ewes, selected from the Infantado family. In 1809 and 1810 Mr. Jarvis, American consul at Lisbon, bought nearly four thousand sheep of the confiscated flocks of Spanish nobles, all of which were shipped to different ports in the United States, and in those years, and the one following, from three thousand to five thousand Spanish Merinos were imported by other persons. In 1809 and 1810 half-blood merino wool was sold for seventy-five cents and full blood for two dollars a pound, and during the war of 1812 the latter sold for two dollars and fifty cents a

pound. Naturally, a Merino fever was engendered, and imported and American-born rams of the breed were sold for enormous prices, some of Livingston's ram lambs for one thousand dollars each. But such a sudden downfall followed the Peace of Ghent that, before the end of the year 1815, full-blooded sheep were sold for one dollar each.

Till 1824 the price of wool continued so low that, during the intervening years, nearly all the full-blood Merino flocks were broken up or carelessly bred. Then the enactment of

almost all owners of Spanish sheep crossed them with the Saxon, to the serious injury of their flocks. They held the foremost place in America among fine-wooled sheep for fifteen or twenty years, and then went out of favor, and have now quite disappeared, I believe.

The Spanish Merino now came to the front again, and of them the descendants of the Jarvis and Humphreys importation were most highly esteemed. As has been mentioned, the flocks of Spain had sadly deteriorated, and the American sheep derived from them



HEAD OF MERINO RAM BEFORE AND AFTER SHEARING.

a tariff favoring the production of fine wool revived the prostrate industry, and unfortunately brought about the introduction of the miserable Saxon Merinos, large numbers of which were now imported. In the breeding of these, everything having been sacrificed to fineness of wool, the result was a small, puny animal, bearing two, possibly three, pounds of very fine, short wool. Such was the craze for these unworthy favorites of the hour that

in their best days far surpassed them, if not their own progenitors.

Wool-growing became the leading industry of the Green Mountain State. Almost every Vermont farmer was a shepherd, and had his half hundred or hundreds or thousands of grade sheep or full bloods dotting the ferny pastures of the hill country or the broad levels of the Champlain valley, rank with English grasses. From old Fort Dum-

mer to the Canada line one could hardly get beyond the sound of the sheep's bleat unless he took to the great woods, and even there he was likely enough to hear the intermittent jingle of a sheep-bell chiming with the songs of the hermit and wood thrushes, or to meet

great preparation was made within house and barn. The best the farm afforded must be provided for the furnishing of the table; for the shearers were not ordinary farm laborers, but mostly farmers and farmers' sons, and as well to do as their employer,



SHEEP-SHEARING.

a flock driven clattering over the pebbles of a mountain road; for a mid-wood settler had his little herd of sheep, to which he gave in summer the freedom of the woods, and which took—alas for the owner's crops—the freedom of the meadow and grain patches, and were sheltered from the chill of winter nights in a frame barn bigger than their master's log-house.

In June, when the May-yeaned lambs were skipping in the sunshine that had warmed the pools and streams till the bullfrogs had their voices in tune, the sheep were gathered from the pastures and driven over the dusty roads to the pens beside the pools on the tapped mill-flumes and washed amid a pother of rushing waters, shouts of laughter of men and boys, and discordant, plaintive bleats of parted ewes and lambs.

A fortnight or so later came the great event of the shepherd's year, the shearing, for which

who was likely enough to shear, in his turn, for them. Whoever possessed the skill of shearing a sheep thought it not beneath him to ply his well-paid handicraft in all the country round. For these the fattened calf was killed and the green peas and strawberries were picked. The barn floor and its overhanging scaffolds were carefully swept, the stables were littered with clean straw, the wool-bench was set up, and the reel full of twine was made ready in its place. Those were merry days in the old gray barns that were not too fine to have swallows' holes in their gables, moss on their shingles, and a fringe of hemp, mayweed, and smartweed about their jagged underpinning. There was jesting and the telling of merry tales from morning till night, and bursts of laughter that scared the swallows out of the cobwebbed roof-peak and the sitting hen from her nest in the left-over hay-mow. Neighbors called to get a taste of the fun and the cider, to see how

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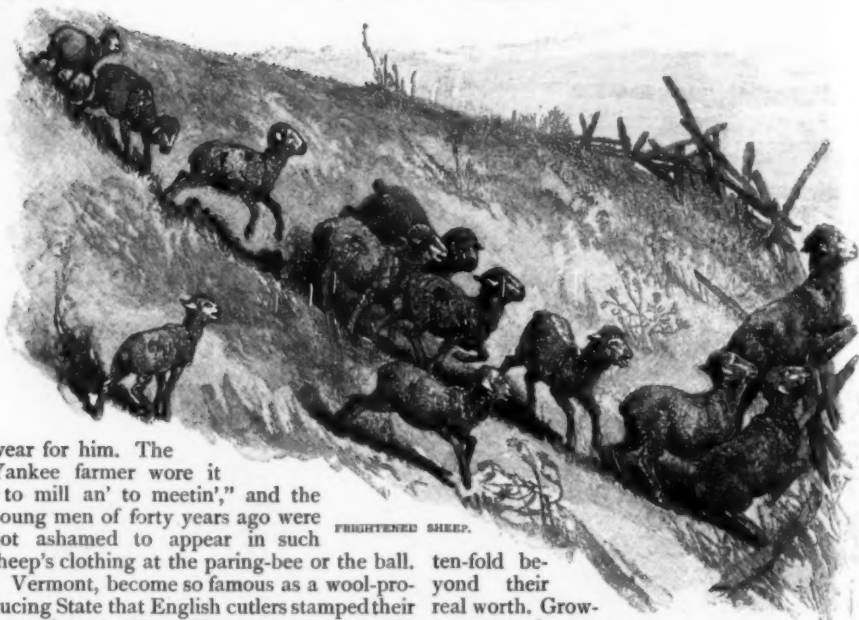
SHOWING RAMS.

the flock "evridged," and to engage hands for their own shearing. At nooning, after the grand dinner, while the older men napped on the floor, wool-bench, or scaffold, with their heads pillowed on soft places, the young fellows had trials of strength at "pulling stick" or lifting "stiff legs." The skillful wool-tyer was rarer than the skillful shearer, and in much demand in his own and neighboring townships. He tied the fleeces quickly and compactly, showing the best on the outside, but with no clod of dirty locks in the middle; for in those days wool had its place and dirt its place, but the fleece was not their common place. The catcher was a humble but not unimportant member of the force. He must be alert and with a sheep ready for each shearer as wanted, and was never to take up a sheep by the wool, but with his left arm underneath, just behind the fore legs, and his right hand grasping a hind leg. And there was the boy to pick up locks, discarding the dirty ones, which were swept outdoors. One's back aches as he remembers this unpleasant duty of his boyhood, when he was scoffed by shearers and scolded by the wool-tyer, and often had the added labor of carrying the wool to its storage. Fourteen fleeces tied up in a blanket was the load, which, if they had been of nowadays weight, would have bur-

dened a strong man; but a five-pound fleece was a heavy one then. I have never been present at one of the modern public shearings, which come before the swallows do, while winter is still skirmishing with spring, and are celebrated in the local papers; but I doubt if they are such hearty and enjoyable seasons as the old-fashioned shearings were.

The wool-buyers scoured the country at or after shearing time, and drove their bargains with the farmers. The small lots of wool were hauled in bulk to some central point of shipment, while the larger clips were sacked on the grower's premises. The sack was suspended through a hole of its own diameter in an upper floor and a few fleeces were thrown in, when the packer lowered himself into it and placed and trod the wool as it was passed to him till he had trod his way to the top. Then the sacks were lowered, sewed, weighed, marked, and went their way to market.

The "tag-locks" and pulled wool were mostly worked up in the neighboring small factories into stocking-yarn, flannel, and blankets for the farmer's use, and into the then somewhat famous "Vermont gray," which was the common cold-weather outer clothing of New England male farm folk. Readers of Thoreau will remember that he mentions it more than once, and thought it good enough



FRIGHTENED SHEEP.

wear for him. The Yankee farmer wore it "to mill an' to meetin'," and the young men of forty years ago were not ashamed to appear in such sheep's clothing at the paring-bee or the ball.

Vermont, become so famous as a wool-producing State that English cutlers stamped their best shears "True Vermonters," presently became more famous as the nursery of improvement of the Merino breed, to which object several intelligent breeders devoted their efforts. By selection of the best of the animals obtainable, the form of the sheep was made more robust, the size increased, and with it the length and thickness of all parts of the fleece, so that the wool on a sheep's belly was nearly as long as that on the sides.

French Merinos, so much changed, since the importations by Livingston, from the fashion of their Spanish ancestors that they had become a distinct family, were introduced, and had their admirers, as had the Silesian Merinos. These modern French sheep were larger and coarser than the original Spaniards; the Silesians, smaller than the French, but handsomer and hardier.

As naturally as in former times, a "Merino fever" again began to rage; fabulous prices were paid for sheep, and men mortgaged their farms to become possessors of a score of full bloods. There was no registry of flocks, and

ten-fold beyond their real worth. Growers ran to the opposite extreme from that to which they had gone during the Saxon craze, and now so sacrificed everything to weight of fleece that Vermont wool fell into the evil repute of being filthy stuff, more grease and dirt than honest fiber. The tide ebbed again to lowest water-mark; again the inheritors of the blue blood of the Paulars and Infantados went to the shambles at the prices paid for the meanest plebeian natives, and it seemed as if the sheep-farming of Vermont had got its death-blow.

Even so had the farming of sheep for wool; for in the great West a vast region had been opened wherein sheep could be kept at such a fraction of the cost entailed in winter-burdened New England that there was nothing for the Yankee wool-grower but to give up the losing fight. So most shepherds turned dairymen.

But, gifted with a wise foresight, a few owners of fine flocks kept them and bred them as carefully as ever, and in the fullness of time were richly rewarded. After awhile, it became evident that the flocks of the West could only be kept up to the desired standard by frequent infusions of the eastern blood; and so it has come about that sheep-breeding in Vermont is a greater, stronger-founded, and more prosperous industry than ever before. Each year more and more buyers come from Texas, California, Colorado, and Australia; and on many an unpretending Vermont farm, after examination of points and pedigree, often more carefully kept than their owner's, the



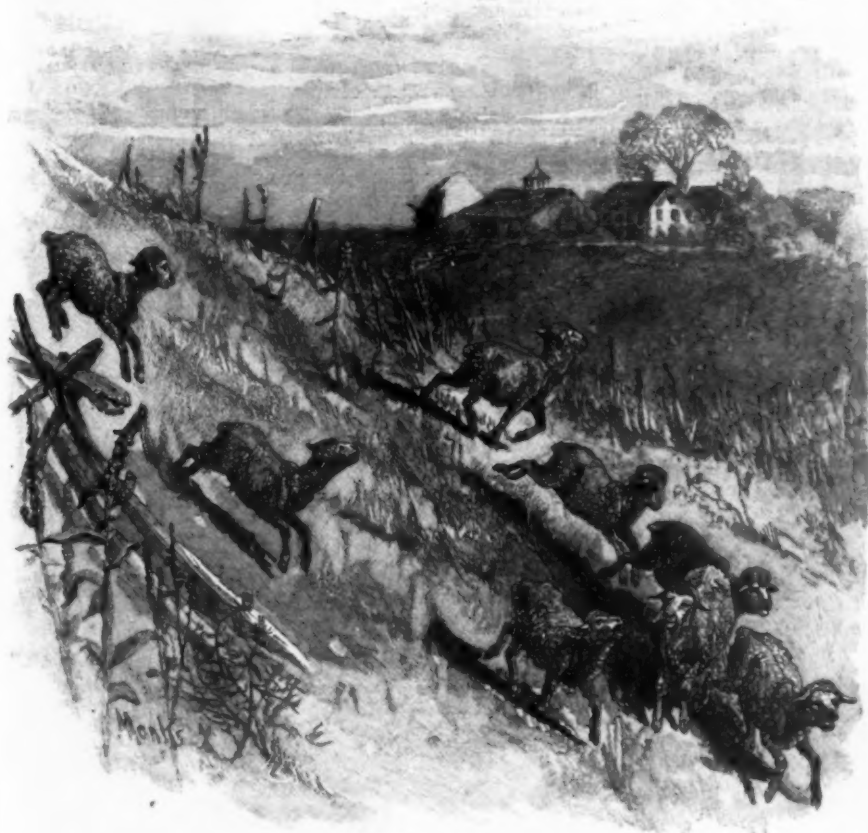
IMPLEMENTS.

jockeys sold grade sheep, numbered, lamp-blackened, and oiled up to the desired blackness and greasiness, for full bloods at prices

horn-coroneted dons of the fold change masters at prices rivaling those of blood horses.

The care given these high-bred, fine-wooled sheep is a wonderful contrast to the little received by flocks in the times when wool-growing was the chief object of our sheep farmers; when, though sheep had good and abundant food, and fairly comfortable shelter from cold and storm, they had nothing more. The lambs were dropped in May after the ewes were turned out to grass, and

sheltered from even soft summer rains, that their raiment may suffer no loss of color. The lambs are brought forth when spring has nothing in Vermont of that season but the name, and are fed with cow's milk, or put to nurse with coarse-wooled foster-mothers, more bountiful milkers than Merinos, and have a man to care for them night and day. The old-time rams tilted it out on the field of honor, to the sore bruising of heads and battering of helmets, and sometimes loss of life.



FRIGHTENED SHEEP.

were not looked after oftener than once a day in fine weather, and got only their mother's milk, if the ewe was a good milker and was fond enough of her ungainly yearling to own it and give it such care as sheep give their young. Now the dons and doñas of blue blood have better quarters in winter than many a poor mortal, in barns so warm that water will not freeze in them, and are fed grain and roots as well as hay, and are

But now rams of a warlike turn are hooded like falcons, that they may do no harm to each other and their peaceable comrades. A blow might cost their owner a thousand dollars.

The successful sheep-breeder is up to his knees in clover, but the eastern wool-grower is on barren ground. A friend who lives in the heart of the Vermont sheep-breeding region writes me: "Ordinary rams sell for from \$10 to \$25 a head; ordinary ewes for

\$20. The highest real price any one has known a ram to sell for within two years, \$1100; the same for ewes, \$300. The wool of these sheep sells for twenty cents a pound. The wool itself does not pay for growing in the way in which these sheep are reared and cared for. The wool is a secondary object; the bodies are what they are bred for. * * * In the way sheep are kept on the large ranches south-west and west, the sheep so soon deteriorate that they are obliged to have thorough-bred rams to keep up their flocks. This is particularly the case in warm climates. Nature gets rid of the superfluous clothing as soon as possible."

It is interesting to compare the portraits of the best Merinos of eighty years ago with the improved American Merinos of the present day, and see what a change has been wrought in the race without change of blood. It is not unlikely that to the uneducated eye the more natural and picturesque sheep of the old time would seem more comely than the bewrinkled, enfolded and aproned product of the many years of careful breeding. As a thing of beauty the modern Merino ram can hardly be called a success, but there are millions in this knight of the Golden Fleece.

Rowland E. Robinson.

HOW EDWIN DROOD WAS ILLUSTRATED.

CHARLES DICKENS'S first intention when he projected "Edwin Drood" was to intrust the illustrations to his son-in-law, who had

worked for many years in such desultory manner as his delicate health permitted, with both pen and pencil. It was with the pen-



AN OPIUM DEN.

cil that Dickens considered Charles Collins's best success might be made. His literary work, mostly confined to fugitive pieces, but not yet altogether forgotten, was generally distinguished by humor of a charming quality, but rather obviously caught from the quieter manner of his father-in-law. "A Cruise on Wheels," which was the story of a *tête-à-tête* drive through France, took its little place as a prominent example of that chatty literature, with its mitigated good spirits and its gentle ironies, which was less rife in that day than it has since become. For "The Eye Witness" we must generally seek in the old volumes of "All the Year Round," where its discursive banter suggests a shrug of the shoulders peculiar to light essayists, and that ambling mental gait and pace which tire neither writer nor reader. Though Dickens had no lively faith in Charles Collins's ultimate distinction in letters, he had great faith, as has been said, in his artistic future; and it was, no doubt, with the aim of encouraging that art of designing, which seemed in some danger of being set aside or neglected, that Dickens chose to give his last book to the illustrative interpretation of his son-in-law. Charles Collins, however, got no further than the cover—copies of which are now probably rare, as most readers had the separate parts of the novel bound up after its progress was cut short. The artist's health failed so decidedly that the enterprise which was intended as the beginning of a revival of his work in design was, perforce, suddenly abandoned. Before the appearance of the first number, Dickens found himself without an illustrator. It must be taken as a sign of the mobility of his mind that he went in search of a young artist to interpret the work of his own elder years. And his old book was in a sense his youngest; he had changed with the times, and had, moreover, bridged across in his life and career a period of great alteration in English men and manners. Being essentially modern, Dickens was bound to be developed and modified by his times—to be as modern in 1870 as he had been in 1840, for his vitality never failed; and he could not be fitly illustrated by work which reverted to former ways of thought and observation. In his search for an artist he was aided by Mr. Millais and Mr. Frith, and these painters united in emphatic approval of the final choice.

Mr. Luke Fildes was at that time a man of twenty-five, who had struggled, through sheer force of vocation, out of the narrow limitations of provincial conditions in the par-



STUDIES FOR JASPER'S HEAD.

ticularly provincial province of Lancashire. He had no artistic ancestry, and it is not easy to understand how his art found him out; but, as a young boy, he attended a local school with the hope of achieving a moderate distinction, in time, as a designer of carpets and tea-cups. The love of nature drew him to other aspirations, and at the age of nineteen he entered on his course of study at South Kensington, passing afterward into the Royal Academy schools. Then began his career as an artist in black and white, for as yet he had not touched oil-color; but, though he found plenty of employment, he was by no means famous when Charles Dickens engaged him to draw for "Edwin Drood."

Mr. Fildes's first fame synchronized with the original appearance of the "Graphic," on the front page of which appeared the "Casuals." The idea had not been inspired by any word of Dickens's; it was not until five years later, when the author had passed away, and when his illustrator had become an oil-painter, that Mr. John Forster gave to Mr. Fildes that sentence which accompanied the great picture of the "Casuals," in 1874: "Dumb, wet, silent horrors. Sphinxes set up against that dead wall, and none likely to be at the pains of solving them until the general overthrow." The words had been written by Dickens in a

letter descriptive of his night rambles in London, and the dreary scene of outcasts and wanderers waiting outside the work-house for their one night's lodging had impressed the minds of both author and artist, without communication between them; and no wonder that the subject suggested obstinate questionings to the one and a thoughtful and memorable picture to the other. During the years which elapsed between the appearance of the

commonly to be found in a painter of sentiment. His manner was, of course, very unlike that which interpenetrated Charles Dickens's earlier books; the insistent caricature—the art of high spirits—had passed out of date; it belongs to its time, and cannot alter in intrinsic value as a part of that time; but repetition is impossible in any art which is still—like the art of line—in a state of vitality. While derivation is, of course, essential to the



JASPER'S SWPON.

"Casuals" in black and white and that of the "Casuals" in oils, Mr. Fildes had won his entrance to the Academy Exhibition by a figure subject called "Fair, Quiet, and Sweet Rest," showing a group of lotus-eating *jeunesse* of the last century in their boat among the water-lilies and the swans of the Thames. Of his subsequent pictures, "The Widower" and "The Penitent" have shown his powers of observation and of pathos at their best.

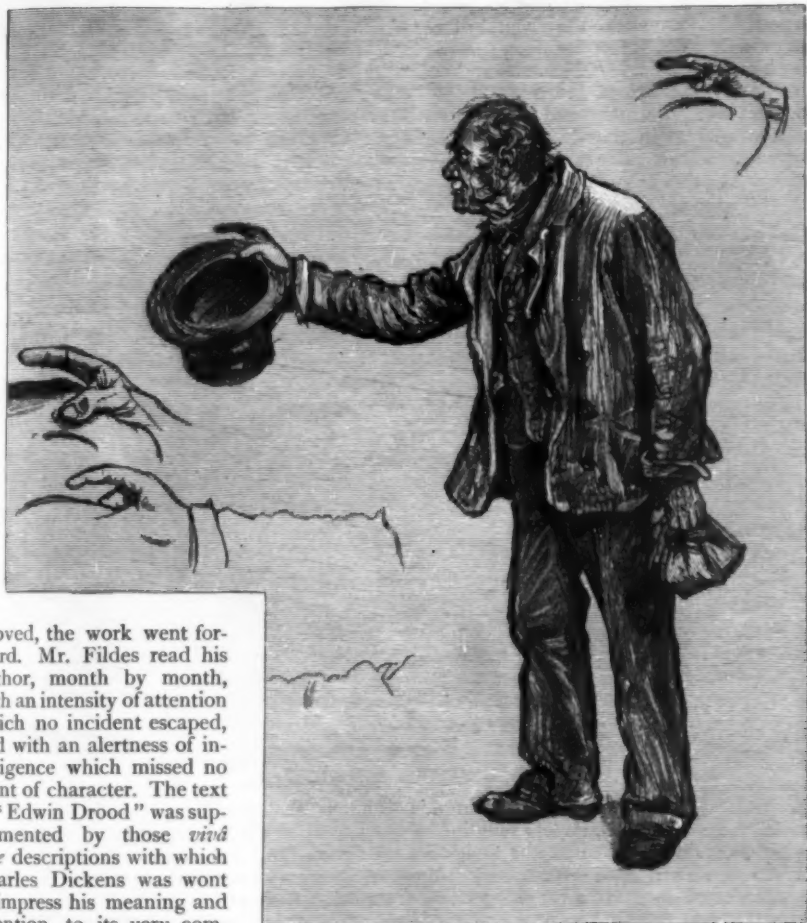
But to return to "Edwin Drood." At twenty-five few men have begun to develop their capacity for humor; and though Mr. Fildes was ready to be impressed by his author's tragedy, he doubted greatly whether he could interpret such comedy as might appear in the book. He did himself the injustice—peculiar to his time of life—of thinking that he had no humor in him. But the designer of Sapsea and of Durdles must assuredly be credited with a quality of fun, and with a capacity for the finer burlesque, not

very life of all arts, reversion may be held to be distinctive of those which have passed out of the state of production into that of criticism; and, therefore, reversion belongs properly, in our time, to architecture and to a certain kind of poetry. These do not derive, but revert.

Charles Dickens wrote to Mr. Fildes, in the January of 1870:

"I beg to thank you for the highly meritorious and interesting specimens of your art that you have had the kindness to send me. I return them herewith, after having examined them with the greatest pleasure. I am naturally curious to see your drawing from 'David Copperfield,' in order that I may compare it with my own idea. In the mean while, I can honestly assure you that I entertain the greatest admiration for your remarkable powers."

But the drawing in question contained no female figure, and Charles Dickens told his artist that the forthcoming story was adorned by two pretty heroines. A specimen of Mr. Fildes's power of rendering beauty was therefore required; and this being most satisfactorily



DURDLES. (A STUDY FROM LIFE.)

proved, the work went forward. Mr. Fildes read his author, month by month, with an intensity of attention which no incident escaped, and with an alertness of intelligence which missed no point of character. The text of "Edwin Drood" was supplemented by those *vivid* descriptions with which Charles Dickens was wont to impress his meaning and intention, to its very completeness, upon his hearer.

He himself was surprised at the way in which his mind found itself mirrored in that of his artist, both as regards the pictorial exactness of inanimate things and the appreciation of individual human character. The two kinds of exactitude are distinct enough, but Mr. Fildes compassed them both. With regard to the first, he has assured me that he drew the opium-room from description, but that the author recognized it as the very portrait of the place. In the more valuable exactitude to character, his success was such that Charles Dickens exclaimed delightedly that the figures drawn for "Edwin Drood" were like photographs of the characters. Mr. Fildes was evidently as receptive as Dickens was impressive; and who was ever so impressive as he? His power

of carrying artistic conviction was so great that we wonder, as we read him and read of him, at his ever having consented to abdicate such a force for the sake of triviality or violence. He was able to convince a thousand people by his gesture, a world by his pen; and he convinced his artist so strenuously that author and draughtsman conceived the self-same thing. Vividly as Dickens saw the creatures of his brain, he saw them no otherwise than as they lived by this quick and sympathetic pencil. Over the type of Jasper there was some consultation. Mr. Fildes made three shots, and one of them proved to be a palpable hit. But as to the story itself and the mystery, no confidences were made by Dickens. The often repeated assertion that he told to no one his intentions

as to the intrigue is true in so far as he volunteered no such telling. But a part of the mystery was, as a matter of fact, surprised out of him by Mr. Fildes's keenness and care in taking up a suggestion. It happened in the following way: The artist had taken special note of a change in the description of Jasper's dress. Not only did the fact that Jasper wore in the last scenes a large black silk scarf,

dered body in the cathedral tower, must have been obvious enough to every careful reader. The central crime of the book (and no fictitious wickedness was ever more fraught with powerful and penetrating horror than is this one) can never have been intended by the author to be a mystery; the secret that Charles Dickens intended to keep, and kept in effect, was the manner of the discovery. He



IN ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

muffling therewith his throat and keeping his beautiful voice from cold, appear duly in the drawing, but Dickens saw that the thing had been drawn with a kind of emphasis. Mr. Fildes confessed that he had divined its significance, whereupon Dickens was somewhat troubled with the misgiving that he was telling his story too fast. The scarf was, in fact, the instrument of murder. After fostering the notes of the even-song anthem, and hanging lightly about the throat of the murderer as he talked with his victim, it strangled the young breath of Edwin Drood on the night of the great gale. Charles Dickens was probably wrong, however, in supposing that too marked a point would be made of this by the reader; the dreadful use to which the thing was to be put has probably been guessed by few. It was, of course, otherwise with the clew of the ring given by Grewgious to Edwin. That this one indestructible piece of gold was upon the young man's person, unknown to the murderer, who had withdrawn the watch and the pin, and that it was to remain and bear witness after quicklime had destroyed the mur-

is a keen reader who has ever found out who and what was Mr. Datchery, and of this Mr. Fildes knows no more than does the public. Some commentators, more enterprising than attentive, hazarded the conjecture that this strange figure was a disguise of Edwin Drood himself, who had escaped death and was on the track of his would-be destroyer. This idea was childish, and might have been corrected by an ordinarily careful reading of the book. But finding that Mr. Fildes knew a great deal, Charles Dickens went on to make the principal revelation which concerned the central figure; he told his illustrator that Jasper was to be brought to justice in the end of the story. A drawing of this originally and most strongly conceived criminal locked up in the condemned cell (which was to have been studied at Rochester) was then planned between the two as one of the final subjects. By means of this design, the "condemned cells" of two generations of artists — Fagin's, as conceived by George Cruikshank, and Jasper's, as conceived by Luke Fildes — would have been

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THE NUNS' HOUSE.

brought into interesting comparison. As to the pretty love-stories of the book, their inventor had implied their issues in their beginnings, the only fate left doubtful being that of the brave and unfortunate Neville Landless, whose Little Rosebud is clearly for the sailor. A painful book in its completeness "Edwin Drood" would certainly have been; the poor young hero is real enough—albeit by no means one of the most vital characters—and likable enough for his horrible taking-off to affect the reader with something more than a common fictional sensation. The most solid in construction of all Charles Dickens's stories it would undoubtedly have proved; and, as a character-study, at once intense and restrained, and rich in humor, although it is in a humorous character, that of the Billikin, that the only signs given in "Edwin Drood" of failure and effort are apparent; while the book promised to be free from that determined but doubtful pathos which, to the modern feeling, invests the Little Nell and the Paul Dombey of the old days with something of artistic insincerity. False in intention we would not pronounce these and their like to be, but there must be a growing conviction that they are false in art.

Of Mr. Fildes's work for Charles Dickens's book, our own opinion is that it is the best illustrative interpretation which has ever been made of the author, albeit old and fine reputations belong to the former associations of artists' names with the great series of the

Dickens novels. In addition to all those qualities of appreciation, apprehension, and intelligence, which must distinguish all really worthy work done—as is the work of an illustrator—in admiration of another mind, and which Mr. Fildes's designs possess so fully, these illustrations have a merit which present judgment is less prepared to dispense with than was the opinion of our fathers' time—that of serious and sound draughtsmanship.

In the several accounts which have been written of Charles Dickens's last days, it is noted that at the time of his death he was expecting the visit of his new illustrator, with whom he intended to ramble about the town of Rochester, so that the eyes in which he trusted so much might see what his own had in view as the setting of the scenes of "Edwin Drood." But Mr. Fildes had already made drawings in Rochester. The street and the cathedral were, of course, studied on the spot. The "Nuns' House" was a real house, and was carefully sketched from reality; but that drawing was not preserved, and the accompanying wood-cut is from a photograph. The study of Durdles is the original and happy idea for the best and most characteristic figure among the illustrations. The manner in which the man stands, the construction and expression of his limbs, and the action of his hand, are all passages of truth as subtle and restrained as they are vivid. When Charles Dickens went to see the Marionetti in Rome, he seized with delight the fine and intelligent



A STREET IN ROCHESTER.

merit of that curious performance when he wrote: "So delicate are the hands of the people who move them that every puppet was an Italian and did exactly what an Italian does. If he pointed at any object, if he laughed or if he cried, he did it as never Englishman did it since Britain first at Heaven's command arose," etc. In an equally national way does Durdles slouch; the attitude and habit of his knees and the manner in which he holds his dinner, the slovenliness and lack of precision and neatness of movement and intention, strike us as things impossible to any but an English Durdles, and exquisitely understood to be such by the draughtsman. This completeness shows itself in another way in the weight and abandon-

ment of unconsciousness expressed by the two prostrate figures—that of Jasper in his despair at finding that his murder had been done for nothing, and that of the opium-smoking woman. The drawing of the empty chair in the Gadshill library was afterward introduced by Mr. Fildes into his general study of the room published in the "Graphic." The present writer may be permitted a personal reminiscence in connection with the little bronze figure (a French grotesque) with dogs under its arms, and dogs' heads appearing out of the pockets, which appears in the drawing. It had kept that place on the writing table ever since Dickens, when walking with the writer's father, had been taken with one of his fits of inextinguishable laughter at seeing it in a shop. That evening the little bronze was sent by the shopkeeper to Dickens's hotel (this was, we believe, in Liverpool or Manchester), and the gift was so appreciated that, as has been said, it was one of the objects on his work-table until he died. The companion of his walk bought a duplicate, which he also kept during his life; and thus the fantasy of the modeler, who made the little figure as a caricature, it is said, of himself, has given to more than one household a much-prized remembrance.

Alice Meynell.



DICKENS'S CHAIR.

DR. SEVIER.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

XVIII.

HOW HE DID IT.

RISTOFALO and Richling had hardly separated, when it occurred to the latter that the Italian had first touched him from behind. Had Ristofalo recognized him with his back turned, or had he seen him earlier and followed him? The facts were these: About an hour before the time when Richling omitted to apply for employment in the ill-smelling store in Tchoupitoulas street, Mr. Raphael Ristofalo halted in front of the same place—which appeared small and slovenly among its more pretentious neighbors—and stepped just inside the door to where stood a single barrel of apples—a fruit only the earliest varieties of which were beginning to appear in market. These were very small, round, and smooth, and, with a rather wan blush, confessed to more than one of the senses that they had seen better days. He began to pick them up and throw them down—one, two, three, four, seven, ten; about half of them were entirely sound.

"How many barrel' like this?"

"No got-a no more; dass all," said the dealer. He was a Sicilian. "Lame duck," he added. "Oal de rest gone."

"How much?" asked Ristofalo, still handling the fruit.

The Sicilian came to the barrel, looked in, and said, with a gesture of indifference:

"'M—doll' an' 'alf."

Ristofalo offered to take them at a dollar if he might wash and sort them under the dealer's hydrant, which could be heard running in the back yard. The offer would have been rejected with rude scorn but for one thing: it was spoken in Italian. The man looked at him with pleased surprise, and made the concession. The porter of the store, in a red worsted cap, had drawn near. Ristofalo bade him roll the barrel on its chine to the rear and stand it by the hydrant.

"I will come back pretty soon," he said, in Italian, and went away.

By and by he returned, bringing with him two swarthy, heavy-set, little Sicilian lads, each with his inevitable basket and some clean rags. A smile and gesture to the store-keeper, a word to the boys, and in a moment

the barrel was upturned, and the pair were washing, wiping, and sorting the sound and unsound apples at the hydrant.

Ristofalo stood a moment in the entrance of the store. The question now was where to get a dollar. Richling passed, looked in, seemed to hesitate, went on, turned, and passed again, the other way. Ristofalo saw him all the time and recognized him at once, but appeared not to observe him.

"He will do," thought the Italian.—"Be back few minute," he said, glancing behind him.

"Or-r igh'," said the store-keeper, with a hand-wave of good-natured confidence. He recognized Mr. Raphael Ristofalo's species.

The Italian walked up across Poydras street, saw Richling stop and look at the machinery, approached, and touched him on the shoulder.

On parting with him he did not return to the store where he had left the apples. He walked up Tchoupitoulas street about a mile, and where St. Thomas street branches acutely from it, in a squalid district full of the poorest Irish, stopped at a dirty fruit-stand and spoke in Spanish to its Catalan proprietor. Half an hour later twenty-five cents had changed hands, the Catalan's fruit shelves were bright with small pyramids—sound side foremost—of Ristofalo's second grade of apples, the Sicilian had Richling's dollar, and the Italian was gone with his boys and his better grade of fruit. Also, a grocer had sold some sugar, and a druggist a little paper of some harmless confectioner's dye.

Down behind the French market, in a short, obscure street that runs from Ursulines to Barracks street, and is named in honor of Albert Gallatin, are some old buildings of three or four stories' height, rented, in John Richling's day, to a class of persons who got their livelihood by subletting the rooms and parts of rooms to the wretchedest poor of New Orleans—organ-grinders, chimney-sweeps, professional beggars, street musicians, lemon-peddlers, rag-pickers, with all the yet dirtier herd that live by hook and crook in the streets or under the wharves; a room with a bed and stove, a room without, a half-room with or without ditto, a quarter-room with or without a blanket or quilt, and with

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only a chalk-mark on the floor instead of a partition. Into one of these went Mr. Raphael Ristofalo, the two boys, and the apples. Whose assistance or indulgence, if any, he secured in there is not recorded; but when, late in the afternoon, the Italian issued thence—the boys, meanwhile, had been coming and going—an unusual luxury had been offered the roustabouts and idlers of the steamboat landings, and many had bought and eaten freely of the very small, round, shiny, sugary, and artificially crimson roasted apples, with neatly whittled white-pine stems to poise them on as they were lifted to the consumer's watering teeth. When, the next morning, Richling laughed at the story, the Italian drew out two dollars and a half, and began to take from it a dollar.

"But you have last night's lodging and so forth yet to pay for."

"No. Made friends with Sicilian lugger-man. Slept in his lugger." He showed his brow and cheeks speckled with mosquito bites. "Ate little hard-tack and coffee with him this morning. Don't want much." He offered the dollar with a quarter added. Richling declined the bonus.

"But why not?"

"Oh, I just couldn't do it," laughed Richling, "that's all."

"Well," said the Italian, "lend me that dollar one day more, I return you dollar and half in its place to-morrow."

The lender had to laugh again. "You can't find an odd barrel of damaged apples every day."

"No. No apples to-day. But there's regiment soldiers at lower landing; whole steamboat load; going to sail this afternoon to Florida. They'll eat whole barrel hard-boil' eggs."—And they did. When they sailed, the Italian's pocket was stuffed with small silver.

Richling received his dollar and fifty cents. As he did so, "I would give, if I had it, a hundred dollars for half your art," he said, laughing unevenly. He was beaten, surpassed, humbled. Still he said, "Come, don't you want this again? You needn't pay me for the use of it."

But the Italian refused. He had outgrown his patron. A week afterward Richling saw him at the Picayune Tier superintending the unloading of a small schooner-load of bananas. He had bought the cargo, and was reselling to small fruiterers.

"Make fifty dollars to-day," said the Italian, marking his tally-board with a piece of chalk.

Richling clapped him joyfully on the shoulder, but turned around with inward distress and hurried away. He had not found work.

Events followed of which we have already

taken knowledge. Mary, we have seen, fell sick and was taken to hospital.

"I shall go mad!" Richling would moan with his disheveled brows between his hands, and then start to his feet exclaiming, "I must not! I must not! I must keep my senses!" And so to the commercial regions or to the hospital.

Dr. Sevier, as we know, left word that Richling should call and see him; but when he called, a servant—very curtly, it seemed to him—said the Doctor was not well and didn't want to see anybody. This was enough for a young man who *hadn't* his senses. The more he needed a helping hand, the more unreasonably shy he became of those who might help him.

"Will nobody come and find us?" Yet he would not cry "Whoop"; and how then was anybody to come?

Mary returned to the house again (ah! what joys there are in the vale of tribulation!) and grew strong—stronger, she averred, than ever she had been.

"And now you'll *not* be cast down, *will* you?" she said, sliding into her husband's lap. She was in an uncommonly playful mood.

"Not a bit of it," said John. "Every dog has his day. I'll come to the top. You'll see."

"Don't I know that?" she responded. "Look here, now," she exclaimed, starting to her feet and facing him, "I'll recommend you to anybody. *I've* got confidence in you!" Richling thought she had never looked quite so pretty as at that moment. He leaped from his chair with a laughing ejaculation, caught and swung her an instant from her feet, and landed her again before she could cry out. If, in retort, she smote him so sturdily that she had to retreat backward to rearrange her shaken coil of hair, it need not go down on the record; such things will happen. The scuffle and suppressed laughter were detected even in Mrs. Riley's room.

"Ah!" sighed the widow to herself, "wasn't it Kate Riley that used to get the sweet, haird knocks!" Her grief was mellowing.

Richling went out on the old search, which the advancing summer made more nearly futile each day than the day before.

Stop. What sound was that?

"Richling! Richling!"

Richling, walking in a commercial street, turned. A member of the firm that had last employed him beckoned him to halt.

"What are you doing now, Richling? Still acting deputy-assistant city-surveyor *pro tem*?"

"Yes."

"Well, see here! why haven't you been in the store to see us lately? Did I seem a little preoccupied the last time you called?"

"I"—Richling dropped his eyes with

an embarrassed smile — "I was afraid I was in the way — or should be."

"Well, and suppose you were? A man that's looking for work must put himself in the way. But come with me. I think I may be able to give you a lift."

"How's that?" asked Richling as they started off abreast.

"There's a house around the corner here that will give you some work — temporary anyhow, and may be permanent."

So Richling was at work again, hidden away from Dr. Sevier between journal and ledger. His employers asked for references. Richling looked dismayed for a moment, then said, "I'll bring somebody to recommend me," went away, and came back with Mary.

"All the recommendation I've got," said he, with timid elation. There was a laugh all round.

"Well, madam, if you say he's all right, we don't doubt he is!"

XIX.

ANOTHER PATIENT.

"DOCTAH SEVEEAH," said Narcisse, suddenly, as he finished sticking with great fervor the postage-stamps on some letters the Doctor had written, and having studied with much care the phraseology of what he had to say and screwed up his courage to the pitch of utterance, "I saw yo' notiz on the noozpapeh this mornin'."

The unresponsive Doctor closed his eyes in unutterable weariness of the innocent young gentleman's prepared speeches.

"Yessh. 'Tis a beacheouz notiz. I fine that w'itten with the gweatez accu'acy of diction, in fact. I made a twanslation of that faw my hant. Thaz a thing I am fon' of, twanslation. I dunno'ow 'tis, Doctah," he continued, preparing to go out — "I dunno'ow 'tis, but I thing, you goin' to fine that Mistoo 'Itchlin' ad the en'. I dunno'ow 'tis. Well, I'm goin' ad the —"

The Doctor looked up fiercely.

"Bank," said Narcisse, getting near the door.

"All right!" grumbled the Doctor, more politely.

"Yessh; befo' I go ad the poss-office."

A great many other persons had seen the advertisement. There were many among them who wondered if Mr. John Richling could be such a fool as to fall into that trap. There were others, some of them women, alas! who wondered how it was that nobody advertised for information concerning them, and who wished, yes, "wished to God," that such a one, or such a one, who had had his money-bags locked up long enough, would

die, and then you'd see who'd be advertised for. Some idlers looked in vain into the city directory, to see if Mr. John Richling were mentioned there. But Richling himself did not see the paper. His employers, or some fellow-clerk, might have pointed it out to him, but — we shall see in a moment.

Time passed. It always does. At length, one morning, as Dr. Sevier lay on his office lounge, fatigued after his attentions to callers and much enervated by the prolonged summer heat, there entered a small female form closely veiled. He rose to a sitting posture.

"Good morning, Doctor," said a voice, hurriedly, behind the veil. "Doctor," it continued, choking, — "Doctor —"

"Why, Mrs. Richling!"

He sprang and gave her a chair. She sank into it.

"Doctor, — oh, Doctor! John is in the Charity Hospital!"

She buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed aloud. The Doctor was silent a moment, and then asked:

"What's the matter with him?"

"Chills."

It seemed as though she must break down again, but the Doctor stopped her savagely.

"Well, my dear madam, don't cry! Come, now, you're making too much of a small matter. Why, what are chills? We'll break them in forty-eight hours. He'll have the best of care. You needn't cry! Certainly this isn't as bad as when you were there."

She was still, but shook her head. She couldn't agree to that.

"Doctor, will you attend him?"

"Mine is a female ward."

"I know; but —"

"Oh — if you wish it — certainly; of course I will. But now, where have you moved, Mrs. Richling? I sent —" He looked up over his desk toward that of Narcisse.

The Creole had been neither deaf nor idle. Hospital? Then those children in Prieur street had told him right. He softly changed his coat and shoes. As the physician looked over the top of the desk Narcisse's silent form, just here at the left, but out of the range of vision, passed through the door and went downstairs with the noiselessness of a moonbeam.

Mary explained the location and arrangement of her residence.

"Yes," she said, "that's the way your clerk must have overlooked us. We live behind — down the alley-way."

"Well, at any rate, madam," said the Doctor, "you are here now, and before you go I want to —" He drew out his pocket-book.

There was a quick gesture of remonstrance and look of pleading.

"No, no, Doctor; please don't! please don't! Give my poor husband one more chance—don't make me take that. I don't refuse it for pride's sake!"

"I don't know about that," he replied; "why do you do it?"

"For his sake, Doctor. I know just as well what he'd say—we've no right to take it anyhow. We don't know when we could pay it back." Her head sank. She wiped a tear from her hand.

"Why, I don't care if you never pay it back!" The Doctor reddened angrily.

Mary raised her veil.

"Doctor,"—a smile played on her lips,—
"I want to say one thing." She was a little care-worn and grief-worn; and yet, Narcisse, you should have seen her; you would not have slipped out.

"Say on, madam," responded the Doctor.

"If we have to ask anybody, Doctor, it will be you. John had another situation, but lost it by his chills. He'll get another. I'm sure he will." A long, broken sigh caught her unawares. Dr. Sevier thrust his pocket-book back into its place, compressing his lips and giving his head an unpersuaded jerk. And yet, was she not right, according to all his preaching? He asked himself that. "Why didn't your husband come to see me, as I requested him to do, Mrs. Richling?"

She explained John's being turned away from the door during the Doctor's illness. "But anyhow, Doctor, John has always been a little afraid of you."

The Doctor's face did not respond to her smile.

"Why, you are not," he said.

"No." Her eyes sparkled, but their softer light quickly returned. She smiled and said:

"I will ask a favor of you now, Doctor."

They had risen, and she stood leaning sidewise against his low desk and looking up into his face.

"Can you get me some sewing? John says I may take some."

The Doctor was about to order two dozen shirts instantan, but common sense checked him, and he only said:

"I will. I will find you some. And I shall see your husband within an hour. Good-bye." She reached the door. "God bless you," he added.

"What, sir?" she asked, looking back.

But the Doctor was reading.

XX.

ALICE.

A LITTLE medicine skillfully prescribed, the proper nourishment, two or three days' con-

finement in bed, and the Doctor said, as he sat on the edge of Richling's couch:

"No, you'd better stay where you are to-day; but to-morrow, if the weather is good, you may sit up."

Then Richling, with the unreasonableness of a convalescent, wanted to know why he couldn't just as well go home. But the Doctor said again, no.

"Don't be impatient; you'll have to go anyhow before I would prefer to send you. It would be invaluable to you to pass your entire convalescence here, and go home only when you are completely recovered. But I can't arrange it very well. The Charity Hospital is for sick people."

"And where is the place for convalescents?"

"There is none," replied the physician.

"I shouldn't want to go to it, myself," said Richling, lolling pleasantly on his pillow; "all I should ask is strength to get home, and I'd be off."

The Doctor looked another way.

"The sick are not the wise," he said, abstractedly. "However, in your case, I should let you go to your wife as soon as you safely could." At that he fell into so long a reverie that Richling studied every line of his face again and again.

A very pleasant thought was in the convalescent's mind the while. The last three days had made it plain to him that the Doctor was not only his friend, but was willing that Richling should be his.

At length the physician spoke.

"Mary is wonderfully like Alice, Richling."

"Yes?" responded Richling, rather timidly. And the Doctor continued:

"The same age, the same stature, the same features. Alice was a shade paler in her style of beauty, just a shade. Her hair was darker; but otherwise her whole effect was a trifle quieter, even, than Mary's. She was beautiful—outside and in. Like Mary, she had a certain richness of character—but of a different sort. I suppose I would not notice the difference if they were not so much alike. She didn't stay with me long."

"Is she—buried here?" asked Richling, hardly knowing how to break the silence that fell, and yet lead the speaker on.

"No. In Virginia." The Doctor was quiet a moment, and then resumed:

"I looked at your wife when she was last in my office, Richling; she had a little timid, beseeching light in her eyes that is not usual with her—and a moisture, too; and—it seemed to me as though Alice had come back. For my wife lived by my moods. Her spirit rose or fell just as my whim, conscious or un-

conscious, gave out light or took on shadow." The Doctor was still again, and Richling only indicated his wish to hear more by shifting himself on his elbow.

"Do you remember, Richling, when the girl you had been bowing down to and worshipping, all at once, in a single wedding day, was transformed into your adorer?"

"Yes, indeed," responded the convalescent, with beaming face. "Wasn't it wonderful? I couldn't credit my senses. But how did you — was it the same —"

"It's the same, Richling, with every man who has really secured a woman's heart with her hand. It was very strange and sweet to me. Alice would have been a spoiled child if her parents could have spoiled her; and when I was courting her she was the veriest little empress that ever walked over a man."

"I can hardly imagine," said Richling, with subdued amusement, looking at the long, slender form before him. The Doctor smiled very sweetly.

"Yes." Then, after another meditative pause: "But from the moment I became her husband she lived in continual trepidation. She so magnified me in her timid fancy that she was always looking tremulously to me to see what should be her feeling. She even couldn't help being afraid of me. I hate for any one to be afraid of me."

"Do you, Doctor?" said Richling, with surprise and evident introspection.

"Yes."

Richling felt his own fear changing to love.

"When I married," continued Dr. Sevier, "I had thought Alice was one that would go with me hand in hand through life, dividing its cares and doubling its joys, as they say; I guiding her and she guiding me. But if I had let her, she would have fallen into me as a planet might fall into the sun. I didn't want to be the sun to her. I didn't want her to shine only when I shone on her, and be dark when I was dark. No man ought to want such a thing. Yet she made life a delight to me; only she wanted that development which a better training, or even a harder training, might have given her; that subserving of the emotions to the"—he waved his hand—"I can't philosophize about her. We loved one another with our might, and she's in heaven."

Richling felt an inward start. The Doctor interrupted his intended speech.

"Our short experience together, Richling, is the one great light place in my life; and to me, to-day, sore as I am, the sweet—the sweetest sound—on God's green earth"—the corners of his mouth quivered—"is the name of Alice. Take care of Mary, Richling; she's a priceless treasure. Don't leave the making and

sustaining of the home sunshine all to her, any more than you'd like her to leave it all to you."

"I'll not, Doctor; I'll not." Richling pressed the Doctor's hand fervently; but the Doctor drew it away with a certain energy and rose, saying:

"Yes, you can sit up to-morrow."

The day that Richling went back to his malarious home in Prieur street, Dr. Sevier happened to meet him just beyond the hospital gate. Richling waved his hand. He looked weak and tremulous. "Homeward bound," he said, gayly.

The physician reached forward in his carriage and bade his driver stop. "Well, be careful of yourself; I'm coming to see you in a day or two."

XXI.

THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT.

DR. SEVIER was daily overtasked. His campaigns against the evils of our disordered flesh had even kept him from what his fellow-citizens thought was only his share of attention to public affairs.

"Why," he cried to a committee that came soliciting his coöperation, "here's one little unprofessional call that I've been trying every day for two weeks to make—and ought to have made—and must make; and I haven't got a step toward it yet. Oh, no, gentlemen." He waved their request away.

He was very tired. The afternoon was growing late. He dismissed his jaded horse toward home, walked down to Canal street, and took that yellow Bayou Road omnibus whose big blue star painted on its corpulent side showed that quadrons, etc., were allowed a share of its accommodation, and went rumbling and tumbling over the cobble-stones of the French quarter.

By and by he got out, walked a little way southward in the hot, luminous shade of low-roofed tenement cottages that closed their window-shutters noiselessly, in sensitive-plant fashion, at his slow, meditative approach, and slightly and as noiselessly reopened them behind him, showing a pair of wary eyes within. Presently he recognized just ahead of him, standing out on the sidewalk, the little house that had been described to him by Mary.

In a door-way that opened upon two low wooden sidewalk steps stood Mrs. Riley, clad in a crisp black-and-white calico, a heavy, fat babe poised easily in one arm. The Doctor turned directly toward the narrow alley, merely touching his hat to her as he pushed its small green door inward, and disappeared, while she lifted her chin at the silent liberty and dropped her eyelids.

Dr. Sevier went down the cramped, ill-paved passage very slowly and softly. Regarding himself objectively, he would have said the deep shade of his thoughts was due partly, at least, to his fatigue. But that would hardly have accounted for a certain faint glow of indignation that came into them. In truth, he began distinctly to resent this state of affairs in the life of John and Mary Richling. An ill-defined anger beat about in his brain in search of some tangible shortcoming of theirs upon which to thrust the blame of their helplessness. "Criminal helplessness," he called it, mutteringly. He tried to define the idea—or the idea tried to define itself—that they had somehow been recreant to their social caste by getting down into the condition and estate of what one may call the alien poor. Carondelet street had in some way specially vexed him to-day, and now here was this. It was bad enough, he thought, for men to slip into riches through dark back windows; but here was a brace of youngsters who had glided into poverty, and taken a place to which they had no right to stoop. Treachery—that was the name for it. And now he must be expected,—the Doctor quite forgot that nobody had asked him to do it,—he must be expected to come fishing them out of their hole, like a rag-picker at a trash barrel.

—"Bringing me into this wretched alley!" he silently thought. His foot slipped on a mossy brick. Oh, no doubt they thought they were punishing some negligent friend or friends by letting themselves down into this sort of thing. Never mind! He recalled the tender, confiding, friendly way in which he had talked to John, sitting on the edge of his hospital bed. He wished, now, he had every word back he had uttered. They might hide away to the full content of their poverty-pride. Poverty-pride; he had invented the term; it was the opposite pole to purse-pride—and just as mean,—no, meaner.—There! Must he yet slip down? He muttered an angry word. Well, well! this was making himself a little the cheapest he had ever let himself be made. And probably this was what they wanted! Misery's revenge. Umhum! They sit down in sour darkness, eh! and make relief seek them. It wouldn't be the first time he had caught the poor taking savage comfort in the blush which their poverty was supposed to bring to the cheek of better-kept kinsfolk. True, he didn't know this was the case with the Richlings. But wasn't it? Wasn't it? And have they a dog that will presently hurl himself down this alley at one's legs? He hopes so! He would so like to kick him clean over the twelve-foot close plank fence that crowded his right shoulder. Never mind! His anger became solemn.

The alley opened into a small, narrow yard, paved with ashes from the gas-works. At the bottom of the yard a rough shed spanned its breadth, and a woman was there busily bending over a row of wash-tubs.

The Doctor knocked on a door near at hand, then waited a moment, and, getting no response, turned away toward the shed and the deep, wet, burring sound of a wash-board. The woman bending over it did not hear his footfall. Presently he stopped. She had just straightened up, lifting a piece of the washing to the height of her head, and letting it down with a swash and slap upon the board. It was a woman's garment, but certainly not hers. For she was small and slight. Her hair was hidden under a towel. Her skirts were shortened to a pair of dainty ankles by an extra under-fold at the neat, round waist. Her feet were thrust into a pair of sabots. She paused a moment in her work, and, lifting with both smoothly-rounded arms, bared nearly to the shoulder, a large apron from her waist, wiped the perspiration from her forehead. It was Mary.

The red blood came up into the Doctor's pale, thin face. This was too outrageous. This was insult! He stirred as if to move forward. He would confront her. Yes, just as she was. He would speak. He would speak bluntly. He would chide sternly. He had the right. The only friend in the world from whom she had not escaped beyond reach—he would speak the friendly, angry word that would stop this shocking—

But, truly, deeply incensed as he was and felt it his right to be, hurt, wrung, exasperated he did not advance. She had reached down and taken from the wash-bench the lump of yellow soap that lay there, and was soaping the garment on the board before her, turning it this way and that. As she did this she began, all to herself and for her own ear, softly, with unconscious richness and tenderness of voice, to sing. And what was her song?

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

Down drooped the listener's head. Remember? Ah, memory! The old, heart-rending memory! Sweet Alice!

The song caught up the tender name again.

"Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown?"

Yes, yes; so brown—so brown!

"She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown."

Ah! but the frown is gone! There is a look of supplication now. Sing no more! Oh, sing no more! Yes, surely, she will stop there!

No. The voice rises gently—just a little—into the higher key, soft and clear as the note

of a distant bird, and all unaware of a listener. Oh! in mercy's name —

"In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone."

The little toiling figure bent once more across the wash-board and began to rub. He turned, the first dew of many a long year welling from each eye, and stole away; out of the little yard and down the dark, slippery alley, to the street.

Mrs. Riley still stood on the door-sill, holding the child.

"Good evening, madam."

"Sur, to you." She bowed with dignity.

"Is Mrs. Richling in?"

There was a shadow of triumph in her faint smile.

"She is."

"I should like to see her."

Mrs. Riley hoisted her chin. "I dunno if she's a-seein' comp'ny to-day." The voice was amiably important. "Wont ye walk in? Take a seat and sit down, sur, and I'll go and infarm the laydie."

"Thank you," said the Doctor, but continued to stand. Mrs. Riley started and stopped again.

"Ye forgot to give me yer kyaird, sur." She drew her chin in again, austere.

"Just say Dr. Sevier."

"Certainly, sur; yes, that'll be sufficiend. And dispinse with the kyaird." She went majestically.

The Doctor, left alone, cast his uninterested glance around the smart little bare-floored parlor, upon its new, jig-sawed, gray hair-cloth furniture, and up upon a picture of the Pope. When Mrs. Riley in a moment returned, he stood looking out the door.

"Mrs. Richling consints to see ye, sur. She'll be in turreckly. Take a seat and sit down." She readjusted the infant on her arm, and lifted and swung a hair-cloth arm-chair toward him without visible exertion. "There's no use o' having chayers if ye don't sit on um," she added affably.

The Doctor sat down, and Mrs. Riley occupied the exact center of the small, wide-eared, brittle-looking sofa, where she filled in the silent moments that followed by pulling down the skirts of the infant's apparel, oppressed with the necessity of keeping up a conversation and with the want of subject matter. The child stared at the Doctor, and suddenly plunged toward him with a loud and very watery coo.

"Ah-h!" said Mrs. Riley, in ostentatious rebuke. "Mike!" she cried, laughingly, as

the action was repeated. "Ye rowdy, air ye go-un to fight the gentleman?"

She laughed sincerely, and the Doctor could but notice how neat and good-looking she was. He condescended to crook his finger at the babe. This seemed to exasperate the so-called rowdy. He planted his pink feet on his mother's thigh and gave a mighty lunge and whoop.

"He's go-un to be a wicked bruiser," said proud Mrs. Riley. "He"—the pronoun stood, this time, for her husband—"he never sah the child. He was kilt with an explosion before the child was barn."

She held the infant on her strong arm as he struggled to throw himself, with wide-stretched jaws, upon her bosom; and might have been devoured by the wicked bruiser had not his attention been diverted by the entrance of Mary, who came in at last, all in fragrant white, with apologies for keeping the Doctor waiting.

He looked down into her uplifted eyes. What a riddle is woman! Had he not just seen this one in sabots? Did she not certainly know, through Mrs. Riley, that he must have seen her so? Were not her skirts but just now hitched up with an under-tuck, and fastened with a string? Had she not just laid off, in hot haste, a suds-bespattered apron and the garments of toil beneath it? Had not a towel been but now unbound from the hair shining here under his glance in luxuriant brown coils? This brightness of eye that seemed all exhilaration, was it not trepidation instead? And this rosiness, so like redundant vigor, was it not the flush of her hot task? He fancied he saw—in truth he may have seen—a defiance in the eyes as he glanced upon, and tardily dropped, the little water-soaked hand with a bow.

Mary turned to present Mrs. Riley, who bowed and said, trying to hold herself with majesty while Mike drew her head into his mouth: "Sur," then turned with great ceremony to Mary, and adding, "I'll withdrah," withdrew with the head and step of a duchess.

"How is your husband, madam?"

"John?—is not well at all, Doctor; though he would say he was, if he were here. He doesn't shake off his chills. He is out, though, looking for work. He'd go as long as he could stand."

She smiled; she almost laughed; but half an eye could see it was only to avoid the other thing.

"Where does he go?"

"Everywhere!" She laughed this time audibly.

"If he went everywhere I should see him," said Dr. Sevier.

"Ah! naturally," responded Mary, playfully. "But he does go wherever he thinks there's work to be found. He doesn't wander clear out among the plantations, of course, where everybody has slaves and there's no work but slaves' work. And he says it's useless to think of a clerkship this time of year. It must be, isn't it?"

The Doctor made no answer.

There was a footstep in the alley.

"He's coming now," said Mary; "that's he. He must have got work to-day. He has an acquaintance, an Italian, who promised to have something for him to do very soon. Doctor,—," she began to put together the split fractions of a palm-leaf fan, smiling diffidently at it the while,— "I can't see how it is any discredit to a man not to have a *knack* for making money?"

She lifted her peculiar look of radiant inquiry.

"It is not, madam."

Mary laughed for joy. The light of her face seemed to spread clear into her locks.

"Well, I knew you'd say so! John blames himself—he can make money, you know, Doctor, but he blames himself because he hasn't that natural gift for it that Mr. Ristofalo has. Why, Mr. Ristofalo is simply wonderful." She smiled upon her fan in amused reminiscence. "John is always wishing he had his gift."

"My dear madam, don't covet it! At least don't exchange it for anything else."

The Doctor was still in this mood of disapprobation when John entered. The radiance of the young husband's greeting hid for a moment, but only so long, the marks of illness and adversity. Mary followed him with her smiling eyes as the two men shook hands, and John drew a chair near to her and sat down with a sigh of mingled pleasure and fatigue.

She told him of whom she and their visitor had just been speaking.

"Raphael Ristofalo!" said John, kindling afresh. "Yes; I've been with him all day. It humiliates me to think of him."

Dr. Sevier responded quietly:

"You've no right to let it humiliate you, sir."

Mary turned to John with dancing eyes, but he passed the utterance as a mere compliment, and said through his smiles:

"Just see how it is to-day. I have been overseeing the unloading of a little schooner from Ruatan island, loaded with bananas, cocoa-nuts, and pine-apples. I've made two dollars—he has made a hundred."

Richling went on eagerly to tell about the plain, lusterless man whose one homely gift had fascinated him. The Doctor was entertained. The narrator sparkled and glowed as

he told of Ristofalo's appearance, and reproduced his speeches and manner.

"Tell about the apples and eggs," said the delighted Mary.

He did so, sitting on the front edge of his chair seat, and sprawling his legs now in front and now behind him as he swung now around to his wife and now to the Doctor. Mary laughed softly at every period, and watched the Doctor to see his slight smile at each detail of the story. Richling enjoyed telling it; He had worked; his earnings were in his pocket; gladness was easy.

"Why, I'm learning more from Raphael Ristofalo than I ever learned from my school-masters; I'm learning the art of livelihood."

He ran on from Ristofalo to the men among whom he had been mingling all day. He mimicked the strange, long swing of their Sicilian speech; told of their swarthy faces and black beards; their rich instinct for color in costume; their fierce conversation and violent gestures; the energy of their movements when they worked, and the profoundness of their repose when they rested; the picturesqueness and grotesqueness of the negroes, too; the huge, flat, round baskets of fruit which the black men carried on their heads, and which the Sicilians bore on their shoulders or the nape of the neck. The "captain" of the schooner was a central figure.

"Doctor," asked Richling, suddenly, "do you know anything about the island of Cozumel?"

"Aha!" thought Mary. So there was something besides the day's earnings that elated him.

She had suspected it. She looked at her husband with an expression of the most alert pleasure. The Doctor noticed it.

"No," he said, in reply to Richling's question.

"It stands out in the Gulf of Mexico, off the coast of Yucatan," began Richling.

"Yes, I know that."

"Well, Mary, I've almost promised the schooner captain that we'll go there. He wants to get up a colony."

Mary started.

"Why, John!" She betrayed a look of dismay, glanced at their visitor, tried to say "Have you?" approvingly, and blushed.

The Doctor made no kind of response.

"Now, don't conclude," said John to Mary, coloring too, but smiling. He turned to the physician. "It's a wonderful spot, Doctor."

But the Doctor was still silent, and Richling turned.

"Just to think, Mary, of a place where you can raise all the products of two zones; where health is almost perfect; where the

yellow fever has never been; and where there is such beauty as can be only in the tropics and a tropical sea. Why, Doctor, I can't understand why Europeans or Americans haven't settled it long ago."

"I suppose we can find out before we go, can't we?" said Mary, looking timorously back and forth between John and the Doctor.

"The reason is," replied John, "it's so little known. Just one island away out by itself. Three crops of fruit a year. One acre planted in bananas feeds fifty men. All the capital a man need have is an axe to cut down the finest cabinet and dye-woods in the world. The thermometer never goes above ninety nor below forty. You can hire all the labor you want at a few cents a day."

Mary's diligent eye detected a cloud on the Doctor's face. But John, though nettled, pushed on the more rapidly.

"A man can make—easily!—a thousand dollars the first year, and live on two hundred and fifty. It's the place for a poor man."

He looked a little defiant.

"Of course," said Mary, "I know you wouldn't come to an opinion"—she smiled with the same restless glance—"until you had made all the inquiries necessary. It must—it must be a delightful place, Doctor."

Her eyes shone blue as the sky.

"I wouldn't send a convict to such a place," said Dr. Sevier.

Richling flamed up.

"Don't you think," he began to say with visible restraint and a faint, ugly twist of the head—"don't you think it's a better place for a poor man than a great, heartless town?"

"This isn't a heartless town," said the Doctor.

"He doesn't mean it as you do, Doctor," interposed Mary, with alarm. "John, you ought to explain."

"Than a great town," said Richling, "where a man of honest intentions and real desire to live and be useful and independent—who wants to earn his daily bread at any honorable cost, and who can't do it because the town doesn't want his services, and will not have them—can go——" He ceased, with his sentence all tangled.

"No!" the Doctor was saying meanwhile.

"No! No! No!"

"Here I go, day after day," persisted Richling, extending his arm and pointing indefinitely through the window——

"No, no, you don't, John," cried Mary, with an effort at gayety; "you don't go by the window, John; you go by the door." She pulled his arm down tenderly.

"I go by the alley," said John. Silence followed. The young pair contrived to force a little laugh, and John made an apologetic move.

"Doctor," he exclaimed, with an air of pleasantry, "the whole town's asleep! sound asleep, like a negro in the sunshine! There isn't work for one man in fifty!" He ended tremulously. Mary looked at him with dropped face but lifted eyes, handling the fan, whose rent she had made worse.

"Richling, my friend,"—the Doctor had never used that term before,—“what does your Italian money-maker say to the idea?"

Richling gave an Italian shrug and his own pained laugh.

"Exactly! Why, Mr. Richling, you're on an island now—an island in mid-ocean. Both of you!" He waved his hands toward the two without lifting his head from the back of the easy-chair, where he had dropped it.

"What do you mean, Doctor?"

"Mean? Isn't my meaning plain enough? I mean you're too independent. You know very well, Richling, that you've started out in life with some fanciful feud against the 'world.' What it is I don't know, but I'm sure it's not the sort that religion requires. You've told this world—you remember you said it to me once—that if it will go one road you'll go another. You've forgotten that, mean and stupid and bad as your fellow-creatures are, they're your brothers and sisters, and that they have claims on you as such, and that you have claims on them as such.——Cozumel! You're there now! Has a friend no rights? I don't know your immediate relatives, and I say nothing about them——"

John gave a slight start, and Mary looked at him suddenly.

"But here am I," continued the speaker. "Is it just to me for you to hide away here in want that forces you and your wife—I beg your pardon, madam—into mortifying occupations when one word to me—a trivial obligation not worthy to be called an obligation, contracted with me—would remove that necessity and tide you over the emergency of the hour?"

Richling was already answering, not by words only, but by his confident smile:

"Yes, sir—yes, it is just; ask Mary."

"Yes, Doctor," interposed the wife. "We went over——"

"We went over it together," said John. "We weighed it well. It is just—not to ask aid as long as there's hope without it."

The Doctor responded with the quiet air of one who is sure of his position:

"Yes, I see. But, of course—I know without asking—you left the question of health out of your reckoning. Now, Richling, put the whole world, if you choose, in a selfish attitude——"

"No, no," said Richling and his wife. "Ah, no!" But the Doctor persisted.

"—A purely selfish attitude. Wouldn't it,

nevertheless, rather help a well man or woman than a sick one? Wouldn't it pay better?"

"Yes, but——"

"Yes," said the Doctor. "But you're taking the most desperate risks against health and life." He leaned forward in his chair, jerked in his legs, and threw out his long, white hands. "You're committing slow suicide."

"Doctor," began Mary; but her husband had the floor.

"Doctor," he said, "can you put yourself in our place? Wouldn't you rather die than beg? *Wouldn't you?*"

The Doctor rose to his feet as straight as a lance.

"It isn't what you'd rather, sir! You haven't your choice! You haven't your choice at all, sir! When God gets ready for you to die, he'll let you know, sir! And you've no right to trifle with his mercy in the meanwhile. I'm not a man to teach men to whine after each other for aid; but every principle has its limitations, Mr. Richling. You say you went over the whole subject. Yes; well, didn't you strike the fact that suicide is an affront to civilization and humanity?"

"Why, Doctor!" cried the other two, rising also. "We're not going to commit suicide."

"No," retorted he, "you're not. That's what I came here to tell you. I'm here to prevent it."

"Doctor," exclaimed Mary, the big tears standing in her eyes, and the Doctor melting before them like wax, "it's not so bad as it looks. I wash—some—because it pays so much better than sewing. I find I'm stronger than any one would believe. I'm stronger than I ever was before in my life. I am, indeed. I *don't* wash much. And it's only for the present. We'll all be laughing at this, some time, together." She began a small part of the laugh then and there.

"You'll do it no more," the Doctor replied. He drew out his pocket-book. "Mr. Richling, will you please send me through the mail, or bring me, your note for fifty dollars,—at your leisure, you know,—payable on demand?" He rummaged an instant in the pocket-book, and extended his hand with a folded bank-note between his thumb and finger. But Richling compressed his lips and shook his head, and the two men stood silently confronting each other. Mary laid her hand upon her husband's shoulder and leaned against him, with her eyes on the Doctor's face.

"Come, Richling," the Doctor smiled; "your friend Ristofalo did not treat you in this way."

"I never treated Ristofalo so," replied Richling, with a smile tinged with bitterness. It was against himself that he felt bitter; but

the Doctor took it differently, and Richling, seeing this, hurried to correct the impression.

"I mean I lent him no such amount as that."

"It was just one fiftieth of that," said Mary. "But you gave liberally, without upbraiding," said the Doctor.

"Oh, no, Doctor, no!" exclaimed she, lifting the hand that lay on her husband's near shoulder and reaching it over to the farther one. "Oh! a thousand times no. John never meant that. Did you, John?"

"How could I?" said John. "No." Yet there was confession in his look. He had not meant it, but he had felt it.

Dr. Sevier sat down, motioned them into their seats, drew the arm-chair close to theirs. Then he spoke. He spoke long, and as he had not spoken anywhere but at the bedside scarce ever in his life before. The young husband and wife forgot that he had ever said a grating word. A soft love-warmth began to fill them through and through. They seemed to listen to the gentle voice of an older and wiser brother. A hand of Mary sank unconsciously upon a hand of John. They smiled, and assented, and smiled, and assented, and Mary's eyes brimmed up with tears, and John could hardly keep his down. The Doctor made the whole case so plain and his propositions so irresistibly logical that the pair looked from his eyes to each other's and laughed. "Cozumel!" They did not utter the name; they only thought of it, both at one moment. It never passed their lips again. Their visitor brought them to an arrangement. The fifty dollars were to be placed to John's credit on the books kept by Narcisse, as a deposit from Richling, and to be drawn against by him in such little as necessity might demand. It was to be "secured"—they all three smiled at that word—by Richling's note payable on demand. The Doctor left a prescription for the refractory chills.

As he crossed Canal street, walking in slow meditation homeward at the hour of dusk, a tall man standing against a wall, tin cup in hand,—a full-fledged mendicant of the steam-boiler explosion, tin-proclamation type,—asked his alms. He passed by, but faltered, stopped, let his hand down into his pocket, and looked around to see if his pernicious example was observed. None saw him. He felt—he saw himself—a driveling sentimentalist. But weak, and dazed, sore wounded of the archers, he turned and dropped a dime into the beggar's cup.

RICHLING was too restless with the joy of relief to sit or stand. He trumped up an errand around the corner, and hardly got back before he contrived another. He went out to

the bakery for some crackers—fresh baked—for Mary; listened to a long story across the baker's counter; and when he got back to his door found he had left the crackers at the bakery. He went back for them and returned, the blood about his heart still running and leaping and praising God.

"The sun at midnight!" he exclaimed, knitting Mary's hands in his. "You're very tired. Go to bed. Me? I can't yet. I'm too restless."

He spent more than an hour chatting with Mrs. Riley, and had never found her so "nice" a person before; so easy comes human fellowship when we have had a stroke of fortune. When he went again to his room, there was Mary kneeling by the bedside with her head slipped under the snowy mosquito net, all in fine linen white as the moonlight, frilled and brodered, a remnant of her wedding glory gleaming through the long, heavy weeds of her unbound hair.

"Why, Mary——"

There was no answer.

"Mary?" he said again, laying his hand upon her head.

The head was slowly lifted. She smiled an infant's smile and dropped her cheek again upon the bedside. She had fallen asleep at the foot of the Throne.

At that same hour, in an upper chamber of a large, distant house, there knelt another form, with bared, bowed head, but in the garb in which it had come in from the street. Praying? This white thing overtaken by sleep here was not more silent. Yet——yes, praying. But, all the while, the prayer kept running to a little tune, and the words repeating themselves again and again—"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice—with hair so brown—so brown—so brown? Sweet Alice, with hair so brown!" And God bent His ear and listened.

XXII.

BORROWER TURNED LENDER.

It was only a day or two later that the Richlings, one afternoon, having been out for a sunset walk, were just reaching Mrs. Riley's door-step again, when they were aware of a young man approaching from the opposite direction with the intention of accosting them. They brought their conversation to a murmurous close.

For it was not what a mere acquaintance could have joined them in, albeit its subject was the old one of meat and raiment. Their talk had been light enough on their starting out, notwithstanding John had earned nothing that day. But it had toned down, or we, might say, up to a sober, though not a som-

ber, quality. John had in some way evolved the assertion that even the life of the body alone is much more than food and clothing and shelter; so much more, that only a divine provision can sustain it; so much more, that the fact is, when it fails, it generally fails with meat and raiment within easy reach.

Mary devoured his words. His spiritual vision had been a little clouded of late, and now, to see it clear—— She closed her eyes for bliss.

"Why, John," she said, "you make it plainer than any preacher I ever heard."

This, very naturally, silenced John. And Mary, hoping to start him again, said:

"Heaven provides. And yet I'm sure you're right in seeking our food and raiment?" She looked up inquiringly.

"Yes; like the fowls, the provision is made for us through us. The mistake is in making those things the end of our search."

"Why, certainly!" exclaimed Mary, softly. She took fresh hold in her husband's arm; the young man was drawing near.

"It's Narcisse!" murmured John. The Creole pressed suddenly forward with a joyous smile, seized Richling's hand, and, lifting his hat to Mary as John presented him, brought his heels together and bowed from the hips.

"I wuz juz coming at yo' ouse, Mistoo 'Itchlin'. Yessseh. I was juz sitting in my 'oom afteh dinneh, envelop' in my *obe de chambre*, when all at once I says to myseff, 'Faw distraction I will go and see Mistoo 'Itchlin'!'"

"Will you walk in?" said the pair.

Mrs. Riley, standing in the door of her parlor, made way by descending to the sidewalk. Her calico was white, with a small purple figure, and was highly starched and beautifully ironed. Purple ribbons were at her waist and throat. As she reached the ground, Mary introduced Narcisse. She smiled winningly, and when she said, with a courtesy: "Proud to know ye, sur," Narcisse was struck with the sweetness of her tone. But she swept away with a dramatic tread.

"Will you walk in?" Mary repeated; and Narcisse responded:

"If you will pummit me yo' attention a few moment'." He bowed again and made way for Mary to precede him.

"Mistoo 'Itchlin'," he continued, going in, "in fact you don't give Misses 'Itchlin' my last name with absolute co-ectness."

"Did I not? Why, I hope you'll pardon——"

"Oh, I'm glad of it. I don't feel lak a pusion is my frien' whilst they don't call me Nahcisse." He directed his remark particularly to Mary.

"Indeed?" responded she. "But, at the same time, Mr. Richling would have ——" She had turned to John, who sat waiting to catch her eye with such intense amusement betrayed in his own that she saved herself from laughter and disgrace only by instant silence.

"Yesseh," said Narcisse to Richling, "'tis the tooth."

He cast his eye around upon the prevailing hair-cloth and varnish.

"Misses 'Itchlin', I muz tell you I like yo' tas'e in that pawlah."

"It's Mrs. Riley's taste," said Mary.

"'Tis a beauchezou tas'e," insisted the Creole, contemptively, gazing at the Pope's vestments tricked out with blue, scarlet, and gilt spangles. "Well, Mistoo 'Itchlin', since some time I've been stipulating me to do myseff that honoh, seh, to come at yo' ouse; well, ad the end I am yeh. I think you fine yo'-seff not ve'y well those days. Is that nod the case, Mistoo 'Itchlin'?"

"Oh, I'm well enough," Richling ended with a laugh, somewhat explosively. Mary looked at him with forced gravity as he suppressed it. He had to draw his nose slowly through his thumb and two fingers before he could quite command himself. Mary relieved him by responding:

"No, Mr. Richling hasn't been well for some time."

Narcisse responded triumphantly:

"It stwuck me — so soon I pe'ceive you — that you 'ave the ai' of a valedictudina'y. Thass a ve'y fawtunate that you ah 'esiding in a 'ealthsome pawt of the city, in fact."

Both John and Mary laughed and demurred.

"You don't think?" asked the smiling visitor. "Me, I dunno, — I fine one thing. If a man don't die fum one thing, yet, still, he'll die fum something. I 'ave study that out, Mistoo, 'Itchlin'. 'To be, aw to not be, thaz the question,' in fact. I don't ca'e if you live one place aw if you live anotheh place, 'tis all the same — you've got to pay to live!"

The Richlings laughed again, and would have been glad to laugh more; but each, without knowing it of the other, was reflecting with some mortification upon the fact that, had they been talking French, Narcisse would have bitten his tongue off before any of his laughter should have been at their expense.

"Indeed you have got to pay to live," said John, stepping to the window and drawing up its painted paper shade. "Yes, and ——"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mary, with gentle disapprobation. She met her husband's eye with a smile of protest. "John," she said, "Mr. —" she couldn't think of the name.

"Nawcisse," said the Creole.

"Will think," she continued, her amusement climbing into her eyes in spite of her, "you're in earnest."

"Well, I am, partly. Narcisse knows as well as we do that there are two sides to the question." He resumed his seat. "I reckon ——"

"Yes," said Narcisse, "and what you muz look out faw, 'tis to git on the soff side."

They all laughed.

"I was going to say," said Richling, "the world takes us as we come, 'sight-unseen.' Some of us pay expenses, some don't."

"Ah!" rejoined Narcisse, looking up at the whitewashed ceiling, "those egspenze!" He raised his hand and dropped it. "I *fine* it so *difficul* to defeat those egspenze!" In fact, Mistoo 'Itchlin', such ah the state of my financial emba'assment that I do not go out at all. I stay in, in fact. I stay at my 'ouse — to light' those egspenze!"

They were all agreed that expenses could be lightened thus.

"And by making believe you don't want things," said Mary.

"Ah!" exclaimed Narcisse, "I nevvah kin do that!" and Richling gave a laugh that was not without sympathy. "But I muz tell you, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I am aztonizh at you."

An instant apprehension seized John and Mary. They *knew* their ill-concealed amusement would betray them, and now they were to be called to account. But no.

"Yesseh," continued Narcisse, "you 'ave the gweatez o'casion to be the subjec' of congwatulation, Mistoo 'Itchlin', to 'ave the poweh to accum'late money in those hawd time' like the pwesen'!"

The Richlings cried out with relief and amused surprise.

"Why, you couldn't make a greater mistake."

"Mistaken! Hah! W'en I ged that memo'andum f'om Dr. Seveeah to paz that fifty dollah at yo' cwedit, it burz f'om me, that egscclamation! 'Accchilly! 'ow that Mistoo 'Itchlin' deserve the 'espect to save a lill quantity of money like that!'"

The laughter of John and Mary did not impede his rhapsody, nor their protestations shake his convictions.

"Why," said Richling, lolling back, "the Doctor has simply omitted to have you make the entry of ——"

But he had no right to interfere with the Doctor's accounts. However, Narcisse was not listening.

"You compel' to be witch some day, Mistoo 'Itchlin', ad that wate of p'ogwess; I am convince of that. I can deteg that indisputably

in yo' physio'nomie. Me—I *can't* save a cent! Mistoo 'Itchlin', you would be aztonizh to know 'ow bad I want some money; in fact, exceb that I am *too* pwoud to dizclose you that state of my condition!"

He paused and looked from John to Mary, and from Mary to John again.

"Why, I'll declare," said Richling, sincerely, dropping forward with his chin on his hand, "I'm sorry to hear —"

But Narcisse interrupted.

"Difficulty with me—I am not willing to baw'."

Mary drew a long breath and glanced at her husband. He changed his attitude and, looking upon the floor, said: "Yes, yes." He slowly marked the bare floor with the edge of his shoe sole. "And yet there are times when duty actually —"

"I believe you, Mistoo 'Itchlin'," said Narcisse, quickly, forestalling Mary's attempt to speak. "Ah, Mistoo 'Itchlin'! *if* I had baw'd money ligue the huncle of my hant!" He waved his hand to the ceiling and looked up through that obstruction, as it were, to the witnessing sky. "But I *hade* that—to baw'! I tell you 'ow 'tis with me, Mistoo 'Itchlin'; I nevvah would consen' to baw' money on'y if I pay a big inte'es' on it. An' I'm compell' to tell you one thing, Mistoo 'Itchlin', in fact: I nevvah would leave money with Doctah Seveeah to invez faw me—no."

Richling gave a little start, and cast his eyes an instant toward his wife. She spoke.

"We'd rather you wouldn't say that to us, Mister —" There was a commanding smile at one corner of her lips. "You don't know what a friend —"

Narcisse had already apologized by two or three gestures to each of his hearers.

"Misses 'Itchlin'—Mistoo 'Itchlin',"—he shook his head and smiled skeptically,— "you think you kin admiah Doctah Seveeah mo' than me? 'Tis uzeless to attempt. 'With all 'is fault' I love 'im still."

Richling and his wife both spoke at once.

"But John and I," exclaimed Mary, electrically, "love him, faults and all!"

She looked from husband to visitor, and from visitor to husband, and laughed and laughed, pushing her small feet back and forth alternately and softly clapping her hands. Narcisse felt her in the center of his heart. He laughed. John laughed.

"What I mean, Mistoo 'Itchlin'," resumed Narcisse, preferring to avoid Mary's aroused eye,— "what I mean—Doctah Seveeah don't un'stan' that kine of business co'ectly. Still, ad the same time, if I was you, I know I would 'ate faw my money not to be makin' me some inte'es'. I tell you what I do with

you, Mistoo 'Itchlin', in fact: I kin baw that fifty dollah f'om you myseff."

Richling repressed a smile. "Thank you. But I don't care to invest it."

"Pay you ten pe' cent. a month."

"But we can't spare it," said Richling, smiling toward Mary. "We may need part of it ourselves."

"I tell you, 'cally, Mistoo 'Itchlin', I nevvah baw money; but it juz 'appen I kin use that juz at the pwsent."

"Why, John," said Mary, "I thiak you might as well say plainly that the money is borrowed money."

"That's what it is," responded Richling, and rose to spread the street-door wider open, for the daylight was fading.

"Well, I 'ope you'll egscuse that libbetty," said Narcisse, rising a little more tardily, and slower. "I muz baw fawty dollah—some place. Give you good secu'ty—give you my note, Mistoo 'Itchlin', in fact; muz baw fawty—aw thutty-five."

"Why, I'm very sorry," responded Richling, really ashamed that he could not hold his face straight. "I hope you understand —"

"Mistoo 'Itchlin', 'tis baw'd money. If you had a necessity faw it, you would use it. If a fwend 'ave a necessity—'tis anothet thing—you don't feel that libbetty—you ah 'ight—I honoh you —"

"I *don't* feel the same liberty."

"Mistoo 'Itchlin'," said Narcisse, with noble generosity, throwing himself a half step forward, "if it was yoze you'd baw it to me in a minnit!" He smiled with benign delight. "Well, madame,—I bid you good evening, Misses 'Itchlin'. The bes' of fwen's muz paw, you know." He turned again to Richling with a face all beauty and a form all grace. "I was juz sitting—mistfully—all at once I says to myseff, 'Faw distwaction I'll go an' see Mistoo 'Itchlin'.' I don't *know* 'ow I juz appen'!—Well, *an' 'evoi'*, Mistoo 'Itchlin'."

Richling followed him out upon the doorstep. There Narcisse intimated that even twenty dollars for a few days would supply a stern want. And when Richling was compelled again to refuse, Narcisse solicited his company as far as the next corner. There the Creole covered him with shame by forcing him to refuse the loan of ten dollars—and then of five.

It was a full hour before Richling rejoined his wife. Mrs. Riley had stepped off to some neighbor's door with Mike on her arm. Mary was on the sidewalk.

"John," she said, in a low voice, and with a long, anxious look.

"What?"

"He *didn't* take the only dollar of your own in the world?"

"Mary, what could I do? It seemed a crime to give and a crime not to give. He cried like a child; said it was all a sham about his dinner and his '*robe de chambre*.' An aunt, two little cousins, an aged uncle at home—and not a cent in the house! What could I do? He says he'll return it in three days."

"And"—Mary laughed distressfully—"you believed him!" She looked at him

with an air of tender, painful admiration, half way between a laugh and a cry.

"Come, sit down," he said, sinking upon the little wooden buttress at one side of the door-step.

Tears sprang into her eyes. She shook her head.

"Let's go inside." And in there she told him, sincerely, "No, no, no; she didn't think he had done wrong"—when he knew he had.

(To be continued.)

A FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUERNDALÉ."

It was a warm day in the bush. There was no wind; and the atmosphere was in successive layers, superposed, shimmering with the heat. The canvas-topped carts of the detachment were clumped together in a circle. On three sides the level, gray-green plain, broken in its sandy sameness only by an occasional clump of sage-bush or of prickly pear, stretched as far as one could see. On the fourth side was a low, apparently insignificant, but wholly impenetrable African thicket of indefinite extent. Trackless, tangled, arid, it was fit only to be the lurking-place of tigers and snakes, or Zulus. How much of a lurking-place it might be for the latter was a present and interesting question. Most of the company in the little camp were thinking of it. Captain Philip Haughton, in his private and particular tent, had ceased thinking about it.

There are many rapid transitions in modern life—changes of scene and *décor*—but probably even Americans know few extremes more startling than Piccadilly and Zululand. As much as the Captain's somewhat inactive mind was occupied with anything, it was busied with this reflection. It did not particularly surprise, much less excite him, this change. The young stoic of Belgravia probably takes—he certainly affects to take—about the same interest in such changes that he does in those of scenery in a theater; they are sometimes amusing, but more likely to be bores. However, there was uncommonly little affectation in Captain Phil's case. He had no reason whatever to regret leaving Piccadilly. It was after the season; and at such times St. James's street was a desert hardly more frequented, and infinitely less amusing, than South Africa. The only people you saw at the clubs were men you would avoid, even in

South Africa. The regular round of country visits had begun; but as there was only one person whom Haughton particularly desired to meet, and she was, at the same time, one whom it was very important he should not meet,—in brief, he did not much regret the loss of his various weeks in the shires. As for shooting, the partridges were mostly drowned, and black game scarce, he was told. And the Zulus were perhaps a more exciting and better preserved black game than either. "By Jove, I should think so," he thought, lazily, in applause of his own epigram. "Battues are nothing to it." The Captain was always ready to laugh at little or nothing. And he now smiled again, sweetly, as he reflected more precisely upon the position in which he found himself.

He was sitting upon a shawl, which he had doubled upon the sand. The shawl was in front of a tent; and the tent was in a sort of arena, surrounded by a circle of white-covered carts, their rear and open ends facing inside—some of them still filled with stores, others serving as temporary shelter. Close outside, and around them all, was a rampart of wattled underbrush. Between each two was a practicable loophole, through which was thrust a rifle; beside each rifle rested the owner, in the enjoyment of a short clay pipe. Outside, at a distance of a few hundred yards, was a circlet of pacing sentries, who marched as if they were trying to pretend it was all an unusually warm review in the Park, knowing their commanding officer liked style, in South Africa or elsewhere. They were fond of their commanding officer. Inside again, at the shady end of the arena (while there was a shady end), a number of long-horned, gaunt cattle were picketed; near them, the few remaining horses of the command.

Behind the Captain, in the interior of the tent, stood the Captain's servant, engaged in polishing the tops of the Captain's boots. This he did with much attention and solicitude. He knew, with all the rest of the little command—with the corporals, the lieutenants, the buglers, and almost the poor, jaded horses themselves—that the Captain and his company were in a nasty mess. And in common with the rest of them, he sometimes took the liberty of wondering how they were to get out of it; that is, supposing that they were to get out of it.

Captain Haughton, however, had got away beyond that question. It was an idle habit of his to give up problems too difficult for immediate solution. Besides, his orders left him positively no option. He was to repair to a certain position, and hold it until the main body came up, keeping the Zulus in check. It had been supposed that the Zulus to be kept in check numbered only a thousand or so; but the orders applied equally well to the checking of any amount of them. As his servant gave the last careful rub to the upper rim of his boots, the Captain was, in fact, thinking not at all of the Zulus, but of the last ball he had gone to in London. He remembered particularly the heat of the conservatory. The very scents and dead sweetness of the place seemed to be still in his nostrils. He could see it now: the black coats and white shoulders; the gleam of diamonds against the shiny background of green leaves. "Like the eyes of snakes in a Zulu thicket," thought the Captain; "only not so frank in their malice," he added, gloomily. Haughton was a heavy, straightforward fellow by nature; and perhaps his attempts at cynicism were clumsy.

It was hotter than ever, and there was a drowsy noise of insects in the air. The Captain's servant came forward, just then, with the Captain's boots. He hesitated a moment, and looked at his master, the boots in one hand. He was uneasy; he had rarely seen Captain Philip so quiet.

"Any orders, sir?" touching his hat.

"No—or, stop,—yes," said the Captain. "Ask private Fairlie to come to me."

Saying which, the Captain leaned back as if overcome with the exertion of speaking, drew an embroidered tobacco-pouch from his pocket, and rolled a cigarette. As he looked at the tobacco-pouch, he became conscious of a tingling sensation in the bridge of his nose, which, having been very much sunburned, had begun to peel. This tobacco-pouch bore the initials *A. M.—P. H.*, and was a favorite trinket of his. Out of it, it had been his custom (being always a lazy man) to tease

his fair friends into rolling cigarettes with their own white fingers.

"I am a damned fool," he remarked, with more emphasis than the occasion seemed to require. It was perfectly natural that his sunburned nose should tingle. Lighting his cigarette, he puffed a moment vigorously; but it was badly made, and the tobacco soon escaped from a seam at the side. Before he had time to roll another, a stout, blue-eyed countryman in the garb of a soldier stood before him; and the Captain became aware that private Fairlie had saluted him, and was looking at him with an expression of unmistakable affection in his simple countenance.

"Private Fairlie?"

"Yes, your honor," said Fairlie, with another salute.

"You are the man whose horse was shot under him, and who rode behind me into camp from the skirmish yesterday?"

"Oh, your honor——" began Fairlie, with yet another salute; but this attempt at military discipline did not conceal a most undoubted blubber.

"There, there!" said the Captain, "enough of that. You were nearly senseless when I picked you up, and you said something about Kate. If I mistake not, that name, which I take to be feminine, was several times repeated during our ride. Now you will overlook my curiosity, but I should really like very much to know: Who is Kate?"

"Kate, your honor? Why, Kate—Kate? I don't mind telling your honor—she—your honor knows, she lives near father's farm—and she said as how she'd—leastwise, she wouldn't *then*, your honor—but she said as how she'd have me if so be as I comes back from the wars alive; and you see, your honor, when I got under that there horse, sir, it come kind of natural to think of her, and——"

"Private Fairlie, you're a fool."

"Yes, your honor."

The conversation ended, as it had begun, with a salute. The Captain rubbed his nose with his handkerchief, which caused the upper part of that organ to tingle as before. Fairlie having no handkerchief, scraped the sand with the inner edge of his right boot. The heat was really terrific, and both men were dazzled with the glare of the white tent. There was a smell of dust and horses; the camp was so still that the cattle could be heard striking the earth at the opposite end of the arena. The Captain rose and looked through the end of his tent between two of the carts. There was a double force of sentries on duty, and they were intently watching the low edge of bush that rimmed the plain. There was noth-

ing to show that the bush was occupied. He returned to Fairlie.

"Private Fairlie, do you suppose Kate would care if you lost your precious skin?" The Captain spoke gruffly. Fairlie stared at him stupidly. At first he seemed disposed to tears again. Finally he grinned.

"Private Fairlie," said the Captain, more quietly, "I wish you to carry some dispatches back to Colonel Haddon at the general headquarters. You will take my horse, and start at dusk. He will carry you over the sixty miles before dawn. Of course, you must escape unseen. There is no moon, and you must be within call of the sentries at headquarters before daybreak. You will deliver the dispatches to Colonel Haddon himself. It is a chance if you get there with the dispatches; but if you do, there will be among them a letter asking for a furlough for yourself. When you have got it, you will return to England, and take a letter I shall give you to the person to whom it is addressed. Mind, you must insist on putting it into her own hands." Fairlie saluted. "When you have done this, you will go back to Derbyshire, and I strongly advise you to stay there. I will give you money to purchase your discharge. You understand?"

Private Fairlie was a stupid man; but, after some moments' hesitation, he replied, huskily: "Yes, your honor."

"Good, my man. You can go."

Fairlie touched his hat mechanically, and turned away. He had hardly got beyond the door of the tent when he turned, rushed back, grasped the Captain's hand, and then, with a "*Beg pardon, sir*," strode off to his mess. Meantime the Captain, it being an hour before sunset, closed the curtain of his tent and wrote two letters. The first was brief, and has been printed in army reports and in the newspapers as the last authentic report from his command:

"CAMP DERBYSHIRE, May 20, 1879.

"SIR: I have the honor to report a large force of Zulus in the front, estimated at over four thousand. It will be impossible for us to sustain a general attack. It therefore seems advisable that we should be reinforced at the earliest possible date, or the position we now hold reoccupied with much greater force. I have the honor to be,

"Your most obedient servant,

PHILIP HAUGHTON, Captain.

"Lieut.-Col. Haddon, C. B."

The second was longer, and has never been printed:

"To Miss ALICE MANNERS,

Axe-edge Moor, Derbyshire, England.

"I love you, Alice, and have always loved you. I have sometimes thought you knew it. If you did not know it, I write to tell you; if you did, to forgive you.

"O my darling! you will pardon my telling you this now, will you not? You have given me no right to send you a love-letter, dearest; but this is one; yet do not be angry until you have read it all. Let me think, now, that perhaps you love me now, and now only; and that I would kiss you if you were here. My love—darling, do not throw the letter down. I wanted to tell you that I loved you—how much, you will never know; but you might have learned from others that I loved you, and I wanted to tell you myself before I died.

"I am here at an outpost in Africa, with half a company. The orders are to hold our camp at all hazard, and we shall certainly be attacked before dawn. If I thought there was any hope of our escaping, I should not write to you thus; but you will pardon me, dear, for we cannot retreat, and there is no chance of defense or reinforcement. Indeed there is not.

"My men all know it, too; but they are very quiet. They are brave fellows, and I think they like me. Perhaps it is wrong in me to send one of them away to carry this letter to you; but he is a Derbyshire man, and was crying to-day over his sweetheart, and I could not help it. I wanted him to get home to her; and one less to be killed here makes little difference. I should like you to help him a little when he gets to England.

"I hope that you are very happy. You must forgive me for telling you. You will not think it wrong for me to write so—now?

"Good-bye, dear Alice.

"PHILIP HAUGHTON."

It was some months after the date of this letter that the guests at Carysbridge Hall, in Derbyshire, were awaiting dinner. It is a nuisance, waiting for dinner; particularly when you are standing before the fire, as was Major Brandyball, and supporting a portly person in patent-leather pumps a trifle small. Dinner was a formal affair at Carysbridge. There were many guests for the pheasant shooting and Sir John was entertaining largely in honor of his young wife. But a man had come just before dinner, and had insisted on seeing Lady Cary personally; and she had now been gone nearly half an hour.

"I wonder who it can be?" said the Countess Dowager to Brandyball. The Countess Dowager liked to know everything; that is, everything about her friends. "The servant said the man seemed to be a soldier."

"I think," said the Major, "I think Lady Cary used to have some friends in the army—when she was Miss Manners."

Further conversation was checked by Lady Cary's return. She was a beautiful woman, Sir John's wife; and she never looked better than on that night. The Major noticed that she held a letter crumpled in one hand; and her haste had given her a heightened color. She must have been gone over half an hour.

"Forgive me for keeping you all so long," she said, with her sweet smile. "Lord Arthur, will you take the Countess Dowager in to dinner?"

J. S., of Dale.

THE CRUISE OF THE "ALICE MAY."



EVERY one has heard of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but few are aware of the variety and beauty of the attractions it offers to the tourist and the artist. Even to such as have given it some thought it generally appears to be a region of mists, snow, and storms, and more or less enveloped in hyperborean glooms. But recently sportsmen and yacht sailors have begun to visit the western shores of the gulf, and a suspicion is dawning on the mind of the summer Rambler that this part of the world has been maligned, and that during the summer solstice it offers a variety of attractions up to this time all but unknown.

Anxious to see for ourselves the truth of the matter, and to view some of these points of interest before the tide of summer travel had worn away the novelty, we prepared a

cruise round the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the adjacent waters.

The point of departure was Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Through the kindness of a friend residing there, a suitable schooner was chartered. But when the day for taking possession arrived, the schooner failed to put in an appearance. Here, at the very outset, we encountered one of the most common annoyances which a punctual man and a Yankee is forced to endure in the maritime provinces. Punctuality or appreciation of the value of time is scarcely understood there. Without delay, we threw out scouts in every direction to report on the matter of available

schooners. Long search was attended by many pleasant incidents. It gave us an opportunity to see much of this charming island, and to enjoy the genial hospitality of its people, especially the kind folk of Charlottetown. This is a quiet but attractive place of some ten thousand inhabitants. On the outskirts, especially in the neighborhood of the Governor's mansion, there is much beauty in the residences, which are surrounded by shrubbery and situated by the water-side.

Tuesdays and Fridays are the days when Charlottetown shows the most evidence of



OFF PASPEBIAC.



BEACH AT TRACADIE.

activity and commercial prosperity. The market-house occupies a prominent place in the square where the Government buildings are situated. On these days it is crowded by both the city and country folk, the latter including a few Indians. An active barter in provisions takes place between the townspeople and the farmers, while that part of the city bears the appearance of a gala day.

Two causes have recently produced great commercial depression on the island. These are the failure of the Prince Edward Island Bank, through the—what shall we call it?—of the directors, and the decline in ship-building, which, until the primeval forests had been cut down, was a great source of revenue to the island. The failure of the fisheries and the absence of American fishermen from the Gulf, partly caused by the short-sighted policy of the Dominion Government, have also affected the prosperity of this province. In summer time Prince Edward Island enjoys a delightful temperature: the mercury ranges for three months from sixty to seventy-six degrees, rarely varying from those figures. The air is dry and free from fogs, and, as the wind invariably comes off the sea, the island is exceedingly healthful. The advantages for summer visitors are increased by the abundance of fresh meat and other provisions, the cheapness of living, and the loveliness of the drives in every direction over a country that is gently undulating, verdurous, and always in sight of the sea. The rivers, notably the

Dunk, the Hunter, and the Morell rivers, abound with fine salmon and trout fishing, and the long reaches of sand along the easterly shore are frequented by snipe, plover, and duck. Everywhere a pastoral peace pervades the farms on the edge of the forests. Fine droves of horses enliven the fields, and re-

mind one of Thessaly, the land of fleet-footed steeds.

It is not singular that these attractions have begun to draw the attention of summer tourists, who find comfortable accommodations at the farm-houses or at the hotels erected at such charming resorts as Rustico and Tracadie. Houses may also be rented by the season on very moderate terms. It is to the influx of such visitors, with pockets popularly supposed to be lined with gold, that the island may reasonably look for a return of some of its vanished prosperity. The facilities for observing the scenery of Prince Edward Island are greatly aided by a narrow-gauge railroad, which is always sure to be used, as the Dominion agreed to keep it going when the island entered into the confederation; but no one expects it ever to pay its expenses. The lobster-canning business, which has also assumed great dimensions in Prince Edward Island, might likewise be considered a powerful means of driving the wolf from the door, if but the uncertain crustaceans could be depended upon. But they take no interest whatever in the designs of capitalists and fishermen to ship them to the markets of the world in elegantly labeled tin cases, and, declining to coöperate in these schemes when the season comes around, may take a notion to forsake their haunts for parts unknown. Then the canning factory is closed, and the fisherman's dory lies bleaching on the shore while he anxiously smokes his pipe and talks of emigrating to the United States, maligning the day when the island entered the Dominion. In default of any better cause, the people generally agree in tracing their ills to this union; but the sequence is by no means self-evident.

Gazing over these pleasant landscapes and breathing the soft southern breeze, it is difficult to realize that for many months the island is not only covered with snow to

an enormous depth, but also well-nigh shut out from the rest of the world by a tremendous barrier of ice. From January until May, at least, Northumberland Strait is frozen over. The mails are carried across at the narrowest part, near Cape Tormentine, or Jourimain, a distance of nine miles. The carriers drag a boat over the hummocks of ice which is provided with runners like a double keel. When they come to open water they cross in

solitude and hazard. In the spring of 1882 the *Northern Light* was three weeks making this brief passage, fast locked in the ice-packs. Sometimes she was carried close to the shore, but no one could bring aid to the starving passengers, owing to the threatening condition of the ice. It was only after burning all the woodwork in the cabin for fuel, and being reduced to the last biscuit, that the worn-out and hopeless passengers reached the destined



THE MAIL-BOAT AT PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

the boat. It is a dangerous and arduous journey, and few undertake it besides the hardy mail-carriers. For two or three winters past the passage has been made sometimes by the steamer *Northern Light*, constructed especially for this service. She has a frame of enormous strength, somewhat of a wedge form, with a solid shoe of iron at the bow; everything about her was planned to enable her to crush her way through the ice, which is often from two to four feet thick. Her course is from Pictou to Georgetown, a distance of some eighty miles, although she often has to go over two or three times that distance to reach her port. In all the annals of steam navigation there is no such packet service recorded as this of the *Northern Light*. Sometimes the ice is so dense that she can make no headway, but is jammed fast for days and weeks, or carried to and fro by the combined fury of ice and storms. The passenger who starts in her for Prince Edward Island in March has before him the horrors of polar

port. Think of a civilized and enlightened people, in this age, shut off from the rest of the world by such a frightful siege of ice and tempest and snow! Nor is this an occasional thing. As regularly as the winter comes around, the islanders look forward to this long hibernation and isolation. Were it not for this drawback, the island might be a paradise. During the long winter the people contrive to exist with some comfort, and find compensations for their solitude. Sleigh-rides and skating are followed with much zest, and there is a good deal of merriment and festivity.

Charlottetown is, of course, the center of life in Prince Edward Island, but the social distinctions are drawn with considerable and, perhaps, unneces-



sary emphasis. Lying as it does on an arm of the sea which extends east and west some forty miles like a river, this city enjoys fine facilities for aquatic sports, while the drives in the neighborhood are, during the

Catholic. There are, however, many Protestant Scotch mingled with the others, and, with the exception of the annually recurring public school question, they appear to live together very peaceably.



THE STEAMER "NORTHERN LIGHT" CROSSING FROM THE MAINLAND TO THE ISLAND.

summer, very agreeable. Everything here is, however, on a reduced scale, except the land and water, and the ideas of the country people are on a level with their environment. They tell a good story of a country lout who had never seen any larger place than Souris, at the eastern end of the island, not even Charlottetown. Souris has about two thousand inhabitants. One of his companions made a trip to New York, and on his return expatiated on the vastness of that great city. "And now, and is't as large as Souris, then?" inquired the former, incredulously.

Money goes far here, because it is scarce, and time and provisions, the chief commodities, are cheap. The people are mostly of Scotch descent. The remnants of a tribe of Micmacs, civilized almost out of existence, still occupy a reservation on Indian Island, in Richmond Bay, and sell baskets and beadwork at the weekly market. Descendants of the original Acadian French yet farm the lands about Rustico and Ingonish. They have a convent at the latter place. By far the most numerous people on Prince Edward Island are the Highland Scotch. They came here originally from the Hebrides, driven from home, it is said, by the religious oppression of the lairds. They have increased and multiplied, and, with the addition of the French habitants, nearly half the population is Roman

The Scotch have a Caledonian Club at Charlottetown, and once a year there is a great gathering of the clans, with a corresponding display of plaids. The same clan names reappear so constantly that, in order to avoid confusion, curious sobriquets are often attached to a person's name; as, for example, a certain McDonald is called Red Angus McDonald, to distinguish him from White Angus McDonald. One of the most prominent families of Prince Edward Island is that of James Yeo, who accumulated a very large fortune in ship-building. His sons are members of the Dominion Parliament. He came from England as a cabin-boy, and the rough school in which he was bred always marked his character. Many curious stories about him are current. When annoyed by any family jar, he would secrete himself in the cuddy of an old schooner with a keg of rum and remain there until it was exhausted. He once lost a brig, and three of the crew also perished; when alluding to the misfortune he exclaimed, "Poor things! two souls and an Irishman!"

Prince Edward Island was first discovered by Cabot, who called it St. John's Island, which name it retained till 1800; and the French still call it Isle St. Jean. Verrazzano took possession of it for France in 1523, and the French at once established a number of fishing stations there. But the island was ceded

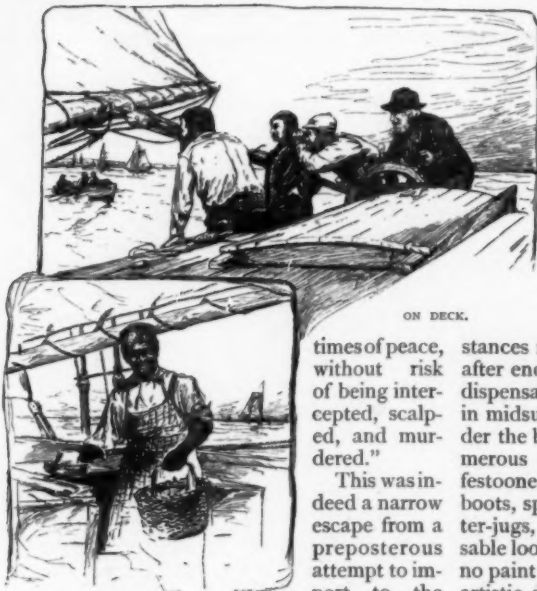
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A FISH-BOY.

to England by the treaty of Fontainebleau, and Lord Egmont was appointed to draw up a form of colonial government. Assuming that the Micmac Indians were ferocious savages, instead of the inoffensive beings they proved to be, he laid out an absurd plan to divide the 2,000,000 acres at his disposal into fifty parts, called baronies, of which forty were to be granted to as many colonists, bearing the

title of lords of hundreds. They were to owe allegiance to him as lord paramount. The baronies were in turn to be subdivided into manors. Fairs were to occur four times yearly in each barony, and markets twice weekly. Feudal castles were to be built likewise to protect the colonists in a place of which it was said, "The settler can scarce straggle from his habitation five hundred yards, even in



OUR COOK.

ON DECK.

times of peace, without risk of being intercepted, scalped, and murdered."

This was indeed a narrow escape from a preposterous attempt to import to the New World an

exploded system of the past. But, although Lord Egmont's plan was finally rejected, a scarcely less objectionable one was adopted, by whose provisions the island was divided into sixty-one lots. One of these went to the Crown, and the others were sold in one day to the highest bidders. It is only recently, and after a long struggle, that Prince Edward Island has become independent of this system.

While picking up these notes by the way, we were pursuing our indefatigable search for a schooner, as the season was well advanced, and the time to cruise in those waters is before the September equinoctial. At last we heard of a desirable craft at Miminegash, an obscure port but little known to fame. A bargain was closed after much chaffering with the owner, an owre canny Scot, and the vessel was brought around to Charlottetown to be manned and provisioned. The *Alice May*, of Miminegash, was fifty-nine feet long and sixteen feet wide, and with a full set of ballast drew seven feet aft. She registered fifty-six tons, and, being intended for a freighter, had a flat floor and could hardly be called a clipper. But she was very strong and reasonably safe. Being heavily sparred for a coaster, and carrying sail well, she was properly fitted to grapple with the variable weather we expected to encounter.

The *Alice May* had no forecastle for the crew, but only a small cuddy aft, with bunks

for four men. This also served for a galley, after the manner of small coasters. We therefore turned the hold into a cabin, and a very comfortable and spacious place it proved to be. By fixing two bulkheads of deal fore and aft, we obtained a "saloon" eighteen feet long by sixteen feet wide, exactly amidships. A small trunk or booby-hatch with a slide was arranged over the main hatch for a companion-way. Plain bunks were fixed to each side, ample as a divan, thus serving alternately for berth, sofa, or lounge, as circumstances might suggest. Our table was at the after end, and a cylindrical stove, which is indispensable for a cruiser in those waters, even in midsummer, was at the opposite end. Under the bunks were lockers for our stores. Numerous cleats, nails, and shelves were soon festooned with coats, caps, sou'westers, storm-boots, spy-glasses, charts, fowling-pieces, water-jugs, pipes, fishing-rods, and the indispensable looking-glass and barometer. There was no paint anywhere except such as we daubed in artistic dabs during the cruise, with the palette knife when cleaning a palette. But the general effect was not by any means unattractive. It certainly suggested comfort, and preparation for any emergency that might occur.

Our crew consisted of a captain, a mate, and one man before the mast. It was thought this would be sufficient with the cook, who might bear a hand on occasion; and we were able, in case of need, to stand a watch in bad weather ourselves. These coasters generally get along with one man on deck in good weather to steer and to keep a lookout. Sometimes even he falls asleep at the wheel, and everything is left to chance. It is a happy-go-lucky way, which works very well until something happens. A majority of the accidents to coasting vessels from collision or squalls are the result of gross laziness or culpable carelessness.

Captain Welch had in his day been master of square-rigged vessels, but, being now well along in years, was forced to put up with fore-and-afters. It requires a special experience to sail a schooner well; but still the sailing of a square-rigged vessel is more complicated, and is, at any rate, considered a grade higher in seamanship. The captain's white beard, the far-off look in his wrinkled eyes, the poetic speech in which he indulged, and his nervous temperament, easily elated or depressed, would far more easily have made him pass for a Celtic bard than an old man of the sea. John, the mate, was a Frenchman, short, quick, and of mercurial

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disposition. Bill, who in his single person represented the crew, was every inch a sailor, large, lithe, powerful, and efficient if well commanded; he had the real seaman's grip that would enable him to hang on to a foot-rope

waves have rendered as sensitive as the needle of a compass. He must also understand how to make eatable bread, and take his duff out of the kettle on Sunday as light as cotton and as delicate as sponge-cake. Besides this, he



AMATEUR COOKING.

with his eyelids, and the nonchalant recklessness or stupid dare-deviltry which made him careless of dangers with which he was familiar, while cowardly in the presence of new forms of peril. Fond he was, too, of his grog, and of handling his knife when half seas over, and was never without the everlasting quid pressing out his cheek like a walnut in a squirrel's mouth. In a word, Bill was a representative blue-water sailor.

It is needless to go into the details of the provisions stored in the schooner for a cruise of two months. Everything was ready, the rigging overhauled, the last nail pounded in; the winds were favorable; and yet we were detained at Charlottetown day after day, unable to sail. It was a cook that we waited for: what was the use of having provisions, fuel, or galley, without a cook? A sea cook is a peculiar character, requiring a special training. He must know how to prepare a sea hash out of salt horse flavored with onions, incrusts with the variegated browns of polished mahogany, and savory enough to create an appetite in a stomach that the tossing

must know how to economize in the use of water and provisions; and, more difficult yet, he must contrive to keep the crew satisfied with the mess he cooks for them, while at the same time he looks out sharply for the interests of his employer and the captain. He must also be proof against the worst weather, and undeviatingly punctual to the hours of meals. It goes without saying that it is not an easy thing to find such a paragon in the galley; but when he is there, he is, next to the captain, by far the most important character on board. We had made up our minds that it would be difficult to find a cook in Charlottetown combining such exalted qualifications, who would be willing to go for such a brief cruise, and were prepared to take up almost anyone that offered. But we were not prepared to meet such a gang of shiftless, shuffling, vacillating, prevaricating, self-complacent, exorbitant, and utterly good-for-nothing varlets as those who applied for the position, or whom we discovered after chasing through the lanes, sailors' boarding-houses, and purlieus of Charlottetown. Over and over again we

thought we had engaged a man; but when the time came to sail, he was not to be found. At last, out of all patience with the whole business, we telegraphed to a friend in St.

came to anchor, and went on shore to learn if there was any telegram regarding a cook. To our intense relief, we learned that we should find one at Point du Chêne waiting for us.



BURNING REFUSE FROM THE LUMBER MILLS.

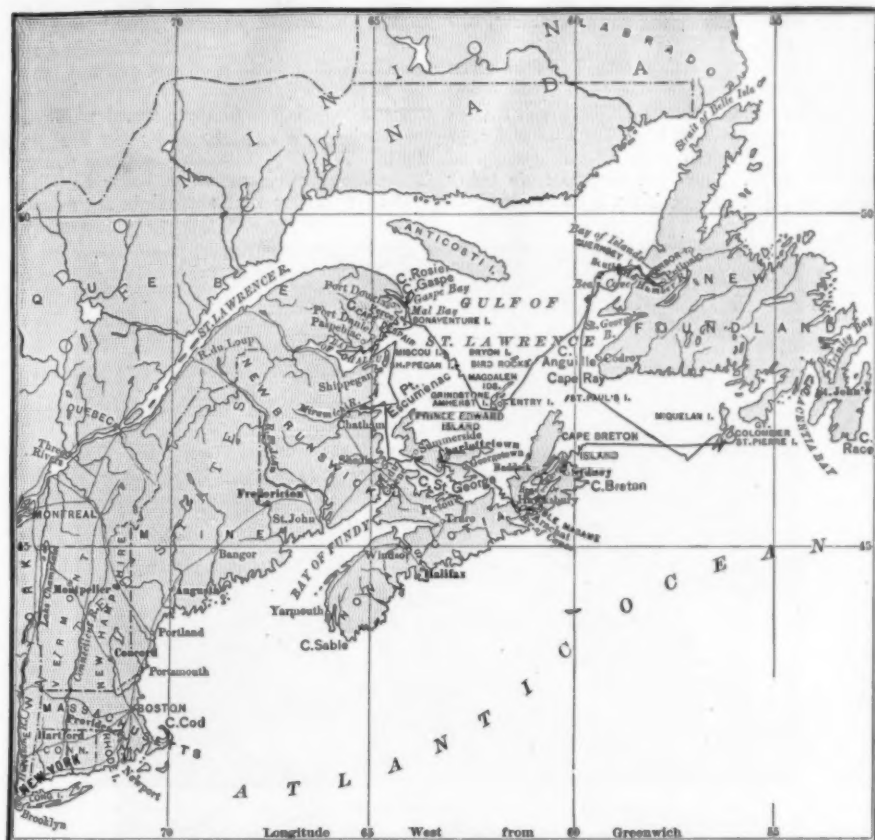
John, New Brunswick, to send us a cook, and that we would pick him up at Point du Chêne. No reply had arrived to the telegram when we sailed, and thus we started without a cook, in a sort of vain hope of stumbling across one at some port.

A group of our good friends at Charlotte-town came down to the wharf to give us a send-off. Healths were exchanged, the canvas was spread, and we shoved off. As the little vessel gathered way before the southerly breeze, they gave a parting hurrah, and we returned the salute by emptying our revolvers and dipping the red colors and jack of old England, which flew at the mast-head.

With light and variable winds, we reached Summerside the next afternoon. There we

Here we also made some of those final purchases of stores which are likely to be forgotten on starting. Then we hurried on board and made sail. There was really but little to detain us at Summerside. It is a new place, which sprang up mushroom-like, and soon threatened with its bustling prosperity to overtop every other port in the island. But its growth stopped before it could become beautified by the slow growth of verdure, and it is now a mere naked cluster of warehouses and uninteresting, cheaply constructed dwellings. But it is situated on Bedecque Bay, a lovely estuary into which empties the Dunk River, whose waters are the delight of the disciples of the gentle craft. Midway in the bay lies Park Island. Some years ago a cap-

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THE CRUISE OF THE "ALICE MAY."

italist of Summerside conceived the idea of making this island a summer resort. He purchased it, and in its center built a commodious hotel, the largest in Prince Edward Island. Charming walks and drives were cut through the groves, bathing-houses were put up on the beach, and numerous other attractions were offered to guests. A small steamer was bought expressly to carry them over, and it seemed as if the place ought to bring a profit to the enterprising proprietor who had such confidence in the charms of his native isle. But he sunk all his fortune in this ill-starred enterprise, and his anxieties brought him to an early grave. The hotel, standing on the islet, empty and deserted, adds a tinge of dreariness to an otherwise pleasing picture.

As we ran up the strait that evening, we had an exciting race with a schooner bound the same way, having a number of boisterous workmen on board going to the mines. She

was close alongside, and as we gained on her and were passing, she luffed up, being able to shave the wind a little closer than the *Alice May*, and tried to run us down. We escaped a collision by putting the helm down quickly. Then keeping away, we passed her as a strong puff gave us increased headway; and as we left them astern, they gave a wild mocking peal of laughter that had in it a touch of devilry as it rang over the sea. It blew fresh that night, with squalls, and we took in the kites. We found the schooner stiff and able to carry sail hard. That night, as the previous night, we stood our watch on deck. But this was interesting, compared with the responsibility of preparing meals. There were four of us in the main saloon, as we styled it, or three besides the writer of this log. The junior member of the party, a youth of sixteen, was nicknamed the Infant. Pendennis, the tallest of the party, went by the affectionate

sobriquet of the Cherub, probably because of the remoteness of the resemblance. Then there was my companion Burns, who was already familiar with sea life. We took turns in preparing the meals, one of the crew being delegated to light the fire. We found it convenient to cultivate a taste for ham and eggs or plain boiled eggs, little art being required to cook them. The cook for the time being was expected to get his wages in chaff, of

finished her. We got out the boat, carried an anchor well out to starboard, and bowsed on it for two hours with no result. Meantime, the wind had shifted into nor'-west and was blowing a perfect screecher. By keeping canvas up, the vessel was finally pressed well over on her side, tending to move the keel and float her, and at length she suddenly started. Then it was, "Heave away, boys; be smart, now!" in order that she might not overrun



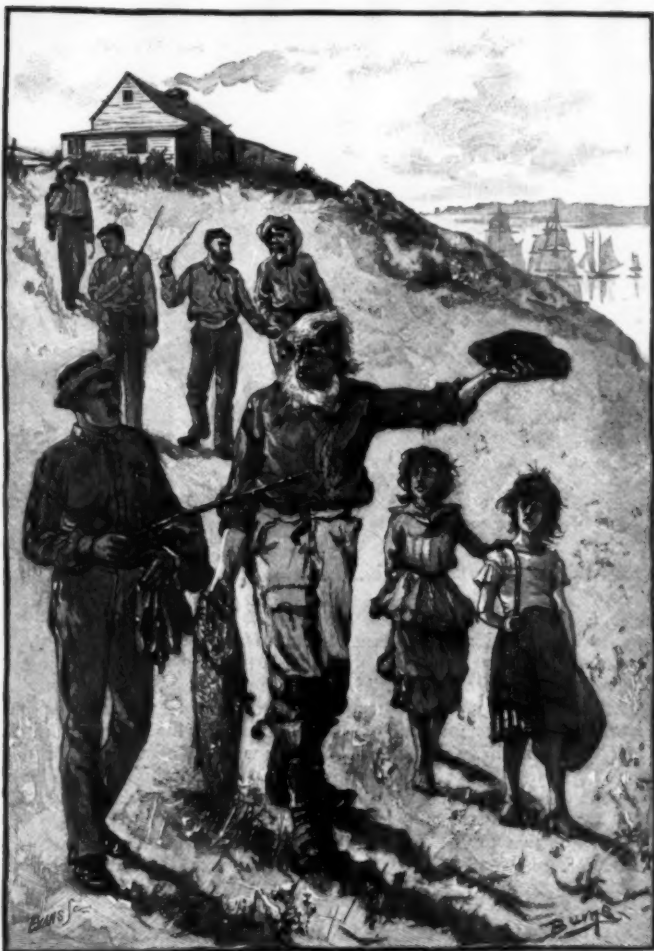
MILLSTONE QUARRIES.

which he received an unlimited amount from the others. Fortunately, we all knew how to brew a good cup of tea, not so easy an accomplishment as some might imagine.

It began to blow hard after midnight, from the south-west. The morning broke with a very wild offing and the promise of a stormy day. But we were near to Point du Chêne, the line of the long, low shore blending with the scurrying scud and a yeast of white caps flashing angrily in the fierce rays that shot through a rift in the clouds. Lying well over to the blasts, the *Alice May* beat up toward the land, and there was every prospect of soon reaching a snug anchorage, when with a violent shock she struck on a shoal. The first thought that flashed on us was, Can it be that the cruise is going to end just as it begins? But the emergency called for instant action rather than for deliberation. The tide had yet a foot to rise, and we must float her then or perhaps never, because she lay in a very exposed position, and a shift of the wind to south-east would have

the anchor as she slued into deep water and began to gather way like a bird released from its cage.

We now ran up and anchored at Point du Chêne, and went ashore to get the cook. But no cook was there. We learned that he had arrived, but, not finding us, had unwisely gone on in the boat the previous day to Charlottetown, and could not return until Monday. Disappointment is a feeble word to express our chagrin. Point du Chêne, with its neighbor Shediac, offers few attractions to the tourist. It is merely the terminus of the railroad, where the steam-boat plying to Prince Edward Island comes during the summer. But we procured some fresh meat, took in a little more ballast to counteract a list to starboard, and shipped another hand, who proved to be Tom, the son of Captain Welch, who was there in a schooner. We were now able to have two men in a watch, which relieved us from the necessity of passing the night on deck. Monday morning we rowed in the boat up the

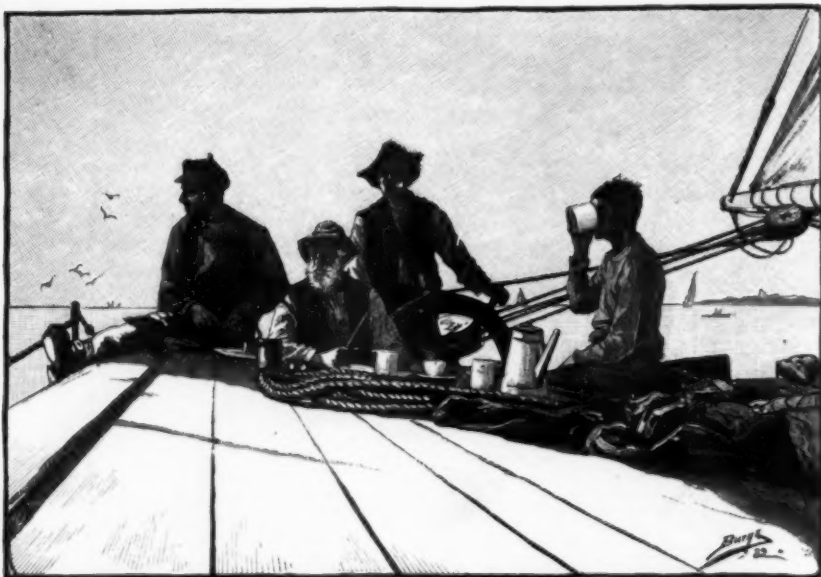


OUR FIRST FISH.

river to Shediak, a delightful sail. There we found the tide so low we could not come within a hundred yards of the beach, even with our sixteen-foot yawl. Seeing our predicament, a crowd of bare-legged urchins, about the age and shape of cupids, floated a miniature punt off to us; then, seizing the painter with great glee and noisy splashing, they towed us one by one to the shore. The air rang with peals of laughter from the bystanders; and it was indeed a merry sight, and comical also, for the punt was in constant danger of spilling out its occupant.

At one o'clock we were all on the lookout for the arrival of the steamer from Summer-

side. The burning question of the hour was to cook or not to cook. Would the cook be on board? Was he white, black, or yellow, and would he know his business if he actually came? The excitement grew as the hour approached. The steamer hove in sight; she ranged up to the pier; the passengers stepped ashore, and after a brief interval our boat was seen coming off with a third man in the stern sheets. It must be the cook. As he drew nearer, his sable complexion not only settled the question, but also added a strong probability, amounting almost to certainty, that he was a good cook. Our surmises proved to be correct in just one minute after



OUR CREW AT SUPPER.

he stepped on deck. It had already struck eight bells.

"Have you had your dinner yet, sir?" he inquired.

"No; we have been waiting for you."

"All right, sir; you shall have dinner right away."

Stepping into the galley in a trice, he stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and in half an hour we sat down to the best meal that had ever been seen on board the *Alice May* since she left the stocks. From that day to the hour we landed again in Charlottetown, Henry Richards proved himself a capital cook, provided with no end of inventive culinary resources; he was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, sober and faithful to the interests of his employers. Happy the ship that sails with such a cook, and happy the diners who batten on his beefsteak and onions, hash, roly-poly, and tea.

At sea, action and reflection go hand in hand. One minute after he boarded us Henry was getting dinner, and three minutes later the crew manned the windlass, hove the anchor short, made sail, and we put to sea. We had a staving breeze from south-east and by south, and bowled away merrily for Miramichi. After night-fall the sky became very dark, and it blew heavily. We flew before sea and wind, and made the Escumenc light in the middle watch, but could not run in with

such weather without a pilot. We hove to with a tremendous sea running, the darkness aflame with flashing phosphorus, and the little schooner pitching her jib-boom under and knocking passengers and furniture about the cabin without ceremony. It does not take long to raise a high, wall-like swell in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, owing to the shoal water. The lights of other vessels in our neighborhood, bobbing like will-o'-the-wisps in the gloom, and, like us, waiting for dawn, suggested a sharp lookout. At intervals the long, melancholy cry of the loons floated down the wind like the wail of lost spirits,—a sign of east wind, in the opinion of some; which led Captain Welch to observe the next morning: "The loons was a-crying for the east wind all night."

A dapper little pilot schooner left a pilot with us at daylight, and we ran across the bar, where a vessel was lost with all on board a year or two ago in a gale. It was a long but delightful beat up the Miramichi River that day. After leaving the broad entrance, we found the river winding, and closed in with lovely overhanging cliffs, crested with verdure which festooned the caves that honey-comb the rocks. Picturesque farms on the slopes, surrounded by natural groves of pine and spruce, and fishermen's huts and boats under the cliffs, gave life to what is really an enchanting stream.

Thirty miles from the sea, we at last anchored at Chatham, the wind blowing in violent squalls, which terminated in a tremendous thunder-storm, attended by terrific gloom. When the clouds cleared away, the glow of the setting sun illumined the wet roofs and shipping of this bustling little place with wonderful splendor. Chatham, as well as Newcastle, two miles farther up on the opposite bank, was once a great ship-building port. This business has left it; but a great lumber trade has sprung up instead, which brings profit to the neighborhood, while it is rapidly stripping the noble primeval woods of New Brunswick. Upward of three hundred square-rigged vessels arrive there during the summer for lumber, chiefly for the foreign market. The appearance of the town is therefore very animated, with its rafts of logs, its stagings and saw-mills, and wharves lined with large vessels two or three abreast. In 1881 the feet of lumber brought down the south-west boom of the Miramichi reached 140,000,000. At night-time, the river front of the town is lurid with the vivid flames of refuse wood burning in brick-lined furnaces along the river. Another large business here is the salmon fishery. Chatham is on the railroad, and the fish, packed in ice, are sent directly to the United States. Six car-loads have been forwarded from this place alone in one day. The time for catching the fish is from May 1st to August 15th. Every farmer by the river spreads his own nets in the water opposite his land, and owns a dug-out to land the fish. During the winter large numbers of smelts and bass are also caught through the ice, and sent by rail to our markets.

July 12th we filled our water-casks, and, in company with a fleet of Swedish and Norwegian lumber-laden barks, started down the river. The beauty of the shores induced us to land where a gang of laborers was engaged in cutting out mill-stones, which are an important source of profit at Miramichi. They were at work in a romantic spot under a cliff, and the click of their mallets rang musically with the plashing of the dashing current. A little farther on, our boat glided into a fairy-like cove. A farmer was just returning from his nets with some very fine salmon. If we were like some fishermen, we might say we caught salmon ourselves on this river. But truth compels the more prosaic statement that all the salmon we caught on the Miramichi we bought from this farmer. He asked us to climb the cliff to his house, which we found superbly situated on the brow of a noble lawn, terminating at the river in a precipice. The chubby, flaxen-haired children, bareheaded and barefooted, gath-

ered round to stare at us, with their hands uneasily clasped behind them, as we sat in the "best room." The venerable grandmother brought us a large jug full of fresh milk in her shaking hand. While drinking it, we could see the upper sails of the lumber fleet above the cliff as they glided close by the land. It reminded me of many a similar and familiar scene on the Bosphorus. I could not but marvel that some of our people in search of summer resorts, who are willing to go to the River St. Lawrence, do not build or hire houses for the summer on this charming spot, the air being delightful, the scenery exceptionally attractive, salmon and trout abundant, and the cost of living moderate. "It would do us a great deal of good, sir, if some of your folks in the States who have money would but come here and buy our lands and provisions," remarked the old grandmother, with a twinkle in her gray eyes, as we bid her good-bye.

With a leading wind, we sailed down the tortuous channel of the Miramichi and crossed the bar, with a rosy light of evening flushing the sails of the lumber fleet. One of them we left behind. She grounded in the channel at high water, and probably had to throw over part of her cargo. We headed now for the Bay of Chaleurs. The weather being fine, the crew began this evening the habit of taking their meals on deck, which they did after this whenever the weather permitted. It was an interesting sight to watch them clustered around the dishes, which were placed on the after part of the trunk. The captain had a separate seat at the head of this unique table, where he presided with patriarchal dignity, entertaining the crew with yarns from his own varied experience. There is not much attempt at discipline on these down-east coasters, but the crew are controlled by a sort of family arrangement. The captain gives the orders in an easy fashion, and the men sometimes give suggestions regarding the working of the ship which would procure them a broken head if attempted on a square-rigged vessel. Captain Welch and the mate had an animated and by no means amiable discussion one day regarding the course to be followed, without any other result than a continuous muttering on both sides, until eight bells called all hands to supper. The south-west wind prevails in the Gulf of St. Lawrence during the summer time. This is favorable to yachts cruising northward, but must be taken into calculation when they shape a course for home. This wind is generally quite steady, freshening up at night; but sometimes it increases to a gale, followed by a strong westerly wind for a day or two. But no depend-

ence whatever can be placed upon the Gulf weather after the last of August. Favored by this southerly wind, we flew northward all night, and the tight little schooner put in her "best licks," as her speed was tested better with a free wind. The wake was a mass of gleaming foam interwoven with magical green, white, and red sparkles that seemed to come up like stars from the black, mysterious depths below. The galaxy, or "milkmaid's path" as sailors call it, and the northern lights gleamed at the opposite poles. It fell calm before breakfast, and we caught a number of cod. The low shore of New Brunswick was on the port beam, and numerous fishing boats were out. As we passed near one of them laden with lobsters, we hailed her crew in French, and threw them ten cents fixed in the split end of a stick. In return they hurled a shower of lobsters on board, which came so fast on deck that we were forced to duck our heads below the rail to avoid being hit by the ugly monsters. We thus obtained many more lobsters than we could possibly eat. Never have I seen lobsters cheaper or fresher than these.

At noon of July 12th, we passed the octagonal light-house on the low, sandy point at the northern end of Shipegan Island, and were fairly in the Bay of Chaleurs. Twenty miles across loomed the lofty northern shores of the bay, beautiful ranges of mountains with jagged peaks melting dreamily into the thunderous clouds brooding ominously in the north. The southern shores of the bay are much lower and less interesting, and offer only one safe harbor, Bathurst; and that is exposed to northerly gales. Carquette is only good for light-draught fishing craft. The glass was now falling, and the baffling winds indicated a blow by night-time. The Bay of Chaleurs is ninety miles long, and is a dangerous sheet of water in easterly winds. But it is free from shoals, and has a good bottom excepting near the southern entrance, and there is good holding ground everywhere near to the northern coast. The famous Restigouche River, coming from the gorges of Gaspé county, empties into the bay at its western end, near Dalhousie. A number of other streams, such as the Charlot, the Bass, and Tête à Gauche, also find an outlet here. They abound in fine trout and salmon—a fact which renders this region important for sportsmen, who are already beginning to flock thither during the summer. The bay has also been a noted resort of American fishermen on account of its mackerel. But the fish are now scarce, which, together with the restrictions of the treaty laws, has drawn away the American fishing schooners which once resorted to these waters by hundreds. Owing to its size, it has been a

disputed question between the two governments whether the Bay of Chaleurs should be considered a bay or part of the open sea—a matter of importance in the sea fisheries. The bay was discovered by Jacques Cartier, who probably suffered from the heat there, judging from the name he gave it. It was the scene of the defeat of a French fleet by the English in 1760.

The weather became very thick after sunset, with a strong easterly breeze. We kept a good lookout, and had a narrow escape from collision with a French schooner. As they swept by they hailed us in French, and our mate flung a few choice French epithets in return. At midnight the wind shifted into the nor'-west and blew a fresh gale, with a nasty sea. The *Alice May* beat up against it nobly. It was now a clear starlight, and it was exciting to see the little vessel bending over to her scuppers in the gray sea and flinging sheets of spray over her cat-heads.

A magnificent dawn succeeded this variable night, and as the sun burst above the sea, it revealed a truly remarkable scene. A slope of extraordinary regularity, as if it had been smoothed with a roller, was discovered extending some fifteen miles along the sea, where it terminated in an unbroken line of red cliffs from forty to one hundred feet high. This fine slope was covered with a carpet of a vivid emerald hue. At the base of the red, cavern-hollowed cliffs rolled the sea, deep-purple and blue. This slope was outlined against a distant range of violet-tinted mountains limned against an opalescent sky. It was indeed a noble and exhilarating prospect. But it was rendered yet more remarkable by a line of houses extending for nearly six miles along the crest of the slope. The rising sun smote full on these dwellings, and, at the distance we were from them, they looked like the tents of an army encamped there; and, indeed, I thought at first it might be the camp of militia taking their summer exercises. But when the sun struck the windows of these houses, they flashed like stars over the sea or like beaten gold.

As we drew nearer to the land, we made out a long, low point, covered with white buildings and terminating in a light-house, the effect being that of a sea-walled town in the Mediterranean. Then we knew that we were off the French town of Paspebiac. It had all the rapture of a surprise for us, because never before that morning had I heard of the place. It really seemed as if it might be an exhalation from the sea, a vision of the morning, doomed to fade away as the sun rose higher in the heavens. But the keen gusts off the land, singing through the

rigging of our bending barkie, soon brought us so near there was no longer any room to doubt that we had hit upon an important and beautiful town. We anchored off the spit, but soon slipped around to the other side, where we again anchored in a roadstead protected from easterly winds, and reasonably safe in summer from winds blowing in other quarters. With our usual expedition, we immediately had the boat put into the water and went on shore. The light-house and an old wreck bleaching near to it on the sandy beach first impressed us as being artistically available, as the genial editor would say regarding a manuscript upon which he is disposed to bestow the smile of acceptance. Having sketched these objects, we adjourned to the Lion Inn to dine. This quaint little hostel is on the point, with water close on either hand. A one-time much gilded lion, but now somewhat rusty, wagged his tufted tail ferociously over the door, and a green settle on either side invited the guest to an out-of-door seat overlooking the bay. The buxom landlady was a fair-complexioned, tidy, blue-eyed dame from the isle of Jersey. Wearing a huge sun-bonnet, she was feeding her chickens in the road as we approached. She served us a simple but savory repast in a cozy, low-roofed dining-room resembling a ship's cabin; through the open windows the sea-breeze wafted the roar of the sea, and we could look on the blue of the ocean fading away to distant lands.



MAP OF THE TRIP FROM CHARLOTTETOWN TO PASPÉBIAC.

Everything was delightfully unexpected and charming. Sea life is made up of such contrasts. But a few hours before, we were groping in fog, grappling with a storm and shortening sail; and now we were enjoying this peaceful hour in a tranquil haven.

(To be continued.)

S. G. W. Benjamin.

A SONG OF LOVE.

HEY, rose, just born
Twin to a thorn;
Was't so with you, oh Love and Scorn?

Sweet eyes that smiled,
Now wet and wild;
O Eye and Tear,—mother and child.

Well: Love and Pain
Be kinsfolk twain;
Yet would, oh, would I could love again!

Sidney Lanier.

THE HERMITAGE.*

THE present Gallery of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg was built by Nicholas to show his taste for all the arts; it did not exactly do that, but it certainly showed his taste for architecture. It not only houses his paintings,

it almost kills them as well: you cannot help looking away from the works to the walls. It is too splendid—simple Greek in form, but in substance a heap of piled riches in marbles and precious stones, in gilding and inlaid

* [The present sketch of the art treasures of the famous Hermitage has been suggested by a new series of photographs of a high order, published by Braun, of Paris. The frontispiece engraving of a head from one of the Hermitage Rembrandts will give our readers some idea of the excellence of this great collection of paintings.—ED.]

woods. It requires a considerable effort of concentration to keep your eyes on the pictures; and, now and then, the stranger, especially, is tried altogether beyond his strength by the wealth of ornament in porphyry and lapis lazuli, or by some monumental vase in malachite. The work of mental dissipation begins with a huge double flight of marble stairs running from the great hall and overpowering in its majestic beauty. We have had nothing like it, even in fancy, since Martin painted the stairways of Babylon. There is one incidental merit in the structure: it will not burn; all that is not marble or stone, with the exception of the inlaid floors, is of iron. It was designed by Klenze, a German architect, and it is on the site of a small gallery which the Empress Catherine set up as a retreat next door to the Winter Palace. There is still a covered passage between the two buildings. Catherine wanted to get away from the noise and bustle of the court, and she took some of her pictures with her to help furnish the place. From this sprang the present Gallery of the Hermitage. Other rulers bought more pictures, often buying them by entire galleries, after the fashion set by Peter the Great in his wholesale introduction of civilization into his empire. There was no time to lose, if Russia was to be placed on a level with other nations in arts as well as in arms. In 1779 the imperial buyers came in for rich paintings by the dispersal of the incomparable Walpole collection, which, if it had been kept at home, would have made England to-day absolutely the richest country in the world in the masterpieces of painting. To this acquisition the Czars added, later on, a Spanish collection bought of an Amsterdam banker for £8,700; then the gems of the Malmaison collection, formed by the Empress Josephine,—thirty eight pictures for one hundred and eighty-eight thousand dollars,—and again, thirty pictures from the collection of Queen Hortense. The death of William II. of Holland gave the imperial collectors another opportunity of which they were not slow to take advantage. William II. was a sort of monomaniac of taste: he lived in a poor palace himself, but he had a magnificent one built for his pictures, and watched it slowly rising day by day and year by year while adding to his treasures. At length it was finished and stocked; and, when this operation was fairly completed, William II. died, and his successor sold off his artistic effects. On this occasion England was one of the largest buyers, in tardy redemption of the Walpole loss.*

* The "Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, from this collection is now in New York in the possession of the family of the late William H. Aspinwall.

In theory these pictures at the Hermitage still form the Gallery of the Czar; in fact they are, to some extent, the gallery of the nation. The other imperial palaces are fairly well stocked, but the sixteen or seventeen hundred canvases in the Hermitage form the pick of the imperial collections.

Nicholas showed his usual thoroughness in everything connected with this pet work. When his new palace of art was finished, he sent for the well-known Dr. Waagen of Berlin, the first historic art critic of his time, to put it in order, and, in consequence, no gallery in the world is more systematically arranged. Dr. Waagen had to contend with one great difficulty; the architect had thought first of the palace, and only in the second place of the pictures; the rooms are not all well lighted, and most of them are far too lofty for convenient display. It is the common complaint of visitors that you cannot escape from a tour of the Hermitage without a stiff neck and sore eyes, due to the straining for a sight of the many paintings far above the line. In all else Dr. Waagen worked entirely on his own conditions; he arranged the works by schools and subdivisions of schools; and you have only to take them in his order to have something like a fair history of the development of art. There is the Italian school in its epoch of formation, then in its perfection of strength and beauty in the Florentine painters. Following these you have the Lombard school, the Florentine decline, the Venetian school, with the second great epoch when the Eclectics brought about a *renaissance* of the art, and next the final decay. In the Spanish schools, Valencia, Seville, and Madrid are richly represented; in the German, Flemish and Dutch, there is another orderly exposition of growth, maturity, and decline. Eight pictures constitute the only exhibition of the English school known to exist on the Continent. The French school, following a classification just as applicable to the French literature as to the French art of to-day, is in two sections—the Idealists, from Poussin to Mignard and Le Brun, and the Realists, from Clouet, Lancret, and Watteau, to Veret. There is even a Russian school, a mark of high imperial favor considering how little Russian prophets in either art or literature used to be honored in their own country; but this, with the exception of the English, is the smallest of the whole collection. There are nearly a thousand Flemish, Dutch, and German paintings, more than three hundred Italian, and over a hundred Spanish, almost every one a masterpiece. The Spanish and Flemish collections are among the finest in the world; and the gallery would be worthy

a pilgrimage for its forty-one Rembrandts alone, to say nothing of the twenty Murillos, and the innumerable pictures by Wouvermans, Rubens, Ruysdaels, Snyders, and the like. The thirty-four Vandykes should not be forgotten; the grandest of them, the Charles I., booted and cuirassed for the field, with one hand on his baton of command, and the other on his sword, was painted for the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars in the currency of to-day! A picture of Queen Henrietta Maria forms a pendant to this work.

It is difficult to select examples for notice where all deserve the closest attention. In the Italian series there is a "Descent from the Cross," by Sebastian del Piombo, which must be named whatever others are left out; so too must the "Perseus and Andromeda" of Tintoretto, and, if only as a curiosity, the same painter's sketch copy of his immense "Resurrection" at Venice. Then there is a superb Ludovico Caracci, the "Entombment of Christ," and a "Death of Christ," by Paul Veronese. Most of the Rubenses and Vandykes are the spoils of the Walpole gallery; and among the Vandykes are portraits of the Wartons, of Lord Danby, Sir Thomas Challoner, and many other English worthies of the time, with a copy, by the artist's own hand, of the famous Pembroke family at Wilton. It would be all the better for the pictures if certain "candelabra and vases in violet jasper of Siberia" were taken out of this room. Murillo's incomparable "Dream of Jacob" is hard by. An "Assumption" of immense interest, as being evidently but another idea for the work at Madrid, gives you a glimpse of Murillo's method; but I hesitate to theorize about it, as I have nothing on my notes to show which is the earlier work. Velasquez has a whole series of portraits, including the Minister Olivares and Innocent X. The nine frescoes of Raphael in another room were on the walls of a Roman villa less than thirty years ago, and with them is one of Raffaele's favorite works, a "Rape of Helen," that might be traced in its growth, from the first moment of invention to the last, with the help of the original sketches that Oxford and Chatsworth still possess. The "St. George and Dragon" was painted by order of the Duke of Urbino as a present to Henry VII. in return for the Garter. It formed part of the collection of Charles I.; and when it came to Russia it hung for a long time in the Winter Palace as a holy image, a continual reproach to Russian sacred art. Among the Titians are a "Mary Magdalene" and a "Danaë," the last a copy by the master's own hand from a work at Naples.

Paul Potter's "Farm" is one of the glories

of the Hermitage. It is an attempt to put a chapter of the history of human institutions into a picture frame. Farm life is there in full and perfect representation, or very nearly so; you have sheep, goats, oxen, pigs, cows at the milking, cows at the pasturage, a woman stitching, a man frightening a dog who is frightening the baby, yet all in a wonderful harmony, and with a suggestion of perfect repose. Here and there are signs of weariness in the painter; one of the cows, according to a critic, is a direct crib from another Paul Potter at the Hague. The sewing-woman, if adroitly cut out of the canvas, would make a Peter de Hooghe. The most considerable English work is a Reynolds, the "Infant Hercules Strangling the Serpents." This was painted for Catherine, and it was a delicate allegory of the courtier-artist. Young Hercules is young Russia; the serpents are the difficulties that stood in her way. With this work Reynolds sent his two volumes of "Discourses." Catherine, in acknowledgment, ordered her ambassador at St. James's to call upon the painter:

"The two productions equally reveal an elevated genius. I beg of you to hand to Sir Joshua, with my thanks, the snuff-box I send in recognition of the great pleasure I have derived from his 'Discourses'—perhaps the best work hitherto written on the subject. My portrait on the lid of the box has been done at the Hermitage, where we are now paying considerable attention to work of this kind. I hope you will be able to give me news of the grand picture which I mentioned in another letter.

(Signed)

"CATHERINE."

The grand picture in question is supposed to be a "Contenance of Scipio," now in the collection, but in an unfinished state. Scipio's arms and the hands of another figure are yet to be, at least, in their full perfection of rich color, as in other parts of the work.

But how describe the Rembrandts? To begin with, there are a good half dozen portraits of the very first order, though one of them which you feel sure must deserve to be in this category is wretchedly hung. The portrait of an old woman is worth whole chapters of writing on the nature of true finish in art. The hand has never been better painted than in this work. As for the "Benedicite," a peasant man and woman saying grace before meat, we must pass over whole centuries of painting to our own time, to Millet and perhaps to Israels, before we come to anything approaching it for beauty of feeling. It is one of the great pictorial poems of the life of the poor. Did Rembrandt definitely anticipate the mind of our age on this subject, or was he merely true to all possible sentiment by being simply true to

this fact in art? Probably: from what we know of him, there is little to encourage the belief that this noble thing was in any sense a tendency picture; he only saw the beauty as beauty—that dim interior, with its deep shadows and its mere accidents of light, and the figures of the praying pair half effaced in the gloom. His finest “Holy Family,” and he painted many of them, is without question in this gallery. Mary, reading in the chimney corner of such a room as may be imagined, turns to lift the cover of the cradle for a peep at her sleeping child; Joseph is at work; and six angels, whose presence might be dispensed with, are in the air. Blot out the angels, and it is of incomparable simplicity and force. In the “Descent from the Cross” there is the same perfection of tender human interest, and the heads of the Christ and Mary are painted as few heads have been painted since. Then there are more portraits, —half of them mere portraits of a gentleman, in respect of their present want of a name. In one, adepts in such matters point out to you a curious example of work with the brush-handle instead of the brush. “Peter Denies his Lord” is a powerful night scene: the glare of a lantern held by the servant thrown full upon the disciple, and nearly all the rest—the wondering, or indifferent, or angry figures, and the tipping men-at-arms—in shadow.

For a foreigner the Hermitage is essentially a collection of pictures; for native students it is much more—a museum of antiqui-

ties, a museum of sovereigns. There is a whole Peter the Great gallery filled with the hero's swords and walking-sticks, his lathes and turning tools, the models of his ships, the engravings of his battles and triumphs done to order by Dutchmen of the time, and corrected in proof for the minutest detail of the uniform of a regiment or the fall of a pennon. Add to this, a museum of precious stones, perfectly appointed, and the largest in the world, a great numismatic collection,—everything, in fact, a national museum should have. The picture galleries have had less effect than might be supposed on Russian art, probably because they have never been easily accessible to the Russian masses. The conditions of admission still resemble those of a private gallery. You do not often meet the Russian peasant there or the Russian workman—for one reason, perhaps, because he might be afraid of the inlaid floors. The sacred art of the country is still irredeemably conventional; and the fact that it should be so, in face of all these specimens of the sacred art of Italy, is really one of the minor mysteries of the Greek faith. The German and French schools seem to have had most influence on the secular art; half the Russian artists work from Munich as a center, and the other half from Paris. The very latest, with Vereschagin at their head, are inexorable Realists, but with a realism that affects the facts of the social and political life of the day far more than the mere facts of nature.

Richard Whiteing.

THE PHOEBE-BIRD.

Yes, I was wrong about the phoebe-bird.
Two songs it has, and both of them I've heard:
I did not know those strains of joy and sorrow
Came from one throat, or that each note could borrow
Strength from the other, making one more brave
And one as sad as rain-drops on a grave.
But thus it is. Two songs have men and maidens:
One is for hey-day, one is sorrow's cadence.
Our voices vary with the changing seasons
Of life's long year, for deep and natural reasons.
Therefore despair not. Think not you have altered,
If, at some time, the gayer note has faltered.
We are as God has made us. Gladness, pain,
Delight, and death, and moods of bliss or bane,
With love, and hate, or good, and evil—all,
At separate times, in separate accents call;
Yet 'tis the same heart-throb within the breast
That gives an impulse to our worst and best.
I doubt not when our earthly cries are ended,
The Listener finds them in one music blended.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE BUTCHERS' ROW.

WE wandered down the Butchers' Row
In old Limoges, the fair;
My love was dressed like may or snow
Under her ruddy hair;
It happed to be St. Maura's fête,
And all the bells rang out,
And through the ruinous English gate
There streamed a merry rout.

The butchers' shops were black as night,
The flags were blue and red;
My love walked on in laughing white,
And a merry word she said;
And down the Row to the river-shore
She passed, so pure and gay,
The people took her for St. Maure,
And crossed themselves to pray.

Edmund W. Gosse.

IMPRESSIONS OF SHAKSPERE'S "LEAR."*

THERE is a certain tremor of the mind that always overcomes me when I resolve to write of the noblest creations in dramatic literature, and of the interpretations given by me to the work of that acute and profound diviner of the human heart—William Shakspeare.

I am aware that no new thoughts are to be found in all that I have written concerning my rendering of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Othello"; indeed, after nearly three hundred years of analysis and discussion, it would be difficult to say anything new about Shakspeare. But, if my thoughts have lacked originality, at least they have been frankly expressed. That they will fall and die and leave no trace behind is absolutely certain. The field a thousand have sown before me already bears a fruitful harvest; and my poor grain of mustard seed can but spring up unnoticed there, to count for nothing.

My own inclination would lead me to be known only as an interpreter of the stage; but circumstances have driven me, almost obliged me, to write, and I have written; but I write more to please my friends than to please myself, more in a compliant humor than in a vain one. With this statement, made in self-defense to dull a little the keen edge of criticism, I can now throw myself into the dangerous current with a stouter heart, trusting for some generous hand to encourage the untrained swimmer who ventures, it may be, far beyond his depth.

As all the world may easily ascertain, a Gallic chronicle relates that Lear, the son of Bladud, reigned for sixty years, and died about the year 800 B. C. Lear is said also to have founded the city known to-day as Leicester. It is therefore with some bewilder-

ment that we find the poet linking to a period so remote names of countries and of persons, degrees of rank, modes of punishment, manners and customs of far later origin. The titles lord and duke, prince and king, the feudal castle and the chase, the rule of knighthood, and the law of arms combine to give the play a mediæval atmosphere, and it would seem to be erroneous to attempt in representation the coloring of an earlier age.

Shakspeare's genius is "liberal as the air"; to him, if to no other, allowance must be made when his flight leads on from one anachronism to another, disregarding details; especially in this tragedy, where the lesson conveyed is clearly one with which historical accuracy has nothing whatever to do.

"Lear" is a study of ingratitude. As "Hamlet" deals with the power of thought over action, "Othello" with that of malignity over a noble mind, "Macbeth" with the sins of boundless ambition, so the purpose of "Lear" is to show how far the force of human ingratitude may go.

There comes before us the figure of an "old, kind king," oppressed with cares of state, at the solemn moment when he divides his kingdom into three parts to confer upon each daughter a dower suited to her rank, retaining for himself only his royal name and its "additions." This act, that has been often deemed a proof of mental alienation, seems to me rather the outgrowth of a generous heart and a natural trust in filial love. If it be set down as irrational, the baseness of the elder daughters is thereby palliated, since the thwarting of an insane will carries no injustice with it. But what element of insanity enters into the old king's purpose? In our

* See "Impressions of Some of Shakspeare's Characters" (*Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello*), by Signor Salvini, in *THE CENTURY* for November, 1881.

day, unhappily, it might give rise to censure, since the liberal, perhaps too liberal, education of our children tends to lessen the regard and respect paid by them to their parents; but in a time of rigid discipline, when parental will was held to be Heaven's will, and when filial affection was assumed to be akin to that due the Creator, it is inconceivable that the mind of a father — above all, a royal father — could tolerate one thought of ingratitude and of open resistance to his judgment. And this judgment of the octogenarian king has no unreason in it. He but yields his burden up to "younger strengths"; the honor stays with him. His one condition, the reservation of a hundred knights to be sustained by his successors, is not extravagant; and the exchange of grave pursuits for the pleasures of the chase and the playful satire of his fool seems to me no more than his due. I shall be asked: If the king is rational, how are we to justify his resolve to disinherit *Cordelia* solely because her love cannot find expression in the glib, flattering phrase of her sisters? In my opinion, the formal education of the time is still his ample justification. *Lear*, challenging his daughters' love in presence of the court, knew but the answer he had heard a thousand times repeated through real affection, through submission, or through a sense of duty. *Cordelia*, truer than her sisters and about to be betrothed, replies, with the sense of "a divided duty," that she loves her father as nature bids her, according to her bond, — terms directly opposite to those that *Lear* awaited from his favorite child. From her, more than from the others, he longed for demonstrative warmth, for a word that should express infinity of love. Hence the bitterness of a lost illusion; hence the shame at an open injury to his feelings; hence, finally, the reaction of a spirit, proud, impetuous, autocratic, violent, knowing no bounds when moved to anger. Therefore, let us call him inconsiderate and choleric, but in no degree demented.

As I have already noted, *Lear's* age is "fourscore and upward"; viewed from a modern point of view he might therefore be judged a man broken with the weight of years. I would compare him rather to some historic oak, shorn of its leaves by the fury of wind and storm, but with limbs and trunk still vigorous, unshaken. And here I may quote to the purpose from a well-known New York journal, "Il Progresso Italo-Americano":

"We should consider that, in the time of *Lear*, old men were stronger and more robust than in our day; that, instead of sipping their coffee at ten in the morning, they rose with the sun to make a substantial repast off huge slices of beef and mutton. We must re-

member that the early Saxons, living, as it were, in the saddle and in constant muscular exertion, preserved their health and strength even to the greatest age.

"Why is *King Lear* to be made senile, when he still delights in the chase and calls for his horse, as the tragedy obliges him to do? And how is a weak, tottering man to undergo all the violent scenes, all the mental excitements of the drama? Would Shakspeare have given his protagonist line after line of anger, of grief, of fury, and of imprecation, if he conceived him to be bowed and broken? A man of eighty, were he not robust to the last degree, drawing near the verge of madness, as does *Lear* in the first act, would surely fall dead in a fit before reaching the final scene. No prolonged conflict of the emotions would be needed to dispatch him."

In support of my opinion, which is shared by the Italian critic, let me now cite certain expressions that are Shakspeare's own. At the opening of Act III., that is, after the great scene where *Goneril* and *Regan* turn *Lear* out upon the heath to "run unbanned," without food, without shelter from the raging of the storm, to *Kent's* question, "Where's the king?" the *Gentleman* replies:

"Contending with the fretful elements:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease."

And in Act IV., scene 4, *Cordelia* says to the *Physician*:

"Why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea."

While *Lear* himself, when he is surprised by *Cordelia's* messenger, and fears to be made prisoner, exclaims:

"I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom:
... there's life in it."

And this, after wild scenes of wrath with his ungrateful daughters, after combating and mocking the utmost fury of the tempest, and after undergoing the greatest physical privation! Surely, thus to contend "with the fretful element," to be "mad as the vex'd sea," and to "die bravely, like a bridegroom," a man's sinews must be strong and active even at "fourscore and upward."

But let us now regard him from an artistic point of view, considered merely as a personage of the stage. If he is to be discovered to the audience as a puny little dotard, paralytic, asthmatic and infirm, senile and feeble at his first entrance, what room is left for contrast? He has far more claim to sympathy as a man who, happy at the outset, feels keenly the bitterness of misfortune, than as one who, injured to suffering, only undergoes it in new forms. The first commands respect because

he battles courageously with the unforeseen calamities of life; the second, powerless to resist them, is a pitiable object, and can but arouse a wish for quick-coming death to put him out of pain. Finally, the first is interesting and pathetic; the second, tedious and painful; and this latter effect must inevitably be produced upon the spectator (as numerous examples prove) by those representations of the part that follow the beaten track, and are based upon the pernicious system of imitation; imitation all too recent, since what we are told of the great American artist, Edwin Forrest, proves that this invention of a weak and doting *Lear* was assuredly not his,—not his, whose ringing tones and thrilling gestures, whose majestic presence and heroic conceptions won for him a name that is deservedly remembered and honored.

To my thinking, the audience should be made to understand first how *Lear*, even in his generosity, is always the royal autocrat, noble, august, irascible, and violent in the first act; in the second, how, feeling bitterly the ingratitude that has doubled upon itself, he becomes more a father than a king; and, finally, in the third act, how, worn with troubles of the body, he forgets for a season those of the mind, and, more than father, more than king, stands forth a man reacting upon rebellious nature.

These three phases of *Lear's* character are precisely those that save the part from monotony, and that make it interesting, I repeat, and not distressing. Hence, another need of representing him hale and vigorous in the first instance, next disquieted and sympathetic, thereafter affecting and enfeebled.

It is no exaggeration to say that all the difficult problems of the player's art are contained in these three acts. I do not mean difficulties of conception, but of execution. A well-known canon of the stage prescribes a gradual growth of effect, in accordance with the development of the action, that the catastrophe, or issue, if that be the better word, may prove impressive, telling, strong. Every actor should spare himself at first, and reserve his natural resources to that end. In "King Lear" it is impossible to follow this law without some sacrifice of truth; the very reverse of it is needed. Instead of working out a result by an increase of power, the effect must be made to grow as the power decreases,—*must*, I say, if we are to preserve the true conception; for *Lear's* strength, though apparent at first, should yield somewhat in the second act to the stress of his emotions, and still more to the nervous excitement in which he supports and defies the

storm; and to this condition the mental disorder of the fourth act succeeds.

Some actors choose to make *Lear* an imbecile: this is a mistake; others would have him a demoniac, but this also is a misconception. To me it seems that his mind is warped by a sense of ingratitude in nature; and that this feeling grows upon him with the persecution of the warring elements, till, at the degradation of man revealed in *Edgar's* counterfeiting, it becomes all-absorbing. And, indeed, all those scenes of malediction, of metaphor, and of self-dissection, with their profound conclusions, their scraps of wisdom and philosophy, do but turn upon this very concentration of thought, that has for its root ingratitude. Were it not so, the mere sight of *Cordelia* would not so speedily bring back his reason. An imbecile is far more difficult to cure than a madman; and a madman cannot be restored by so simple a remedy. His unsoundness is but that of a monomaniac, who recovers his normal health when *Cordelia's* tenderness soothes the troubled spirit and supplies the healing balm of reverent, filial love.

Beyond this point, little remains to note of *Lear* except in the final scene, sublimely imagined to suggest the last glimmer of a dying flame.

The great difficulty, then, lies in discovering how to heighten the effect according to the laws of art, and, at the same time, to decline in physical power.

Every audience has its intelligent proportion to note and appreciate the artist who, with the scheme of his part determined, regardless of vulgar effect, is content to follow where truth leads; but the actor in his skill must also strive to interest the mass of his public and to maintain ascendancy over all, still walking in truth's level field. And how shall this be done? I think it impossible to explain; it is a question of judgment, and that cannot be prescribed. The course to be pursued may be pointed out, but he who would win the goal without stumbling must commend himself to his own inspiration.

And for this inspiration I forced myself to wait five years, perhaps to no purpose; for it is by no means certain that I have been able to make an audience comprehend my own conception. I will not deny that the time is too long; that, if the study of every difficult character were to consume so vast an interval, the artist's round of parts would prove circumscribed indeed. But I was confronted with this difficulty at the very outset of my labor, and the more I labored the mightier it became, till it seemed so nearly insurmountable that I could but resign myself to await the moment when all my energies and all

my senses should combine in definite shape. Every conscientious actor will concur in my opinion that all moments are not apt for the choice of colors wherewith to reproduce the finished picture of the author's imagination. And how many of us are often obliged to play a part with a sense of disability to reveal its hidden beauties! As a sunset may supply the painter with a tint undreamed of for his landscape, so a woman's glance may teach us some new way to express affection; a visit to the mad-house, some strange phase of mental alienation; a shipwreck brings us its peculiar forms of anguish, an earthquake its varied aspects of horror and despair; and all must be noted, pondered, anatomized, appropriated with a keen discrimination. To do this, time is needed; with time, experience; and with experience, genius! But I perceive that I have strayed a little from my subject, and I turn back for one moment more into the direct road.

If I persist in my opinion that *Lear* at

first must be vigorous in his old age, I do not therefore admit that at the end he must so retain his vigor as to bear lightly in his arms the dead body of *Cordelia* after the prevailing fashion. May my brother actors forgive me for asking how such Herculean strength is conceivable in a man broken by a host of misfortunes, drawn near to giving up his soul to God? The critics, too, should recognize this inaccuracy, rating, as they do, their protagonist decrepit at his first entrance. To me it seems that, never permitting others to touch his beloved burden, *Lear* should stagger under its weight, without disguising the effort it occasions; this, as I cannot help believing, is not only truer to nature, but also more interesting and more effective.

And now I leave this generous, noble, and unhappy king in peace, bidding farewell to my readers with the wish that *Lear* may rise again to life by the animating breath of some actor of greater power than mine, to make him pathetic and admirable.

Tommaso Salvini.



DANTE.

THE POET ILLUSTRATED OUT OF THE POEM.

It is a grave if not a formidable undertaking to treat of that soldier, statesman, philosopher, above all poet, whom successive generations reverence under the musical name of Dante Alighieri. Fifty-six years sufficed him to live his life and work his work: centuries have not sufficed to exhaust the rich and abstruse intellectual treasure which the world inherits from him. Still, acute thinkers abide at variance as to his ultimate meaning; and still able writers record the impressions of wonder, sympathy, awe, admiration, which—however wide and manifold his recondit meanings may be—he leaves even on simple hearts so long as these can respond to what is lovely or is terrible. "*Quanti dolci pensier, quanto desio*" ("How many sweet thoughts, how much desire"), has he not bequeathed to us!

If formidable for others, it is not least for-

midable for one of my name, for *me*, to enter the Dantesque field and say my little say on the Man and on the Poem; for others of my name have been before me in the same field, and have wrought permanent and worthy work in attestation of their diligence. My father, Gabriele Rossetti, in his "*Comento Analitico sull' Inferno di Dante*" ("Analytical Commentary upon Dante's Hell"), has left to tyros a clew and to fellow-experts a theory. My sister, Maria Francesca Rossetti, has in her "*Shadow of Dante*" eloquently expounded the *Divina Commedia* as a discourse of most elevated Christian faith and morals. My brother Dante has translated with a rare felicity the "*Vita Nuova*" ("New Life") and other minor (poetical) works of his great namesake. My brother William has, with a strenuous endeavor to achieve close verbal

accuracy, rendered the *Inferno* into English blank verse. I, who cannot lay claim to their learning, must approach my subject under cover of "*Mi valga . . . il grande amore*" ("May my great love avail me"), leaving to them the more confident plea, "*Mi valga il lungo studio*" ("May my long study avail me").

It is not out of disrespect to Mr. Longfellow's blank-verse translation of the *Divina Commedia*, a translation too secure of public favor to need my commendation, that I propose to make my extracts (of any importance) not from his version, but from Mr. Cayley's. The latter, by adhering to the *tersa rima* (ternary rhyme) of the original poem, has gone far toward satisfying an ear rendered fastidious by Dante's own harmony of words; with a master hand he conveys to us the sense amid echoes of the familiar sound. My first quotation (*Paradise*, canto 1), consisting of an invocation of the Spirit of Poetry, befits both Dante and his translator, while, as it were, striking one dominant note of our study:

"O good Apollo, for this last emprise
Render me such a vessel of thy might
As to the longed-for laurel may suffice.
Till now hath sped me one Parnassian height,
But on my last arena now, beneath
The double safeguard, I must needs alight.
Do thou into my bosom come, and breathe,
As when thou drewest Marsyas of old
Out of his body's perishable sheath."

Dante or Durante Alighieri, Allighieri, or Aldighieri—for in all these forms the names are recorded—was born a noble citizen of Florence on the 8th of May, 1265, the sun being then in the sign of Gemini, an auspicious sign according to popular opinion of that day. And a meaning has been found for "Alighieri" apposite to him who so eminently bore the name: it has been turned (by a process I attempt not to analyze) into Aligero (winged), when at once we recognize how suitable it is to the master spirit that fathomed Hell and ascended through Purgatory to the heights of Heaven. Nor need "Dante, Durante," remain without an appropriate gloss. Dante (giving) befits one who has enriched the after ages; Durante (enduring) suits no less that much-enduring man who (writing after the event) puts an apparent prophecy of his own banishment into the mouth of one of the personages of his poem (*Paradise*, 17):

"Thou shalt leave all things, which thou long ago
Hast loved most dearly, and I've herein said
What dart is soonest shot from exile's bow,
Thou shalt experience how another's bread
Is salt upon our palate, and what bale
'Tis up and down another's stairs to tread."

Boccaccio in his "Life of Dante" traces back his hero's family to a certain Eliseo of the noble Roman house of Frangipani, who,

toward the date of the rebuilding of Florence by the Emperor Charlemagne, settled in that city. In course of time the descendants of Eliseo, dropping their original cognomen, renamed themselves as Elisei. Prominent among them in the days of the Emperor Conrad III. arose Cacciaguida, knight and crusader, who married a lady of the Aldighieri of Ferrara, or perhaps of Parma; her birthplace seems uncertain. This lady bestowed her patronymic on one of her sons, Dante's ancestor in the direct line; and he becoming a man of note, his descendants adopted his name as their own surname; thus permanently distinguishing as Alighieri their branch of the house of the Elisei.

On his pilgrimage through *Paradise*, Dante encounters in the fifth heaven, that of the planet Mars, the spirit of his venerable forefather Cacciaguida, who discourses with him at considerable length, and after describing the happy thrift and simplicity of Florence in his own day—in Dante's day become a hot-bed of luxury and extravagance—briefly narrates some circumstances of his birth and after life (*Paradise*, 15):

"To a civic life thou seest how goodly, how
Reposeful, fellow-citizens how leal,
How sweet a homestead Mary, with loud vow
Solicited, gave me, and of Christ the seal
I took within your ancient Baptistere,
As Cacciaguida for His Commonweal.

The camp of Emperor Conrad then I sought,
And by him was I girded for his knight,
So well I pleased him, for I bravely wrought.
I followed him, yon wicked faith to fight,
Whose votaries by your Shepherd's fault despoil
Your jurisdiction of its native right.
By this unholy people from the coil
Of the false world obtained I my release
(Ah, World, whose love doth many a spirit soil),
And entered out of Martyrdom this Peace."

If, as we have seen, mutation of name and residence characterizes that dignified stock from which Dante sprang, no less conspicuously did mutability of faction and fortune, and a bandying of names, now one in the ascendant and now another, characterize that beautiful Florence which called him son. Her citizens were divided into Guelphs and Ghibellines: these names, in their primitive form, having been the battle-cries on a far-off field where, more than a century before Dante's birth, a crown was lost and won between two contending princes. The crown in dispute was the imperial crown of the Holy Roman Empire: the aristocratic party of Imperialists attached to the victorious Conrad of Hohenstaufen became known as Ghibellines, the overthrown opposition as Guelphs. And as the standing opponent of the Empire was the Popedom, the Papalist party in Italy, equally

definable as National or as Democratic, was styled Guelph.

Here already were sufficient grounds for strife. Yet, as if insufficient, private rancor heaped fuel and explosives on the public flame. First, a feud between the Florentine families of Buondelmonte and Amideo widened and confirmed the political breach; secondly, a brawl among the children of one Florentine citizen by two successive wives split the Guelph party into subdivisions distinguished respectively as Black and White.

Nor were words and names, orations and counter orations, the chief political weapons of those days. Sword and fire, confiscation and banishment, made and left their mark on either side, in accordance with the ever-shifting preponderance of this or that faction. The elder Alighieri, a lawyer by profession, a Guelph by party, was along with his party living in exile at the time of his son Dante's birth; but in the year 1267 the Guelphs returned to Florence, and the banished man rejoined his family.

Let us with that absence and that reunion connect such thoughts of home-longing and (in a figure) of home contentment as breathe in the following lines (*Purgatory*, 8; *Paradise*, 23):

"It was that hour which thaws the heart and sends
The voyagers' affection home, when they
Since morn have said Adieu to darling friends;
And smites the new-made pilgrim on his way
With love, if he a distant bell should hear,
That seems a-mourning for the dying day."

"As when the bird among the boughs beloved,
Keeping beside her darlings' nest her seat,
By night, when things are from the view removed,
That sooner she the dear ones' looks may meet,
And that by which she feeds them to purvey,
Counting for them her anxious labor sweet,
Foretells the hours upon the unsheltered spray,
And waits the sun with burning eagerness,
Poring with fixed eye for the peep of day."

Not long did the elder Alighieri survive this renewal of happiness. Yet our hopes follow him out of sight into the veiled and better land, there to behold him awaiting the restitution of all things, even as Dante, in his *Divine Comedy*, represents a congregation of elect souls as yearning after the resurrection of the body (*Paradise*, 14).

Despite so irreparable a loss, the young Dante received, under his widowed mother's protection, a refined and liberal education. His taste was for study rather than for amusement, and to such a taste, allied to perseverance and wedded to a preëminent intellect, the treasures of knowledge lay open and accessible. His mother's circumstances, though not opulent, were easy. Thus she was able

to intrust her son's education to Brunetto Latini, a notary by profession, by occasional office an ambassador of the Florentine Republic, an attractive man of the world; moreover, a scholar and a poet. Between him and his pupil a tender affection grew up, as Dante himself assures us (*Hell*, 15) when he encounters his master's shade.

Dante also studied at the universities of Padua and Bologna, and in mature life augmented his stores of knowledge in learned and polite Paris. According to an uncertain tradition, he visited England, and in particular Oxford.

In a period of broils, heart-burnings, rivalries, Dante was not the man to observe a tepid neutrality. He bore arms on the field of Campaldino and at the siege of Caprona, and on one or both occasions with credit to himself and to his cause. The battle of Campaldino was followed by a storm—the stirring up of which storm is attributed to diabolical agency by the shade of Buonconte, a noble Ghibelline who fell on the losing side, and who accosts Dante in the *Ante-Purgatory* (*Purgatory*, 5).

Yet, though a soldier, Dante was not primarily a soldier; rather, it may be, a statesman, a ruler, a legislator.

From the highest civil dignity, however, that of the Priorato, or chief magistracy of Florence, Dante found himself excluded by a circumstance which at once dignified his social position and threatened to impede his public career. Giano della Bella, Prior of Florence in 1292, had ordained that such families as counted a cavaliere (knight) among their ancestry should be reckoned noble, while for that very reason they should lose certain civic privileges. Thus Cacciaguida the Crusader, by ennobling his descendants, cut them off from sundry more substantial honors. To rehabilitate him, as we may suppose, for public office, Dante's name is found inscribed among the *Medici e Speciali* (Leeches and Druggists), their "art" standing sixth in the list of principal arts; and documents still extant in the archives of Florence show that he did actually take part in the councils of several years, commencing with the year 1295.

On June 15th, 1300, Dante, supported by five less noted colleagues, was created Prior. The Black and White broils were at this time raging with such virulence that the Papal Legate, Cardinal Matteo d'Acquasparta, sent to Florence for purposes of pacification, failed in his mission, finally (though at a period considerably later) laying the rebellious city under an interdict. In such troublous times Dante assumed the command; nor was he one to rule with a tremulous hand. By

him and his colleagues was enacted a law which banished chiefs and adherents of both parties into separate exile; to Corso Donati, Dante's brother-in-law, with his "Blacks," a spot in the Tuscan mountains was assigned for residence; the Whites, among whom was Dante's dearest friend, Guido Cavalcanti, were dispatched into the baneful Maremma.

They went, but they returned; and divided as they went, so they returned, the Blacks keen for vengeance. This faction now denounced the Whites as Ghibellines, anti-papalists, foes of France; and, invoking foreign aid, induced Charles of Valois, then on his road to Rome, to countenance their machinations. Dante, his tenure of office as Prior being expired, was hereupon sent by his successors, as one of four ambassadors, on a counter embassy to the Roman court. Like the turbulent factions he had helped to banish, he also went; but, unlike them, he returned no more.

Charles of Valois occupied the oltr' Arno (beyond the river Arno). Corso Donati raised the Black standard, and, by the help of the French prince, gained a crushing victory. Fire and sword devastated Florence; one Podestà (magistrate or mayor) was expelled, another appointed; a multitude of Whites were exiled and doomed to beggary. Well might Dante choose Fortune for his theme (Hell, 7):

"This Fortune whom thou namest: What is she?

He, whose high wisdom all beside transcends,
Has made the spheres, appointing one that might
Rule over them, whence every part extends
To each, in tenor uniform, its light;

So to the glories of the world He did
One common regent and conductress plight,*
Who might from time to time, from seed to seed,

And place to place, their empty riches shake,
Beyond forestalling by your wit and heed.

She doth one people raise, and one doth make
To languish, by the allotment of her hand,
Which is concealed, as by the sward the snake.

Your wisdom can against her make no stand;
She judges and foresees, and aye pursues
Her sway, like every god in his command.

Her revolutions have no pause nor truce;
Her swiftness from necessity is wrung;

So many be they who for change have use.
And she it is who should on cross be hung,

As many tell, who blame her much amiss,
Where they should praise, with foul and wicked
tongue.

But she is happy, hearing naught of this,
Among the glad first-born of God attending

To turn her sphere about, and bide in bliss.¹⁵

Dante was fined, was banished for two years from Tuscany, was permanently excluded from office. This in January, 1302. In the following March he was condemned to

* I have ventured to replace a rhyme.

fagot and stake should he ever again set foot in Florence. Yet in 1316 this sentence was conditionally reversed. The state of Florence published an amnesty, whereby, on payment of a fine and performance of public penance, Dante, among others, would be free to return. Such an alternative, however, only served to double-bar the gates of his city forever against him. Harken to the thunder of his indignation at the humiliating overture: *

"Is this, then, the glorious fashion of Dante Alighieri's recall to his country, after suffering exile for well-nigh three lusters? Is this the due recompense of his innocence manifest to all? This the fruit of his abundant sweat and toil endured in study? Far from the man of philosophy's household this baseness proper to a heart of mire, that he . . . should endure, as a prisoner, to be put to ransom! Far from the proclaimer of justice that he, offended and insulted, to his offenders, as to those who have deserved well of him, should pay tribute! This, father, is not the way to return to my country; but if, by you or by another, there can be found another way that shall not derogate from Dante's fame and honor, readily will I thereto betake myself. But, if by no honorable way can entrance be found into Florence, there will I never enter. What? Can I not from any corner of the earth behold the sun and the stars? Can I not, under every climate of heaven, meditate the all-sweet truths, except I first make myself a man of no glory, but rather of ignominy, in the face of the people and city of Florence?"

That Florence which could neither break nor bend the spirit of her mighty son had, meanwhile, wrought in him a far different transformation. Under sentence of banishment, confiscation of goods, contingent death, Dante the Guelph had changed into Dante the Ghibelline: the Papal temporal power became the object of his outspoken abhorrence, the Imperial sway, of his devoted advocacy. A passage (abridged) from Dante's prose treatise, "*De Monarchiâ*," sets before us his theory of world-government:

"Only Man among beings holds mid place between things corruptible and things incorruptible. Therefore that unspeakable Providence proposed to man two ends: the one the beatitude of this life, which consists in the operations of his own virtue; the other the beatitude of eternal life, which consists in the fruition of the Divine Countenance. To these two beatitudes by divers means must we come. Wherefore by man was needed a double directive according to the double end; that is, of the Supreme Pontiff, who, according to Revelation, should lead mankind to eternal life; and of the Emperor, who, according to philosophic teachings, should direct mankind to temporal felicity. And whereas to this port none or few, and those with over-much difficulty, could attain, unless mankind, the waves of enticing cupidity being quieted, should repose free in the tranquillity of peace; this is the aim to be mainly kept in view by the Guardian of the Globe,

* I need not even wish to excel my sister's translation of this passage, which I extract, word for word, from "*A Shadow of Dante*." The original occurs in a private letter from Dante to a religious.

who is named Roman Prince, to wit, that in the garden-plot of mortals freely with peace men may live."*

The Whites, exiled while Guelphs, sought to regain their citizenship under Ghibelline auspices. In 1304 they attempted to re-enter Florence by force of arms, and failed. Years later their hopes revived under the Emperor Henry of Luxemburg, but received in his sudden death their own death-blow.

In fact, though not at once in appearance, Dante's efficient public life was well-nigh ended when Florence cast him out. Yet not so, if we look beyond his active services and the brief span of his mortal day. For, taught by bitter experience in what scales to weigh this world and the things of this world, he bequeathed to future generations the undying voice of his wisdom,—a wisdom distilled in eloquence, modulated to music, sublimed by imagination, or rather subliming that imagination which is its congruous vehicle and companion.

Disowned by his mother city, Dante thenceforward found a precarious refuge here or there, chiefly in the petty courts of Ghibelline potentates. Thus he sojourned with Count Guido Salvatico in the Casentino, with Uguccione della Faggiuola in the mountains of Urbino; afterward under the protection of Moroello della Spina in the Lunigiana, to whom the Purgatory is said to have been dedicated, and to whose hereditary and personal hospitality the following lines, addressed to the shade of his father Conrad, refer (Purgatory, 8):

"The fame, which nobly of your house doth tell,
Proclaimeth hamlet, and proclaimeth peer,
That those who have not been there note her well.
And as I would arrive aloft, I swear,
Your honorable house th' adorning prize
Of arms or largess doth not cease to bear.
A privilege in their kind or custom lies."

As foremost among Dante's friendly hosts may perhaps be reckoned Can Grande della Scala, Lord of Verona. Yet from Can Grande's court he was driven (as the story goes) by an insult from a privileged buffoon. Nevertheless, we find the praises of this eminent noble, preceded by those of an elder head of the same house, put into the mouth of Cacciaguida, and thereby perpetuated (Paradise, 17).

Ravenna became the exiled poet's final refuge, Guido da Polenta his last and generous earthly protector. For him Dante undertook a mission to Venice; and this failing, he seems to have lost heart. His homeward journey lay through the malarious lagoons: no marvel is it that he contracted a fever, and at length found a sure resting-place in

Ravenna, where he died on the 14th of September, 1321, and where he was buried.

Looking back for a moment to that crisis in Dante's life as a patriot, when from a Guelph he became a Ghibelline,—that is (as at the first glance might appear), when, from having been champion of an Italian Italy, free and sole mother and mistress of her own free children, he became, whether from personal disgust or sheer despair or from whatever other motive, as ardent a champion of that Imperial power which aspired to rule over her,—we may feel disposed to wonder at the transformation, perhaps to condemn the citizen. Not so, I would plead, until we have studied in his writings and have pondered over his own lofty view and exposition of a world-wide political theory; until we have striven to realize how the Italy before his eyes had in part become a field of mutual destruction, and therefore of self-destruction; until by virtue of reverent, compassionate sympathy we have hungered with him on the bitter bread of exile, and have trodden the wearisome, dusty roads of his wandering banishment. At its best our judgment may be erroneous; only let us not suffer it to settle down into stagnant and contented shallowness. By the mouth of St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante himself cautions us against rash judgment, and elsewhere, by one multitudinous, harmonious utterance of unnumbered glorified souls combined into the semblance of an eagle, sets forth the impartiality of God's final, irreversible sentence (Paradise, 13-19):

"And let not folk in judging trust their wit
Too fast, as one who counteth up the corn
In 's field before the sun has ripened it;
For I have all through winter seen a thorn
Appearing poisonless and obdurate,
Which then the rose upon the sprig hath borne:
And I have seen a ship, that swift and straight
Has run upon the mid-sea all her race,
And perished, entering at the harbor gate.

As the stork in circles flies
Above that nest wherein she feeds her young,
And as those fed attend her with their eyes,
So moved (and so mine eyes upon him clung)
That figure blest, whose movement of each plume
Was on such numbers of free counsels hung.
Circling he chanted, 'As to thee, by whom
They are not understood, my notes be, so
To mortals is God's everlasting doom.'
Then went on one and every flaming glow
Of God's own spirit, in that sign enailed,
Which made to Roman arms the World bend low.
'This kingdom,' he began, 'was never scaled
By mortal that had not believed in Christ,
Before, or after, He on Cross was nailed.
But look, there's many calleth Christ, O Christ,
That shall, for meeting Him in judgment, want
Much more than such a one as knew not Christ.
The Æthiop shall judge, and cry, Avaunt
Such Christians, when those congregations two
Part, one for Wealth eterne, and one for Want.'"

* Maria F. Rossetti.

Hitherto we have contemplated Dante mounted, as it were, on a public pedestal. We have recalled his career mainly according to that aspect under which it forms a portion of the history of his age and nation. The man among men, the leader or the victim of his fellow-countrymen, has engrossed our attention.

But thus we have beheld only half a Dante. We have not looked, or even attempted to look, into that heart of fire which burned first and last for one beloved object. For, whatever view we take of Beatrice, unless indeed we are prepared wholly to set aside the poet's own evidence concerning himself, either she literally, or else that occult something which her name was employed at once to express and to veil, must apparently have gone far to mold her lover; to make him what he was, to withhold him from becoming such as he became not.

On Dante's own showing (in his "*Vita Nuova*" and elsewhere), this object, fruitlessly beloved on earth, but to be attained to and enjoyed in the heavenly communion of saints, was Beatrice, daughter of Folco Portinari, beautiful, gracious, replete with virtue, courteous, and humble. Not, it may be, that when first they met she shone, even in farthest-seeing poetic eyes, with her full luster; for at that first meeting they were both but children of nine years old, he somewhat the elder. She at her father's house, he brought thither by his own father on a holiday occasion—thus they met whom love was to unite by an indissoluble, because by a spiritual, bond. For no courtship, as it would seem, ensued. Not a hint remains that Beatrice even guessed her boy-friend's secret. He sought her company, and felt the ennobling influence of her presence—so noble an influence that love (he avers) ruled him not contrary to the dictates of reason. With equal emphasis Boccaccio dwells on the intact purity of both lover and beloved in this absorbing passion; for absorbing it was on Dante's side, whether or not it was returned.

And we may well hope that it was neither returned nor so much as surmised by its object; for, at the age of twenty, Beatrice Portinari became the wife of Simon de' Bardi. Of Dante's consequent grief we find no distinct mention, although one passage in the "*Vita Nuova*" may refer to it. Of his bitter grief when, in the year 1290, at the still youthful age of twenty-four, she died, he has left us an ample record.

It is narrated, but I know not whether on trustworthy authority, that, in this period of bereavement, Dante donned the Franciscan habit as a novice in the monastery of San

Benedetto in Alpe among the Apennines, and some writers of the same order have laid claim to him as wearing their affiliating cord and dying in their habit. However this may have been, tonsure and cowl were not for him, as an early day declared.

Boccaccio thus describes Dante in his desolation:

"He was, indeed, through tear-shed, and through the affliction felt within his heart, and through his neglect of all outward personal care, become well-nigh a savage creature to behold: lean, bearded, and almost wholly transformed from his previous self, inasmuch that his aspect, not in his friends only, but no less in such others as beheld him, by its own virtue wrought compassion; he withal, this tearful life subsisting, seldom suffering himself to be seen by any but friends. This compassion, and apprehension of worse to come, set his kindred on the alert for his solace. They, marking the tears abated and the consuming sighs according some trace to the wearied bosom, with long-lost consolations set themselves to reconsole the unconsolated one, who, although up to that hour he had obstinately stopped his ears against every one, began not merely somewhat to open them, but willingly to entertain comforting suggestions. Which thing his kindred beholding, to the end that they might not only altogether withdraw him from anguish, but might lead him into joy, they proposed among themselves to bestow upon him a wife; that, even as the lost lady had caused his grief, so the newly acquired one might become to him source of gladness. And, having found a maiden of creditable condition, with such reasons as appeared to them most influential, they declared to him their intention. Whereupon, after long conflict, without further waste of time, to words succeeded effects, and he was married."

This marriage, contracted about a year after the death of Beatrice, proved more or less unhappy; so we deem on indirect evidence. Gemma Donati, sister of that Corso Donati who subsequently, at the head of the Black faction, overran Florence with fire and sword,—Gemma Donati was the chosen bride, the accepted wife. Seven children she bore to her husband, surely a dear and binding link between them; yet, from the moment of his exile, he and she met no more. When, he being already and, as the event proved, finally absent, his Florentine house was burnt, she saved his manuscripts, which were afterward restored to his own keeping. This suggests, though it does not prove, affection on her side. But while some, if not all, of his children rejoined him after a time, his wife never. Perhaps no living woman of mere flesh and blood could have sufficed to supersede that Beatrice whom Dante terms "this youngest angel" long before death had (as we trust) exalted her to the society of all her blessed fellows, whether elect angels or beatified spirits. If so, Gemma is truly to be pitied in her comparatively thankless and loveless lot; nevertheless, such hope remained to her as, of old, Leah may have cherished when altogether

eclipsed by Rachel,—such hope as removes from earth to heaven. Nor could Dante himself have denied her that hope, for thus he writes (*Purgatory*, 27):

. . . "Sleep over me
Came, even sleep, which oftentimes doth know
The tidings of events before they be.

My dreams did, young and beautiful, present
A lady to me, that by lawny lands
Was gathering flowers, and singing as she went:
'Now know ye, whosoe'er my name demands,
That I am Leah, that about me ply,
To make myself a chaplet, my fair hands;
That I may in the mirror please mine eye
I deck me; but my sister Rachel, she
Is ne'er uncharmed, and sits all day thereby.
She hath as lief her goodly eyes to see,
As I have with my hands to deck me here;
So study pleaseth her, and labor me.'

Yet it seems hard to accept as full and final such an explanation, because Dante, on his own showing, lapsed from pure, unbroken faith to his first love into unworthy pleasure. Hear how, even amid the peace and bliss of the Terrestrial Paradise, Beatrice, with veiled countenance and stinging words, addresses him, "*Guardami ben; ben son, ben son Beatrice*" ("Look on me well; yes, I am Beatrice"), and, despite his overwhelming shame, resumes the thread of her discourse by speaking no longer *to*, but *at* him (*Purgatory*, 30):

"Some while at heart my presence kept him sound;
My girlish eyes to his observance lending,
I led him with me on the right way bound.
When, of my second age the steps ascending,
I bore my life into another sphere,
Then stole he from me, after others bending.
When I arose from flesh to spirit clear,
When beauty, worthiness upon me grew,
I was to him less pleasing and less dear.
He set his feet upon a path untrue,
Chasing fallacious images of weal,
Whose promise never doth result pursue.
It helpt me nought, to make him my appeal
In sleep, through inspirations that I won,
Or otherwise; so little did he feel.
So far he fell adown, that now not one
Device for his redemption could bestead,
Except by showing him the souls undone."

It is of course possible that the one woman whom Dante could not—or, rather, would not—love was that only woman who had an indefeasible claim upon his heart. Whatever the explanation may be, it remains for the present hidden. Time has not shown; eternity, if not time, will show it. Meanwhile let us, by good wishes, commend him, after the prolonged disappointment of life, to that satisfying peace whereunto he consigns Boethius—a philosopher whose writings had aforesaid cheered him under depression, and whose spirit he places in the sun among the

lovers of true wisdom, where his fellow-sage, St. Thomas Aquinas, thus sums up his history (*Paradise*, 10):

"Now, if the eye-beam of thy mind proceed
From light to light, the follower of my praise,
To know the eighth already thou wilt need.
There, blessed from beholding all good, stays
That soul untarnished who the treacherous lease,
If well perused, of worldly joys displays.
That body, whence her violent decease
She made, Cieldauro covers, and she ran
From pangs and exile into th' endless peace."

If the master Boethius was wise, wise also must we account Dante the disciple. Some students speak of hidden lore underlying the letter of our poet's writings: in Beatrice they think to discern an impersonation rather than a woman, in the *Divine Comedy* a meaning political rather than dogmatic,—or, if in any sense dogmatic, yet not such as appears on the surface. So obscure a field of investigation is not for me or for my readers; at least, not for them through any help of mine: to me it is and it must remain dim and unexplored, even as that "*selva oscura*" (dark wood) with which the *Cantica* of the Hell opens.

What then, according to the obvious signification, is in few words the subject or plot of the *Divine Comedy*?

Dante, astray in a gloomy wood and beset by wild beasts, is rescued by the shade of Virgil, who, at the request of Beatrice, already an inhabitant of heaven, has left his proper abode in a painless region of hell, for the purpose of guiding Dante first of all through the nether-world of lost souls, that, by their irremediable ruin, he may learn to flee from evil as from the face of a serpent, retrieving his errors and amending his ways. Over Hell gate an awful inscription is placed (*Hell*, 3):

"Through me you pass into the city of woe;
Through me you pass eternal woes to prove;
Through me among the blasted race you go.
'Twas Justice did my most high Author move,
And I have been the work of Power divine,
Of supreme Wisdom, and of primal Love.
No creature has an elder date than mine,
Unless eternal, and I have no end.
O you that enter me, all hope resign."

Immediately beyond this gate swarms a throng of despicable souls, refuse even in hell, mere self-seekers; the "spued-out, lukewarm" ones, so to say. These left behind, and the river Styx passed over, a painless, hopeless region is entered,—the permanent home of Virgil, with all other virtuous heathens who lived and died before our Lord Christ was born: painless, because their lives were good; hopeless, because they lacked faith. Beyond

this point of our pilgrims' journey peace, even hopeless peace, finds no place. A furious, whirling storm is the first torment they encounter. Thenceforward, from agony to agony they plunge deeper and deeper into the abyss of Hell, meeting sinner after sinner whose ghastly story is told at more or less length, until they reach the visible, abhorrent presence of Lucifer, who from "perfect in beauty" has by rebellion become absolute in hideous horror.

Mid-Lucifer occupies the earth's center of gravity. Virgil, with Dante clinging to him, clambers down the upper half of Lucifer and climbs up the lower half, whereby the twin find themselves emerging from the depth of Hell upon the Mountain of Purgatory.

This Purgatory is the domain of pain and hope,—finite pain, assured hope. Again a number of episodes charm us while we track the pilgrims along the steep ascent, until, on the summit, they reach the Terrestrial Paradise; and here, the shade of Beatrice assuming in her own person the guidance of her lover, Virgil vanishes.

Under the guardianship of Beatrice, Dante mounts through eight successive Heavens to that ninth which includes within itself all blessedness. In each of them he encounters jubilant souls grown loquacious by impulse of charity, delighting to share with him their edifying experiences, to resolve his doubts, to lighten his darkness. All culminates in an unutterable revelation of God made Man and the All-Holy Trinity in Unity.

Chief among Dante's works, and in itself complete, the Divine Comedy yet requires an introduction if we would fully understand its starting-point. Our poet's earlier work, the "Vita Nuova," composed of alternate prose and verse, supplies that introduction. There we read an elaborate continuous exposition of his love for Beatrice, interspersed with ever-renewed tribute of praise from his lowliness to her loftiness; interspersed, too, with curiosities of structure and perhaps of style which some may deem pedantic. In the following passage Dante relates how, by means of a dream, he experienced beforehand what

anguish should befall him on the death of Beatrice ("Vita Nuova"):

"In myself I said, with sick recoil:
'Yea, to my lady too this Death must come.'

Then saw I many broken hinted sights
In the uncertain state I stepp'd into,
Meseem'd to be I know not in what place,
Where ladies through the street, like mournful
lights,

Ran with loose hair, and eyes that frighten'd you
By their own terror, and a pale amaze:
The while, little by little, as I thought,
The sun ceased, and the stars began to gather,
And each wept at the other;
And birds dropp'd in mid-flight out of the sky;
And earth shook suddenly;
And I was 'ware of one, hoarse and tired out,
Who ask'd of me: 'Hast thou not heard it
said?

Thy lady, she that was so fair, is dead.'

"Then lifting up mine eyes, as the tears came,
I saw the angels, like a rain of manna,
In a long flight flying back heavenward;
Having a little cloud in front of them,
After the which they went and said, 'Hosanna';
And if they had said more, you should have heard.
Then Love said, 'Now shall all things be made
clear;

Come and behold our lady where she lies.'

"These 'wildering phantasies
Then carried me to see my lady dead.
Even as I there was led,
Her ladies with a veil were covering her;
And with her was such very humbleness
That she appeared to say, 'I am at peace.'"

(D. G. Rossetti.)

Such readers as would fully enter into the mind of Dante—as fully, that is, as ordinary intelligences can hope to explore the extraordinary—must not limit themselves to the Divine Comedy and "Vita Nuova," but must study also the "Convito" (Banquet), a philosophical work, besides minor poems, epistles, and Latin compositions. On the threshold of such studies, I bid them good-bye in our great author's own words:

"Se Dio ti lasci, lettore, prender frutto
Di tua lezione."

(May God vouchsafe thee, reader, to cull fruit
From this thy reading.)

Christina G. Rossetti.





THE nobly descriptive poem of Thomas W. Parsons is a fit introduction to what we have to say of the portraits of Dante, and no apology is needed for giving it entire. These lines were prefixed to Dr. Parsons's translation of seventeen cantos of the *Inferno*, published in 1865, on the occasion of the six hundredth birthday of Dante:*

"ON A BUST OF DANTE.

"BY THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

"See, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim
The father was of Tuscan song!
There but the burning sense of wrong,

Perpetual care and scorn abide—
Small friendship for the lordly throng,
Distrust of all the world beside.

"Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was, but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

"The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been

* Boston : printed by John Wilson & Son.

Un sullied still though still severe,
Which through the wavering days of sin
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

"Not wholly such his haggard look,
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion but his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.

"Peace dwells not here—this rugged face
Reveals no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,—
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

"War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

"O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou!
That poor old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now.
Before his name the nations bow:
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind."

Dante Alighieri died A. D. 1321. In 1884 there are few more familiar or more easily recognized faces than his, and yet of the almost innumerable so-called portraits of him that now exist there are but two that can be called authentic—the two from which all the others must have been derived. To the first of these, which was painted by Giotto, the verses of Dr. Parsons do not apply, for it was made before the struggle with life's exigencies had begun; the beautiful features show the triumphant security of youth, and of a youth endowed with singular powers.

"The poet in a golden clime was born
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

But the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, had not as yet been awakened.

Giotto was the greatest painter of his time, and the intimate friend of Dante. This portrait is in fresco on the walls of the chapel in the palace of the Podestà of Florence, now called the Bargello. It was a grand religious picture. The figure of Christ in the upper part was supported by saints and angels, and below were kings and great people of the city of Florence, among whom Dante stood with

a pomegranate in his hand, the face in profile; and the features, as yet unchanged by time and suffering, by care and contention, are noble and gracious. This picture has a strange history. Painted by the first artist of that time, on the chapel wall in one of the chief public palaces of the city of Florence, it ought to have been safe from destruction. In Vasari's "Life of Giotto," published in 1550, is this account of the picture:

"Giotto became so good an imitator of nature, that he altogether discarded the stiff Greek manner, and revived the modern and good art of painting, introducing exact drawing from nature and living persons, which, for more than two hundred years, had not been practiced, or if, indeed any one had tried it, he had not succeeded very happily, nor anything like so well as Giotto. And he portrayed, among other persons, *as may even now be seen* in the chapel of the palace of the Podestà, in Florence, Dante Alighieri, his contemporary and greatest friend, who was not less famous as a poet than Giotto as a painter in those days."

This picture is supposed to have been painted when Dante was about twenty years old; and according to the above extract from Vasari, it was still to be seen in 1550. Professor Charles Eliot Norton, in his work on the original portraits of Dante (Cambridge, 1865), gives this account of the loss of the picture:

"One might have supposed that such a picture as this would have been among the most carefully protected and jealously prized treasures of Florence. But such was not the case. The shameful neglect of many of the best and most interesting works of the earlier period of art, which accompanied and was one of the symptoms of the moral and political decline of Italy during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, extended to this as to other of the noblest paintings of Giotto. Florence, in losing consciousness of present worth, lost care for the memorials of her past honor, dignity, and distinction. The palace of the Podestà, no longer needed for the dwelling of the chief magistrate of a free city, was turned into a jail for common criminals, and what had once been its beautiful and sacred chapel was occupied as a larder or store-room. The walls, adorned with paintings more precious than gold, were covered with whitewash, and the fresco of Giotto was swept over by the brush of the plasterer. It was not only thus hidden from the sight of those unworthy indeed to behold it, but it almost disappeared from memory also, and from the time of Vasari down to that of Moreni, a Florentine antiquary in the early part of the present century, hardly a mention it occurs. In a note found among his papers, Moreni laments that he had spent two years of his life in unavailing efforts to recover the portrait of Dante and the other portions of the fresco of Giotto in the Bargello, mentioned by Vasari; that others before him had made a like effort, and had failed in like manner; and that he hoped that better times would come, in which this painting, of such historic and artistic interest, would again be sought for and at length recovered. Stimulated by these words, three gentlemen, one an American, Mr. Richard Henry Wilde, one an Englishman, Mr. Seymour Kirkup, and one an Italian, Signor G. Aubrey Bezzani, all scholars devoted to the study of Dante, undertook new researches in 1840; and after many hindrances on the part of the

government, which were at length successfully overcome, the work of removing the crust of plaster from the walls of the ancient chapel was intrusted to the Florentine painter Marini. This new and well-directed search did not fail. After some months' labor the fresco was found, almost uninjured, under the

THE DEATH-MASK.

THE other authentic portrait is the well-known "Death-Mask." I call it authentic because, although its history is obscure, it



BRONZE BUST OF DANTE, IN THE MUSEUM OF NAPLES.

whitewash that had protected while concealing it, and at length the likeness of Dante was uncovered.

"But," says Mr. Kirkup, in a letter published in the "Spectator" (London, May 11th, 1850), 'the eye of the beautiful profile was wanting. There was a hole an inch deep, or an inch and a half. Marini said it was a nail. It did seem precisely the damage of a nail drawn out. Afterward . . . Marini filled the hole and made a new eye, too little, and ill designed; and then he retouched the whole face and clothes, to the great damage of the expression and character. The likeness of the face, and the three colors in which Dante was dressed, the same with those of Beatrice, those of young Italy, white, green, and red, stand no more; the green is turned to chocolate color; moreover, the form of the cap is lost and confounded.

"I desired to make a drawing; . . . it was denied to me. . . . But I obtained the means to be shut up in the prison for a morning, and not only did I make a drawing but a tracing also, and with the two I then made a facsimile, sufficiently careful. Luckily, it was before the *refacimento*."

"This facsimile afterward passed into the hands of Lord Vernon, well known for his interest in all Dantesque studies, and by his permission it has been admirably reproduced in chromo-lithography, under the auspices of the Arundel Society. The reproduction is entirely satisfactory as a representation of the authentic portrait of the youthful Dante, in the state in which it was when Mr. Kirkup was so fortunate as to gain admission to it."

* C. E. Norton, "Original Portraits of Dante."

carries authenticity in its face. The portrait by Giotto gives us the poet in his youth, and there can be no doubt that all the later portraits are taken from the mask. The solemnly grave warrior head we see in the bronze bust at Naples, and the three heads by Raphael (one in the fresco of the Disputa in the Stanze of the Vatican, one in the Parnassus in the same room, and one in the School of Athens) are all of this graver and grander type. So also in a drawing by Raphael, probably a study for one of these, in the collection at Vienna. Raphael used the traditional features, but expressed them in grandiose poetic forms, and these again have been used as master types for succeeding portraits. These two portraits—the first being Mr. Kirkup's precious rescue from the destructive restorer, which gives the pure and beautiful outlines of youth, the second being the wonderfully expressive death-mask which has brought down to us not only the dead features of the poet but the expression stamped upon them in that supreme hour when, before abandoning the clay, the spirit takes entire possession of it—express the history of a life, and bring



HEAD OF DANTE.

FROM THE "DISPUTA" OF RAPHAEL, IN THE VATICAN.

this distracted, this stormy and suffering pilgrimage together into a coherent and most impressive whole.

The history of the mask I will give in Mr. Norton's words:

"There exists also a mask concerning which there is a tradition that it was taken from the face of the dead poet, and which, if its genuineness could be established, would not be of inferior interest to the early portrait. But there is no trustworthy historic testimony concerning it, and its authority as a likeness depends on the evidence of truth which its own character affords. On the very threshold of the inquiry we are met with the doubt whether the art of taking casts was practiced at the time of Dante's death. In his life of Andrea del Verocchio, Vasari says that this art began to come into use in his time, that is, about the middle of the fifteenth century; and Bottari refers to the likeness of Brunelleschi, who died in 1446, which was taken in this manner, and was preserved in the office of the works of the cathedral at Florence. It is not impossible that so simple an art may have been sometimes practiced at an earlier period; and if so, there is no inherent improbability in the supposition that Guido Novello, the friend and protector of Dante at Ravenna, may, at the time of the poet's death, have had a mask taken to serve as a model for the head of a statue intended to form part of the monument which he proposed to erect in honor of Dante. And it may further be supposed that, this design failing, owing to the fall of Guido from power before its accomplishment, the mask may have been preserved at Ravenna, till we first catch a trace of it nearly three centuries later. There is in the Magliabecchian library at Florence an autograph manuscript by Giovanni Cinelli, a Florentine antiquary who died in 1706, entitled '*La Toscana letterata, ovvero Istoria degli Scrittori Fiorentini*,' which contains a life of Dante. In the course of the biography, Cinelli states that the Archbishop of Ravenna caused the head of the poet, which had adorned his sepulcher, to be taken therefrom, and that it came into the possession of the famous sculptor Gian Bologna, who left it at his death, in 1606, to his pupil Pietro Tacca. One day Tacca showed it with other curiosities to the Duchess Sforza, who, having wrapped it in a scarf of green cloth, carried it away, and God knows into whose hands the precious object has fallen, or where it is to be found. . . . On account of its singular beauty, it had often been drawn by the scholars of Tacca. It has been supposed that this head was the original mask from which the casts now existing were derived.

"Mr. Seymour Kirkup, in a note on this passage from Cinelli, says that 'there are three masks of Dante at Florence, all of which have been judged by the first Roman and Florentine sculptors to have been taken from life (that is, from the face after death),—the slight differences noticeable between them being such as might occur in casts made from the original mask.' One of these casts was given to Mr. Kirkup by the sculptor Bartolini, another belonged to the late sculptor Professor Ricci, and the third is in the possession of the Marchese Torrigiani. . . .

"In the absence of historical evidence in regard to this mask, some support is given to the belief in its genuineness by the fact that it appears to be the type of the greater number of the portraits of Dante executed from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, and was adopted by Raphael as the original from which he drew the likeness which has done most to make the features of the poet familiar to the world. The character of the mask itself, however, affords the only really satisfactory ground for confidence in the truth of the tradition concerning it. It was plainly

taken as a cast from a face after death. It has none of the characteristics which a fictitious and imaginative representation of the sort would be likely to present. It bears no trace of being a work of skillful and deceptive art. The difference in the fall of the two half-closed eyelids, the difference between the sides of the face, the slight deflection in the line of the nose, the droop of the corners of the mouth, and other delicate, but none the less convincing indications, combine to show that it was in all probability taken directly from nature. The countenance, moreover, and expression are worthy of Dante; no ideal forms could so answer to the face of him who had led a life apart from the world in which he dwelt, and had been conducted by love and faith along hard, painful, and solitary ways to behold

"'*L'alto trionfo del regno verace.*'"

"The mask conforms entirely to the description by Boccaccio of the poet's countenance, save that it is beardless, and this difference is to be accounted for by the fact that, to obtain the cast, the beard must have been removed.

"The face is one of the most pathetic upon which human eyes ever looked, for it exhibits in its expression the conflict between the strong nature of the man and the hard dealings of fortune—between the idea of his life and its practical experience. Strength is the most striking attribute of the countenance, displayed alike in the broad forehead, the masculine nose, the firm lips, the heavy jaw, and wide chin; and this strength, resulting from the main forms of the features, is enforced by the strength of the lines of expression. The look is grave and stern, almost to grimness; there is a scornful lift to the eyebrow, and a contraction of the forehead as from painful thought; but, obscured under this look, yet not lost, are the marks of tenderness, refinement, and self-mastery, which, in combination with the more obvious characteristics, give to the countenance of the dead poet an ineffable dignity and melancholy. There is neither weakness nor failure here. It is the image of the strong fortress of a strong soul, 'buttressed by conscience and impregnable will,' battered by the blows of enemies without and within, bearing upon its walls the dints of many a siege, but standing firm and unshaken against all attacks until the warfare was at an end.

"The intrinsic evidence for the truth of this likeness, from its correspondence, not only with the description of the poet, but with the imagination that we form of him from his life and works, is strongly confirmed by a comparison of the mask with the portrait by Giotto. So far as I am aware, this comparison has not hitherto been made in a manner to exhibit effectively the resemblance between the two. A direct comparison between the painting and the mask, owing to the difficulty of reducing the forms of the latter to a plain surface of light and shade, is unsatisfactory. But by taking a photograph from the mask in the same position as that in which the face is painted by Giotto, and placing it alongside of the facsimile from the painting, a very remarkable similarity becomes at once apparent. . . . The differences are only such as must exist between the portrait of a man in the freshness of a happy youth and the portrait of him in his age, after much experience and many trials. Dante was fifty-six years old at the time of his death, when the mask was taken; the portrait by Giotto represents him as not much past twenty. There is an interval of at least thirty years between the two. And what years they had been for him!

"The interest of this comparison lies not only in the mutual support which the portraits afford each other, in the assurance each gives that the other is genuine, but also in their joint illustration of the life and character of Dante. As Giotto painted him, he is the lover

of Beatrice, the gay companion of princes, the friend of poets, and himself already the most famous writer of love verses in Italy. There is an almost feminine softness in the lines of the face, with a sweet and serious tenderness well befitting the lover and the author of the sonnets and *canzoni* which were, in a few years, to be gathered into the incomparable record of his new life. It is the face of Dante in the May time of youthful hope, in that serene season of promise and joy which was so soon to reach its foreordained close

Dr. Theodor Paur, in his paper on the Dante portraits in the "Jahrbuch der Deutschen Dante Gesellschaft" (Leipzig, F. A. Brockhaus, 1869), speaks of a fourth death-mask said to have been found in Ravenna more recently by L. C. Perucchi of Florence. It is a profile raised in rilievo on a marble slab, and is spoken of as now in Rome at San Pietro in



GIOTTO'S PORTRAIT OF DANTE, FROM TRACING BY SEYMOUR KIRKUP, ESQ. (BY PERMISSION OF ARUNDEL SOCIETY.)

in the death of her who had made life new and beautiful to him, and to the love and honor of whom he dedicated his soul and gave all his future years. It is the same face with that of the mask, but the one is the face of a youth 'with all triumphant splendor on his brow,' the other of a man burdened 'with the dust and injury of age.' The forms and features are alike; but, as to the later face,

"That time of year thou may'st in [it] behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

"The face of the youth is grave as with the shadow of distant sorrow; the face of the man is solemn, as of one who had gone

"Per tutti i cerchi del dolente regno."

"The one is the young poet of Florence, the other the supreme poet of the world,—

"che al divino dall' umano
All' eterno del tempo era venuto."

Vincoli. Perucchi asserts that this is the first authentic one. A frontispiece to the same volume is a profile likeness of Dante, engraved from a portrait in the Munich collection, said to be by Masaccio. The cast of the features is not very unlike that of Giotto's portrait; that is to say, in the way in which the face is put together, which more than identity of feature makes likeness. In this vital point the many portraits vary; and if we take the Giotto portrait and the death-mask, which are alike in this respect, we have a standard which will exclude many of the portraits of Dante which are supposed to be of some authority. A greater difference between these two and most of the others that I have seen is the difference in expression. In both of these is to be seen a calm serenity which marks the strong man, the man strong in all his intellectual faculties, in his clear



PROFILE OF DANTE, IN RELIEF, ON THE MAUSOLEUM AT RAVENNA.

moral sense, and his unvarying strength of will, which sustains all the higher powers in their work. The Masaccio portrait seems weak, though not varying much from the original type. This may be through fault of the engraver.

There is an interesting portrait in Rome, an old painting in oils, owned by Mr. Morris Moore, which appears to have been copied by a skillful artist from the work of Giotto. It has the same facial angle, the same beautiful profile, the same serene, composed expression of a harmonious and happy existence before the peace was broken. Mr. Moore believes this to be a copy by Raphael. It has a laurel crown above the cap, wanting in the Giotto, and the vest has three peculiarly shaped buttons, in this point also differing from the Giotto portrait, but resembling the Dresden bust.*

Professor Theodor Paur, in his learned paper on the portraits of Dante, enumerates many of earlier date than the present century. As, however, they may be traced to the two sources already indicated, we will not here give their catalogue. One of these was a me-

dallion owned by Goethe, which he believed to have been made during the poet's life-time.

The description of Dante's person in Boccaccio's life is interesting:

"Our poet was of middle stature, and had a long face and aquiline nose; jaws prominent, and the under lip projecting so that it was as much advanced as the upper; shoulders somewhat bent, and the eyes rather large than small; complexion dark, hair and beard thick, crisp, and black, and his countenance always sad and thoughtful. For this reason it happened, one day in Verona, the fame of his work being already spread everywhere, and his person known to many men and women, that, in passing before a door where several women were sitting, one of them, speaking softly, but not so that it was not audible to himself and to those who were with him, said to the other women, 'Behold the man who goes into the Inferno, and returns when he pleases, and brings news of those who are down there!' To which one of the others answered, simply, 'Truly it must be so. See how brown he is, and how his beard is scorched, through the heat and smoke!' It is said that Dante, seeing that she spoke in good faith, passed on, smiling. He was always decently dressed, and in clothing suited to his years. His bearing was grave and gentle, and, whether at home or in public, wonderfully composed and courteous. He was temperate in eating and drinking, was greatly inclined to solitude, and, though eloquent in speech, he rarely spoke unless when addressed."

* The pedigree Mr. Moore gives of this portrait is that it was painted for Cardinal Bembo, and is of the period of the Entombment in the Borghese gallery. From the Bembo family it passed into another great Venetian patrician family, that of Gradenigo, and from this into the family of the Counts Capodilista of Padua. It came into Morris Moore's possession in 1857.

At the end of a manuscript of the *Divina Commedia* of the fourteenth century are two short poems in honor of Dante. The first speaks of his glory and misfortunes, the second gives his physical portrait, which is in strict conformity with that traced by Bocc-

caccio in his life of the poet, so much so that it is, in nearly the same words, arranged in verse. It has been observed that, although the verbal descriptions of his person all give him a beard, only one of the portraits does so—an old one, painted in the fourteenth century. This is mentioned by Dante's biographer Misserini in 1832. Giotto's portrait has no beard, perhaps because the younger men of that day wore none; the death-mask has no beard, perhaps because it was removed before taking the cast.

I have not mentioned the basso-rilievo at Ravenna, which every traveler sees, or tries to see. The light in that little building is so imperfect that, looking through the grated door, one but just sees that there is something of the kind there. A cast of this head shows something more, and, though it is crude in treatment, both likeness and expression are

there. Of this work the sculptor William W. Story says, in a letter to the writer:

"The photograph of the basso-rilievo in the tomb of Dante at Ravenna, representing the poet himself, is interesting, and, though a little weak, has a good deal of expression and feeling. There is no special authority for it as a likeness other than what it draws from material still at command of any artist. It was executed by Pietro Lombardi in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the same artist who designed the tomb itself. The photograph only represents a part of the figure existing in the basso-rilievo, which is a half figure leaning his arm on a reading stand, on which is an open book, at which the poet is looking. The likeness was undoubtedly made up by the artist from the pictures and mask of Dante then existing."

Of the Naples bust in bronze Mr. Story says:

"It is not only very fine in itself and carefully executed, but was probably made in the fourteenth century, and possibly may be an authentic portrait from life. Of all the likenesses of Dante, this is the best and most characteristic. I mean I think so."

Sarah Freeman Clarke.



A SONG OF HOPE.

THE morning breaks, the storm is past. Behold!
Along the west the light grows bright; the sea
Leaps sparkling blue to catch the sunshine's gold,
And swift before the breeze the vapors flee.

Light cloud-flocks white that troop in joyful haste
Up and across the pure and tender sky;
Light laughing waves that dimple all the waste,
And break about the rocks and hurry by!

Flying of sails and clouds, and tumult sweet,
And tossing buoys, and warm wild wind that blows
The scarlet pennon, rushing on to greet
Thy lovely cheek and heighten its soft rose!

Beloved, beloved! is there no morning breeze
To clear our sky and chase our clouds away,
Like this great air that sweeps the freshening seas,
And wakes the old sad world to glad new day?

Sweeter than morning, stronger than the gale,
Deeper than ocean, warmer than the sun,
My love shall climb, shall claim thee, shall prevail
Against eternal darkness, dearest one!

Celia Thaxter.

THE CONVICT LEASE SYSTEM IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

A MODEL PRISON.

HERE and there in the United States a penal institution may be found that fairly earns the pride with which it is pointed out by the surrounding community. In the whole country there may be four or five such. The visitor to them admires the fitness, of their architecture.

"Yes," the warden replies; "this is not a house of pleasure, and so we have not made it pretty. It is not an abode of crime, and so we have not made it ugly. It is not a place where men *seek* justice, and therefore we have not made it grandiose and majestic. But it is the house of chastisement,—of chastening punishment,—and so it is made solemn, severe, and calm."

The visitor praises the grave and silent decency of all the internal appointments.

"Yes," responds the warden; "the peace and dignity of the State are here asserting themselves over the person of the prisoner who has violated them; there is no more room here for merriment or confusion than for strife."

The visitor extols the perfection of the sanitary arrangements.

"Yes," says the warden; "when the criminal was free and his life at his own disposal, he took no such care of it as this. He probably lived a sort of daily suicide. If he shortened his days, the State was, presumably, not to blame. But if we by malice or neglect shorten his days here, where he is our captive, we bring upon the State both blame and shame. For his life is in our custody, just as the clothing is with which he came here; the State, through its courts, has distinctly declined to tamper with it, and holds it subject to be returned to his own keeping, at the expiration of his confinement, in as good order as that in which it was received, the inevitable wear and tear of time alone excepted. Can a State maintain its peace and dignity as it should, that commits breaches of trust inside its very prisons?"

The visitor remarks that a wise benevolence is necessary even toward bad men.

"But," says the other, "it is not merely benevolence to bad men that puts in these elaborate sanitary appliances; it is the necessity of upholding the integrity and honor of the State"

The visitor shows his surprise at the absence of all the traditional appliances for the correction of the refractory. "Yet be cer-

tain," is the rejoinder, "a discipline, sure, prompt, and effectual meets every infraction of rules. How else could we have this perfection of order? But it is a discipline whose punishments are free from brutalizing tendencies, increasing dispassionately as the culprit's passions increase, and relenting only when he has repented."*

The visitor is impressed with the educative value of the labor performed by the inmates.

"Yes," says the warden; "send a man out from here with knowledge of a trade, and may be he will come back, but the chances are he will not. Send him away without a trade, and may be he will not come back, but the chances are he will. So, for society's sake,—in the community's interest and for its safety,—these men are taught certain trades that they cannot turn to bad account. We do not teach burglars locksmithing."

Yet the visitor takes a momentary alarm.

"You put the housebreaker and the robber, the sneak-thief and the pickpocket into open competition with honest men in the community around them."

"Exactly," responds the other; "trying to live without competing in the fields of productive labor is just the essence of the crimes for which they were sent here. We make a short end of that."

The visitor looks with pleased interest at the statistical records of the clerk's office.

"We could not call our duty done without these," is the warden's response. "These are the keys to the study of the cause and prevention of crime. By these we weigh our own results. By these we uncover not only the convict and his crime, but society's and the State's own sins of omission and commission, whose fruits are these crimes and these criminals."

"After all," at length the visitor says, "tell me one thing more. Here where a prisoner is safe from fire and plague and oppression and temptation and evil companionship, and is taught thrift and skill, and has only to submit to justice and obey right rules, where is his punishment? How is this punishment at all?"

* "Good order and discipline have been maintained during the past year. There has not been one case of insubordination or gross violation of any of the rules of the prison government; not one case that required punishment, either for the purpose of maintaining discipline or as penalty for an offense committed by an individual prisoner."—"Annual Report of the Inspectors of the State Penitentiary, Eastern District, Pennsylvania, 1882," p. 89.

And the warden makes answer with question for question: "Had you a deformed foot, and an iron mold were made to close around it and press it into symmetrical shape and hold it so, would you ask where is the agony? The punishment here is the punishment of a deformed nature forced into superficial symmetry. It is the punishment that captivity is to unrestraint; that subordination and enforced self-control are to ungoverned passion and inordinate vanity and pride; that routine is to the love of idle adventure; that decorum is to the love of orgies; that temperance is to the love of drink; that loneliness is to the social and domestic impulses; that solitude and self-communion are to remorse. It is all the losses and restraints of banishment, without one of its liberties. Nothing tempers it but the repentance and reform which it induces, and these temper it just in degree as they are genuine and thorough."

"And your actual results?" asks the visitor.

"Of those who come here for their first offense, a majority return to honest life."

"You have a model prison."

"No," says the warden, "not yet."

THE THEORY OF SELF-SUPPORT.

Now, the number of such prisons in America, we say, may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Communities rarely allow the prison its rightful place among their investments of public money for the improvement of public morals and public safety. Its outlays are begrudged because they do not yield cash incomes equal to their cash expenses. Legislatures, public schools, courts of justice, and departments of police are paid for by the people in the belief that they will and must be made to yield conditions and results necessary to be obtained, for whose absence no saving of public wealth can atone, and that ultimately, though indirectly, even on their pecuniary side, they are emphatically profitable. But when it is asked by what course of reasoning the prison is left out of this count, there is heard only, as one may say, a motion to adjourn. Society is not ready for the question.

The error is a sad one, and is deeply rooted. And yet it is a glaring one. A glance at the subject is enough to show that unless the money laid out in prisons is devoted to some end far better than the mere getting it back again, then legislatures, public schools, courts, and police all are shortened in their results, and a corresponding part of their expenses is rightly chargeable to the mismanaged prison. The prison is an inseparable part of the system; and the idea that the prison must first of all pay

back dollar for dollar, if logically pushed on through the system, would close public schools, adjourn courts of justice, dissolve legislatures, and disband police. For not one of these could exist on a "self-supporting" basis.

Often, probably, than from any other one source, this mistake springs from the indolent assumption that the call to make prisons what they ought to be is merely an appeal to public benevolence. It was so, in their earlier turn, with public hospitals and public schools; and the effect was similar. For only here and there, if at all, did they find their best efficiency or a true public support, until society rose to the noble modesty that recognized them not as public charities, but as public interests. The management of a State's convicts is a public interest that still waits for the same sort of recognition and treatment. In many directions this has been partly conceded; but there are few, if any, other State executives who would undertake to echo the lately uttered words of that one who said:

"In neither of the penitentiaries of this State has there ever been an attempt yet made to administer them on the vulgar, wicked, unworthy consideration of making them self-sustaining. In neither of them has it been forgotten that even the convict is a human being, and that his body and soul are not so the property of the State that both may be crushed out in the effort to reimburse the State the cost of his scanty food, and, at the end of his term, what then is left of him be dismissed, an enemy of human society."

The two dissimilar motives here implied govern the management of most American prisons. In a few the foremost effort is to make them yield, by a generous, judicious control, every result worth, to society's best interests, the money paid for it; that is, to treat them as a public interest. In a much larger number it is to seek such, and only such, good results as may be got without an appreciable excess of expense over income; that is, to treat them as appeals — and unworthy appeals — to the public charity. One motive demands first of all the largest results, the other the smallest net expense. They give rise to two systems of management, each of which, in practice, has its merits and drawbacks, and is more or less effectively carried out, according to the hands and minds under which it falls. These are known as the Public Accounts System and the Contract System. Each has its advocates among students of prison science, and it is not the province of this paper further to press the contrast between them. It is truly the country's misfortune that in several States there is a third system in operation, a knowledge of whose real workings can fill the mind of any good citizen only with astonishment and indignant mortification.

By either of the two systems already named, the prison remains in charge of State officials, the criminals are kept continually within the prison walls, and the prison discipline rests intact. All the appliances for labor—the workshops, tools, engines, and machinery—are provided by the State, and the convicts labor daily, prosecuting various industries, in the Public Accounts System under their official overseers, and in the Contract System under private contractors. In degrees of more or less excellence, these industrial operations, whether under official directors or contractors, are carefully harmonized with those features of the prison management that look to the secure detention, the health, the discipline, and the moral reformation of the prisoner, the execution of the law's sentence upon him in its closest and furthest intent, and, if possible, his return to the outer world, when he must be returned, a more valuable and less dangerous man, impressed with the justice of his punishment, and yet a warning to evil-doers. It is the absence of several of these features, and sometimes of all, that makes the wide difference between these methods on the one hand and the mode of prison management known as the Lease System on the other.

EVIL PRINCIPLES OF THE LEASE SYSTEM.

Its features vary in different regions. In some, the State retains the penitentiary in charge of its officers, and leases out the convicts in gangs of scores or hundreds to persons who use them anywhere within the State boundaries in the execution of private enterprises or public or semi-public works. In a few cases the penitentiary itself, its appliances and its inmates, all and entire, are leased, sometimes annually or biennially, sometimes for five and sometimes for ten or even twenty years, and the convicts worked within or without the prison walls, and near to or distant from them, as various circumstances may regulate, being transferred from place to place in companies under military or semi-military guard, and quartered in camps or herded in stockades convenient to their fields of labor. In two or three States the Government's abandonment of its trust is still more nearly complete, the terms of the lease going so far as to assign to the lessees the entire custody and discipline of the convicts, and even their medical and surgical care. But a clause common to all these prison leases is that which allows a portion, at least, and sometimes all of the prisoners to be worked in parts of the State remote from the prison. The fitness of some lessees to hold such a trust may be estimated from the spirit of the following letters:

"OFFICE OF LESSEE ARKANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY,

"LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, January 12, 1882.

"DEAR SIR: Your postal of request to hand; sorry to say cannot send you report, as there are none given. The business of the Arkansas State Penitentiary is of a private nature, and no report is made to the public. Any private information relative to the men will be furnished upon application for same.

"Very respectfully,

"ZEB. WARD, Lessee.

"Z. J."

"OFFICE OF LESSEE ARKANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY.

"LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, July 2, 1882.

"DEAR SIR: Yours of — date to hand and fully noted. Your inquiries, if answered, would require much time and labor. I am sole lessee, and work all the convicts, and of course the business of the prison is my private business. My book-keeper is kept quite busy with my business, and no time to make out all the queries you ask for. Similar information is given to the Legislature once in two years.

"Respectfully,

"ZEB. WARD."

The wonder is that such a scheme should not, upon its face, be instantly rejected by any but the most sordid and short-sighted minds. It is difficult to call its propositions less than an insult to the intelligence and humanity of any enlightened community. It was a Governor of Kentucky who, in 1873, justly said to his State Legislature: "I cannot but regard the present system under which the State penitentiary is leased and managed as a reproach to the commonwealth. . . . It is the system, not the officer acting under it, with which I find fault."*

This system springs primarily from the idea that the possession of a convict's person is an opportunity for the State to make money; that the amount to be made is whatever can be wrung from him; that for the officers of the State to waive this opportunity is to impose upon the clemency of a tax-paying public; and that, without regard to moral or mortal consequences, the penitentiary whose annual report shows the largest cash balance paid into the State's treasury is the best penitentiary. The mitigations that arise in its practice through the humane or semi-humane sentiments of keepers and guards, and through the meagerest of legislation, are few, scanty, and rare; and in the main the notion is clearly set forth and followed that a convict, whether pilferer or murderer, man, woman, or child, has almost no human right that the State is bound to be at any expense to protect.

It hardly need be said that the system is not in operation by reason of any malicious public intention. On the part of lessees there is a most unadmirable spirit of enterprise. On the part of State officials there is a very natural eagerness to report themselves as put-

* Quoted in "Transactions of the National Prison Congress, St. Louis, 1874," p. 325.

ting money into the treasury, and a low estimate of public sentiment and intelligence. In the people at large there is little more than a listless oblivion, that may be reprehensible, but is not intentional, unless they are to be judged by the acts of their elected legislators, a rule by which few communities would stand unaccused. At any rate, to fall into the error is easy. Outlays for the maintenance of police and courts are followed with a jealous eye. Expense and danger keep the public on the alert. Since neither police nor courts can pay back in money, they must pay back in protection and in justice. The accused of crime must be arrested, the innocent acquitted and exonerated, and the guilty sentenced to the penalties of the laws they have violated. But just here the careless mind slips into the mistake that the end is reached; that to punish crime is to deter crime; that when broken laws are *avenged* that is the end; that it is enough to have the culprit in limbo, if only he is made to suffer and not to cost. Hence the public resolve, expressed and enforced through legislators and executive officers, to spend no more money on the criminal than will promptly come back in cash—nay, worse, to make him pay in advance; and hence, too, a total disregard of all other results for good or bad that may be issuing from the prison walls. Thus it follows that that arm of the public service by whose workings a large part of all the immense labor and expenses of police and courts must become either profitable or unprofitable is handed over to the system which, whatever else of profound mischief its annual tables may betray or conceal, will show the smartest results on the cash-book. And thus we see, annually or biennially, the governors of some of our States congratulating their legislatures upon the fact that, by farming out into private hands whose single motive is money the most delicate and difficult task in the whole public service, that task is changed from an outlay that might have been made nobly advantageous into a shameful and disastrous source of revenue.

IN TENNESSEE—THE SYSTEM AT ITS BEST.

If, now, we are to begin a scrutiny of this evil, we shall do well to regard it first as it presents itself in its least offensive aspect. To do this, we turn to the State prison, or prisons, of Tennessee. The State holds in confinement about one thousand three hundred convicts. The penitentiary is at Nashville, the capital. On the 5th of December, 1881, its workshops were accidentally destroyed by fire, and those which have taken their place are, if we may accept the warden's judgment,

the finest south of the Ohio River.* An advertisement from the Secretary of State, in a New Orleans paper of June 14, 1883, invites bids for a six years' lease of the "Penitentiary of Tennessee and the labor of the convicts, together with the building, quarry-grounds, fixtures, machinery, tools, engines, patterns, etc., belonging to the State." It is there asserted that the penitentiary has been conducted on this plan already for a number of years. The State's official prison inspectors remark, in their report of December 30, 1882: "The Lease System, during our term of office, has worked harmoniously and without the least scandal or cause for interference on the part of the inspectors. Rentals have been promptly paid, and the prisoners worked in accordance with law and most humanely treated. . . . To our minds there can be no valid objection raised to the Lease System, under proper restrictions, especially if as well conducted as for the past few years." They add the one reason for this conviction, but for which, certainly, there would be none: "A fixed revenue is assured to the State every year under the lease plan, as against an annual outlay under State management." The advertisement shows one feature in the system in Tennessee which marks it as superior to its application in most other States that practice it: the lessees employ such convicts as are retained "in the prison building at Nashville (many of whom are skilled laborers and of long-term sentence) in manufacturing wagons, iron hollow-ware, furniture, etc." The terms of the lease are required to be "not less than one hundred thousand dollars per annum, payable quarterly, clear of all expenses to the State on any account except the salaries of the superintendent, warden, assistant-warden, surgeon, and chaplain, which are to be paid by the State."

Here, then, is the Lease System at its best. Let us now glance in upon it for a moment through its own testimony, as found in the official report of its operations during the two years ending December 1, 1882. At the close of that term the State held in custody 1,336 convicts. Of these, 685 were at work in the penitentiary, 28 were employed in a railway tunnel, 34 were at work on a farm, 89 on another farm, 30 in a coal-mine, 145 in another coal-mine, and 325 in still another. In short, nearly half the convicts are scattered about in "branch prisons," and the facts that can be gathered concerning them are only such as are given or implied in

* Unfortunately for this pardonable boast, the boundary given cuts off all State prisons that exclude the lease management, except one small institution in West Virginia.

the most meager allusions. It appears that they are worked in gangs surrounded by armed guards, and the largest company, at least,—the three hundred and twenty-five,—quartered in a mere stockade. As the eye runs down the table of deaths, it finds opposite the names, among other mortal causes, the following: Found dead. Killed. Drowned. Not given. Blank. Blank. Blank. Killed. Blank. Shot. Killed. Blank. Blank. Killed. Killed. Blank. Blank. Blank. Killed. Blank. Blank.* The warden of the penitentiary states that, "in sending convicts to the branch prisons, especial care is taken to prevent the sending of any but able-bodied men"; and that "it has also been the custom to return the invalid and afflicted convicts from the branch prisons to this prison"—the penitentiary. Yet the report shows heavy rates of mortality at these branch prisons, resulting largely from such lingering complaints as dropsy, scrofula, etc., and more numerous by consumption than by any one thing else except violence: rates of mortality startlingly large compared with the usual rates of well-ordered prisons, and low only in comparison with those of other prisons worked under the hands of lessees.

The annual reports (taken as they could be procured, one for 1880, three for 1881, and one for 1882) of five of the largest prisons in the United States show that, from the aggregate population of those prisons, numbering 5300 convicts, there escaped during twelve months but one prisoner. In all the State prisons of the country not kept by the Lease System, with a population, at dates of reports, of 18,400, there escaped in one year only 63. But in the one year ending December 1, 1881, there escaped, from an average population of about 630 convicts at these Tennessee "branch prisons," 49 prisoners. Or, rather, there were 49 escapes; for some convicts escaped and were recaptured more than once or twice. The following year they numbered 50. If the tables in the report were correct,—it will be shown they are not,—we should know that the recaptures in the two years were about forty; but that which is not known is, what public and private expense in depredations on the one hand and the maintenance of police on the other these ninety-nine escaped robbers, burglars, house-burners, horse-thieves, and swindlers, and these forty recaptures, have caused and are still causing. The superintendent of prisons, making exception, it is true, of one small establishment of

less than a hundred population, whence over a third of these escapes were made, says the deputy wardens in charge "deserve credit for the manner in which they have carried out his instructions." Such is one feature of the Lease System under an exceptionally good administration of it. What a condition it had but lately come out of may be inferred from three lines found in the warden's report of the Texas penitentiary in 1880: "I noticed in a recent Tennessee report that, from an average force of less than 600 convicts, there were 257 escapes in two years."

The convict quarters in the main prison, at Nashville, are three separate stone wings, in each of which the cells rise one above another in four tiers. The total number of cells is 352. They are of three sizes. According to modern sanitary knowledge, a sleeping-room should never contain less than 800 cubic feet of air to each occupant; but, of these cells, 120 contain, each, only 309 cubic feet of space; another 120 contain, each, but 175 feet; the remaining 112 contain but 162 feet each; and nearly every one of these cells has two inmates. Thus a majority of the inmates are allowed an air space at night less than the cubic contents of a good-sized grave. The physician of the penitentiary reports that the air breathed in these cells is "almost insupportable." He says of the entire establishment, "No amount of remodeling or tinkering can make it comfortable or healthy." The hospital he and others report as badly constructed and too small. "There is no place for dressing the dead except in the presence of all the sick in the hospital, or in the wing in the presence of more than two hundred convicts." Other details are too revolting for popular reading.

The female department of the prison "overlooks the prison yard in plain view and hearing of the male convicts." "No woman," says the warden, "should be sentenced to the Tennessee penitentiary until the State makes better provision for their care." "Had I the pardoning power, I would relieve every woman now in the penitentiary and those who may be sentenced, until the State can or will provide a place to keep them, in keeping with the age in which we live." The chaplain reports these women as having "abandoned all hope and given up to utter despair, their conversation obscene and filthy, and their conduct controlled by their unrestrained passions." He indicates that he has abandoned all spiritual and moral effort among them; but, it is to be regretted, does not state by what right he has done so.

The discipline of this main prison, as of the "branches," seems to be only such as pro-

* One might hope these blanks were but omissions of ditto marks, although such marks are not lacking where required in other parts of the table; but the charitable assumption fails when it would require us to supply them under "Sunstroke" and opposite the date of December.

vides for efficiency in labor and against insurrection and escape. The warden's report intimates that modes of punishment of refractory prisoners are left "to the discretion of wardens and inspectors." "When the labor is hired out," he says, "the lessee demands punishment that will not cause him to lose the labor of the man." Thus he lays his finger upon the fact that the very nature of the Lease System tends to banish all the most salutary forms of correction from the prison management. "Under the present laws and customs," says this warden, "the Tennessee penitentiary is a school of crime instead of being a reformatory institution. . . . There are now about fifty boys in the penitentiary under eighteen years of age. . . . Nineteenths of them leave prison much worse than when they came. . . . They are thrown into the midst of hundreds of the worst criminals the State affords, sleeping in the same cell with them at night, and working at the same bench or machine in the day. . . . The young and the old, the comparatively good and the vilest and most depraved, are thrown promiscuously together."*

Even that superficial discipline which obtains in the prison, addressed merely against physical insubordination, is loose, crude, and morally bad. The freedom of intercourse among the convicts is something preposterous. The State is actually put into the position of bringing together its murderers, thieves, house-breakers, highwaymen, and abandoned women, and making each acquainted with all the rest, to the number of about five hundred a year. In an intelligently conducted prison, each convict carries his food to his cell and eats it there alone; but in this one the warden recommends that a dining-room be fitted up for 1200 persons. Convicts are given duties connected with the prison management; they are "door-keepers," and "wing-tenders," and "roll-callers." In one year the number of escapes from within its walls, not counting those made during the fire, was more than half as great as the total of escapes for an equal length of time from the State prisons of all New England, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, where there were over 12,000 convicts. One woman escaped twice, and another one three times, both within the same ninety days.

The incapable simplicity of the prison's disciplinarians is pointedly shown again in a list

of no less than 101 convicts recommended for executive clemency, some for having helped to put out the fire in December, 1881, some for holding mutineers in check on the same occasion, and some for running and telling on certain fellow-convicts who were preparing to escape in disguise. Reformatory discipline can hardly be imagined as reaching a lower degree of imbecility.

The chaplain's report is a bundle of crude generalities, marked by a serene ignorance of the badness of affairs, and by a total absence of any tabulated or other form of accurate or useful observation. Some spelling, some reading, regular Sabbath service, Sunday-school, —all is recounted in indefinite quantities, except the 33 admissions into the "prison church." No feature is lacking of that well-meant but melancholy farce which religious prison work always must be, when performed without regard to the unique conditions of life to which it is addressed. During the winter of 1881-'82, the chaplain preached sometimes to the convicts at Ensley's farm, where "they seemed to enjoy the services very much"; and this is all he has to say of the place where men were being "found dead," and "killed," and "drowned," and "——"-ed. Nor was his silence a mistaken discreetness; for he writes:

"The objects sought by imprisoning offenders being the security of society and the punishment and reformation of the guilty, I am glad to say that these objects are certainly in a large measure being accomplished in many cases in the management of our State Prison."

Having thus claimed a proprietary share in this rotten institution, he wisely concludes with an expression of timid uncertainty as to how many of his "prison church" membership will finally reach "the haven of eternal repose."

But are these bad conditions necessarily chargeable to the Lease System? No, and yes. They have been dwelt upon to show with what a state of affairs the system will content itself, its inspectors, the State legislators, and the community at large. It has nothing in it to produce a knowledge of and desire for a correct and honorable and truly profitable prison management. Its interests make directly against both individual and institutional reform. The plea of self-support on which it rests, the price it pays for its privileges, whether corruptly intended or not, are a bribe to officials and to public alike to close the ear against all suggestion of better things. For example, see the report of the two inspectors of the Tennessee prisons. Excepting a letter from another hand, quoted by them, their whole biennial report is less than one hundred lines. A little over half tells of the fire and the new workshops. A little less than half is given to the praise of the Lease

* The roll of the Mississippi penitentiary shows, December, 1881, in a total number one-third less, seventy boys to have been received into the prison under eighteen years of age, some of them being but twelve and thirteen, sentenced for life and terms in their probabilities equivalent to a life sentence.

System, upon the lonely merit of cash returns, and to a recommendation for its continuance. For the rest, they content themselves with pointing the Legislature to the reports of the superintendent, warden, physician, and chaplain of the penitentiary, whom, they say, "we indorse most heartily as attentive to their respective duties, and alive to every requirement of the law [which the warden reports as painfully barren of requirements] and the dictates of humanity in the discharge of their duty." However true this may be of the executive officers, it is certainly not true of the inspectors themselves. They do not certify to the correctness of a single roll or tabulated statement, or imply that they have examined any one of them. They do not present a statistical figure of their own, or recommend the taking of a single record among all the valuable registries that should be made, but are not, because the facts they would indicate are either absent or despised. Indeed, their silence is in a certain sense obligatory; for the omitted records, if taken, would condemn the system they praise, and the meager records that are given swarm with errors. It would have been hard for the inspectors to say anything worse for themselves than that they had examined the reports. The physician's is an almost unqualified denunciation of the whole establishment; the superintendent's is three-quarters of a page of generalities and official compliments; and the warden's tabulated statements confusedly contradict each other. Even the numerical counts are incorrect. One convict, distinctly named and described, appears in the list of escapes but once, and among the recaptures three times. One, reported escaped twice, is not once mentioned among the recaptures. Four convicts (one of them serving a nineteen years' sentence) reported among the recaptures are not on the prison roll, nor are they reported as pardoned, discharged, transferred, died, blanked, or in any other way disposed of. A convict, Zach. Boyd by name, under life sentence, expected soon to die of dropsy and recommended by the warden for executive clemency, is enrolled neither among the dead nor the living. The inference is irresistible that the prison's officers do not know how many convicts they have or should have. In the list of "Commutations," names occur repeatedly that are not in any list of inmates on hand or removed or released. Several convicts are reported as white men when they escaped and as colored when recaptured, and one or two pass through two such transformations. All search by the present writer for occasion to lay these errors upon the printer has proved unavailing. The

fault is in the prisons themselves and the system on which they are managed. Such a condition of accounts might be excused in the rosters of a retreating army; but it is not to be believed, while there is room for doubt, that the people of an American State will knowingly accept such stupid and wicked trifling with their State's good name and the safety of society, or even such a ghastly burlesque of net revenue.

IN NORTH CAROLINA.

YET when we pass across the boundaries of Tennessee and enter any adjoining State, excepting only Missouri, we find the same system in operation, operating viciously, and often more viciously than in Tennessee. North Carolina, during the two years ending October 31, 1880, held in custody an average of 1090 convicts. The penitentiary proper and its interior industries were being controlled under public account. Shoemaking, brickmaking, tailoring, blacksmithing, etc., the officers report, were either already profitable or could be made so, and their detailed accounts of receipts and expenditures seem to verify their assertions. The statistics of the prison are given, not minutely or very comprehensively, but intelligently as far as they go, and are valuable.

So much sunshine of right endeavor an unusually restrained Lease System lets in: the Lease System itself exists only without the walls. Only able-bodied convicts may be farmed out. But just at this point the notion bred from a total misconception of the true profits to be sought—the notion that a penal establishment must live upon its income—begins to show its fruit. "Every enterprise that the board of directors," says its president, "have been able to devise for using the labor that was compelled to remain in the prison has been either summarily crushed in its incipency or seriously crippled in its progress by the fact that we had not the means to carry them to a successful issue. Attempted economy, we believe, has proven a waste, and . . . the State has suffered by a niggardly use of its resources. The [permanent] buildings, too, have been carried too far to be now torn down, and less costly ones erected in their stead. They must, therefore, at some time, be completed; and so long as they are permitted to remain in their present unfinished condition, they are subject to damage, from exposure to weather, that will often necessitate work to be redone that would have been saved had they been steadily pressed to completion. There would, too, be incalculable economy in the police of the prison, if the convenient and compact build-

ing in progress of erection could speedily take the place of the scattered and imperfect wooden structures now in use; and the suffering endured by the convicts in extreme cold weather, which is no part of their sentence, but has been unavoidable under the circumstances, would cease to be a source of anxiety to the board of directors and a reflection upon the power whose duty it is to relieve it."

The warden reports these temporary buildings as devoid of all means for warming them, badly ventilated, and entirely unfitted for use. A part, at least, of the inmates were, it seems, congregated in a stockade, which was "liable to tumble at any time." The prison physician pronounced these temporary quarters "the fruitful cause of many deaths." The population *within* this penitentiary was generally about three hundred. About eight hundred, therefore, were scattered about in companies under lessees, and in the two years 1879-80 were at different times at work on six different railways and one wagon road. What their experiences were at these places can be gathered, by one at a distance, only from one or two incidental remarks dropped by the prison officers in their reports and from the tabulated records of the convict movement. There is no hospital record given concerning them, nor any physician's account of their sickness. When they drop off they are simply scored as dead. The warden says of them that many had "taken their regular shifts for several years in the Swannanoa and other tunnels on the Western North Carolina Railroad, and were finally returned to the prison with shattered constitutions and their physical strength entirely gone, so that, with the most skillful medical treatment and the best nursing, it was impossible for them to recuperate."

But such remarks convey but a faint idea of the dreadful lot of these unfortunate creatures. The prison physician, apologizing for the high death-rate within the walls, instances twenty-one deaths of men "who had been returned from the railroads completely broken down and hopelessly diseased." And when *these deaths are left out of the count*, the number of deaths *inside* the walls, not attributable to *outside* hardships, amounted, in 1880, to just the number of those in the prisons of Auburn and Sing-Sing in a population *eight times as large*. Ten-elevenths of the deaths for 1879 and 1880 were from lingering diseases, principally consumption. Yet, year in and year out, the good citizens of Raleigh were visiting the place weekly, teaching Sunday-school, preaching the gospel, and staring these facts in the face.

Now, what was the death-rate among the convicts working at railroad construction? The average number of prisoners so engaged in 1879 and 1880 was 776. The deaths, including the 21 sent back to die in prison, were 178, an annual death-rate of nearly eleven and a half per cent., and therefore greater than the year's death-rate in New Orleans in 1853, the year of the Great Epidemic. But the dark fact that eclipses everything else is that not a word is given to account for the deaths of 158 of these men, except that 11 were shot down in trying to escape from this heartless butchery.

In the light of these conditions, the warden's expressed pleasure in the gradual decrease in prison population since 1877 in North Carolina seems rather ill grounded and not likely to last. It is certainly amazing that men of the sincerest good intentions can live in full knowledge of such affairs, or, at least, within easy reach of the knowledge, and not put forth their protest against the system that fosters and perpetuates it. The North Carolina prison, it may be repeated, is managed, within its walls, on the public account; but it is the Public Account System suffocated under the Lease System and stabbed by the glittering policy of self-support. In 1880 alone the *Lease System, pure and simple*, set free upon the people of North Carolina, from its railroad gangs, 123 escaped criminals. The prison added 12 more. The recaptures numbered 42. Ninety-three remained at large; just 5 more than the *total* escapes for an equal period in every State prison of every State in this country, excepting the other eleven managed in whole or part upon the Lease System. The moral effect of such a prison life on men herded in stockades may be left to the imagination; but one other fact must be noted. In the two years 1879-80 there were turned into this penitentiary at Raleigh 234 youths under twenty years of age, not one of whom was under sentence for less than twelve months.

It only remains to be asked, For what enormous money consideration did the State set its seal upon this hideous mistake? The statement would be incredible were it attempted to give other than a literal quotation. "Therefore it will be seen," says the warden at the bottom of his résumé of accounts, "that the convicts have earned \$678.78 more than the prison department has cost for the two years ending October 31, 1880."

IN KENTUCKY.

In Kentucky the management of the State prison seems to be in a stage of transition.

Facts that need no mention here* make allusion to it a particularly delicate task. Yet the writer may not assume that any one would desire that the truth be left unsaid. Upon the candor and generosity not only of Kentuckians, but of all the communities whose prisons come under this review, must the writer throw himself, trusting to find his words received in the same spirit of simple good citizenship in which they are offered.

After long experience with the Lease System, there was passed in May, 1880, an "Act to provide for the government, management, and discipline of the Kentucky penitentiary," by which the prison passed back from other hands into those of the State's appointed officers. The Lease System was not discarded; but certain very decided modifications were made in it, leaning toward the Contract System. The report made by the prison officers and board, eighteen months later, bears a general air of the sad confusion that commonly belongs to a late and partial extrication from disaster. It affords a retrospective view of the old system extremely unflattering; but it also gives evidence that certain State officers, conspicuously the Governor, were making an earnest and sagacious effort to reform the entire penal system of their commonwealth. Yet it seems plain again that they are not a little handicapped by that false popular idea of the prison's place in the State's governmental economy, upon which the Lease System thrives while the convict falls into moral and physical ruin and society's real interests are sold for old rags. It may be assumed that there is a reserved determination on the part of those who have taken the matter in hand, to raise the work of reform to the plane it should occupy as soon as the general sentiment can be brought to require it; but, meantime, the State's penal system has risen, from something worse, only to the level of the system in North Carolina.

The officers whom the State, pursuant to its scheme of renovation, placed in charge, put that scheme into practice, to use their own words, "whenever the costs of doing so involved only a small outlay." The building that contains the prisoners' cells, found "infested with all kinds of vermin known to institutions of the kind," with bad ventilation and rat-eaten floors, was purged, by convict labor, with coal-oil, fire, whitewash, and tar. The grounds around the women's quarters, "low and marshy, covered with water, in rainy weather, ankle-deep for days," were filled up. "Long rows of shanties or sheds, . . . unsightly and inflammable in the ex-

* At Louisville, Kentucky, where the convention before which this paper was read was then enjoying the hospitality of the State.

treme," long used in the hackling of hemp, were torn away. The hospital and chapel were cleaned and kept clean. Religious services were regularly afforded by an official chaplain and at intervals by a Catholic priest, and Sabbath instruction gradually took shape with (let it be said to their praise) members of the Governor's own family in charge. The diminutive and dilapidated library was put into shape and new books were added. But from here on, the friends of the prison could only pray for aid and relief. The principal industry continued to be, as it had been for many years, working in hemp, under circumstances that made it a distressing and unhealthful hardship. On the 1st of last January, 350 men were working in that department without ventilation or bath, and, says the warden, "the dust so dense that it is frequently impossible to recognize a man twenty feet distant." "It is certainly an act only of common humanity that the evil created should be counteracted by good and ample bathing facilities." In the hospital, as a fit adjunct to the hemp department, there were, in 1881, 144 cases of inflamed eyes and 202 of acute bronchitis. The kitchen was not adapted to the proper cooking of the prisoners' food, and the hospital's response was 616 cases of acute disease of the bowels and 101 of impoverishment of the blood. There was an entire absence of an intelligent *trained* reformatory treatment, in accordance with a knowledge of criminal character, recognition of the criminals' forfeited rights, and proper prison discipline. In this shape stood matters at the beginning of the year 1882, as viewed from without. The inside history can only be conjectured; but we get one glimpse of the convict's sentiment toward his choking, blinding, life-shortening daily task in the fact that, within the eighteen months of the new régime, five men purposely mutilated their hands so as to compel the amputation of fingers, and two others cut off, each, a hand at the wrist. What the fortunes of the convicts leased out upon railroad construction were and are, we are given no clew by which to tell; the report contains no returns from them, and we have only the same general assurance that all is well that is given as to those in Tennessee and North Carolina.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

ANOTHER view of the Lease System under limitations is afforded in the "Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the South Carolina Penitentiary for the fiscal year ending October 31, 1881." The prison is not only under a full corps of State officers, but, like the North Carolina prison, it is conducted

on public account, the convicts only being leased, and of these only such as are sent beyond the prison's walls. Yet the overwhelming consideration of self-support makes the spirit of the Lease System dominant over all. The reformatory features are crude, feeble, and purely accidental. The records are meager. The discipline is of that poor sort which is vaguely reported as "administered only when necessary," addressed simply to the prisoner's safe custody and the performance of his tasks. The escapes, from an average population of 632, were 36; the recaptures, 21. Most likely, to the popular eye, the numbers are not startling; but, if we look around to compare them with the record of some properly ordered prison of the same population, we see the warden of the Maryland penitentiary, under contract management, admitting with full explanation and apology the escape of one prisoner, the first in ten years. The number of escapes reported from the South Carolina prison would have been forty, had not four escaped convicts been "found drowned" within two or three days after their escape. A report with which such numbers will compare favorably can be found only by turning to other leased prison forces. One reason why it may there be found is that, in South Carolina, almost alone, a penalty attaches to the lessees for each escape. "There is now due the State," says the report, "in penalties for the escape of convicts under contract [meaning leased convicts] about \$25,000." In the chaplain's report, as in all chaplains' reports under the Lease System, and probably in many under better systems, is seen the familiar conjunction of pious intention with a strange oversight of the inadaptability, to the incarcerated criminal, of the ordinary technical methods of religion in society. What response can there be but a weary smile to the complacent announcement that in this prison "there are now about one hundred men and women who can repeat the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the whole of Capers' Catechism." But the humor fades out when it is added, "We have also a Sunday-school, regularly conducted by *intelligent convicts*." "I regard the State Penitentiary, as designed by its originators, as a great reformatory school, and I am happy to believe, from personal observation, . . . that this prime leading object is . . . being faithfully carried out." So writes this evidently sincere and zealous divine, in the face of the fact that the very foundation principles of reformatory treatment were absent, and that constantly a larger number of convicts were kept beyond his reach than were left for him to preach to.

One of the peculiar temptations which the Lease System holds out to the communities employing it, as such communities are represented in the jury-box, needs a moment's careful notice. The States where this system is in vogue are now, and have been for some years, enjoying a new and great development of their natural resources and of other industries than that colossal agricultural system that once monopolized their attention. There is, therefore, a vigorous demand for the opening and completion of extensive public works,—mines, railways, turnpikes, levees, and the like,—and for ways and means for getting them done as quickly and cheaply as possible. Now, it is with these potent conditions in force that the Lease System presents itself as the lowest bidder, and holds forth the seductive spectacle of these great works, which everybody wants and no one wants to pay for, growing apace by convict labor that seems to cost nothing. What is the consequence? We might almost assert beforehand that the popular sentiment and verdict would hustle the misbehaving, with shocking alacrity, into the State's prison under extravagant sentences or for trivial offenses, and sell their labor to the highest bidder who will use them in the construction of public works. The temptation gathers additional force through the popular ignorance of the condition and results of these penitentiaries, and the natural assumption that they are not so grossly mismanaged but that the convict will survive his sentence, and the fierce discipline of the convict camp "teach him to behave himself."

But there is no need to reason from cause to effect only. The testimony of the prisons themselves is before us, either to upset or else to establish these conjectures. A single glance at almost any of their reports startles the eye with the undue length of sentences and the infliction of penalties for mere misdemeanors that are proper only to crimes and felonies. In the Georgia penitentiary, in 1880, in a total of nearly 1200 convicts, only 22 prisoners were serving as low a term as one year, only 52 others as low a term as two years, only 76 others as low a term as three years; while those who were under sentences of ten years and over numbered 538, although ten years, as the rolls show, is the *utmost* length of time that a convict can be expected to remain alive in a Georgia penitentiary. Six men were under sentence for simple assault and battery,—mere fisticuffing,—one of two years, two of five years, one of six years, one of seven, and one of eight. For larceny, three men were serving under sentence of twenty years; five were sentenced each fifteen years; one, fourteen years; six, twelve years; thirty-

five, ten years; and one hundred and seventy-two, from one year up to nine years. In other words, a large majority of all these had, for simple stealing, without breaking in or violence, been virtually condemned to be worked and misused to death. One man was under a twenty years' sentence for "hog-stealing." Twelve men were sentenced to the South Carolina penitentiary, in 1881, on no other finding but a misdemeanor commonly atoned for by a fine of a few dollars, and which thousands of the State's inhabitants are constantly committing with impunity — the carrying of concealed weapons. Fifteen others were sentenced for mere assault and assault and battery. It is to be inferred — for we are left to our inferences — that such sentences were very short; but it is inferable, too, that they worked the customary loss of citizenship for life. In Louisiana, a few days before the writing of this paper, a man was sentenced to the penitentiary for twelve months for stealing five dollars' worth of gunny-sacks.

IN GEORGIA.

THE convict force of Georgia, already more than once alluded to, presents the Lease System under some other peculiarly vicious aspects. For example, the State is bound by, and is now in the fourth year of, a twenty years' lease. The convicts, on October 20, 1880, were 1185 or 1186 in number (the various exhibits of the biennial report differ widely in some of their statements). They were consigned to three penitentiaries in three different counties, each of which had "several branch camps." Thus they were scattered about in eleven camps over at least seven counties. The assurance of the "principal keeper" is that in all these camps they are humanely treated. Every "permanent camp" has a hospital, a physician, and a chaplain. But there are other camps that have none. Reports from other officials and from special committees of citizens repeat the principal keeper's assurance in the same general terms. And yet all these utterances unconsciously admit facts that betray the total unfitness of the management for the ends it ought to have in view and its gross inhumanity. From the "General Notice to Lessees" the following is taken, with no liberties except to italicize:

"In all cases of *severe illness* the *shackles* must be promptly removed." "The convicts shall be turned off of the *chain* on the Sabbath and allowed to recreate in and about the stockade." Elsewhere the principal keeper says, "When a convict is sick, the chains are to be taken off of him." As to the discipline, he reports 35 escapes (7 burglars, 3 house-burners, 9

murderers and would-be murderers, 1 forger, 3 robbers, 7 thieves, and others whose crimes are best unmentioned), with no recaptures; and the surgeon reports nine men killed, three of them by fellow convicts. "You will observe the death-rate to have greatly decreased in the last two years," says the principal keeper; but the death-rate, when observed, was found to have decreased only to about twice the rate of properly planned and managed establishments of the kind. This, he reports, is one-half what it had been. His tabulated statements relating to the convicts, though lamentably scanty, reveal an amount of confusion behind them that is hard to credit. One table, purporting to show the whole 1186 convicts in confinement, classified by the crimes under which they were sentenced, has not a single correct number in it, and is an entire hundred short in its true total. The numbers, moreover, are so far out of the way that they cannot possibly be the true exhibit of some other date substituted in error. They report 184 under sentence for burglary, whereas the roll shows 467, and they entirely omit 25 serving sentence for forgery, and 23 for robbery.

THE PARDONING POWER.

WE have already noticed, in the prison and convict camps of this State, the feature of cruel sentences. Let us look at another; to wit, lavish pardons. It is but typical of the prisons under the Lease System, wherever that is found in unrestrained operation. Here may be seen a group of penal institutions, the worst in the country by every evidence of their own setting forth: cruel, brutalizing, deadly; chaining, flogging, shooting, drowning, killing by exhaustion and exposure, holding the criminal out to the public gaze, publishing him to the world by name and description in its reports when he goes in, every alternate year while he stays in, and when he dies or goes out; putting under foot every method of reform worthy of prison science, mocking such intelligent sense of justice and mercy as he may have, and doing everything that can be done to make his heart and conscience harder than the granite of his prison walls. Yet these prisons are sending forth from their gates a larger percentage of their populations, pardoned, than issues in like manner from all the prisons of the country managed on intelligent reformatory systems. Nor can the fault be confidently imputed, as is often hastily done, to political design or mere pliability in State governors. The horrors of the convict camps, best known to the executive, the absence of

a discipline calculated to show who is worthy of clemency, the activity of outside friends usurping this delicate office, are potent causes; and the best extenuation that can be offered is that a large proportion of these pardons are granted not because the prisoner has become so good, but because the prison is so bad.

IN TEXAS.

THIS is conspicuously the case in Texas. In the two years ending October, 31, 1880, the Governor pardoned one hundred State convicts from the Huntsville (Texas) penitentiary. Over one-fourth were *children from ten to sixteen years of age*, and nearly another fourth, says the superintendent, "were hopelessly diseased, blind, crippled, or demented, . . . simple objects of pity, the sight of whom would have excited commiseration in hearts of stone."

For some years past Texas has had in custody about two thousand convicts at once. They are under the Lease System, some of whose features, at least, give dissatisfaction to the State's prison directors and to its Legislature. The working of convicts remote from the prison, though practiced, is condemned, and the effort is being made to bring the management into conformity with a statute that requires as many of the convicts as can be to be employed within the penitentiary walls. Two different reports of the directors, covering a period of four years, impress their reader as the utterances of men of the best disposition, sincerely desiring to promote humanity and the public good, but handicapped, if not themselves in some degree misled, by the error of making self-support the foremost consideration in all their estimates of prison methods. "To provide for their employment, so that they will cease to be a *burden upon the tax-payers of the country*," would be counted a strange proposition to apply to courts, schools, or police, yet is assumed by them, as a matter of course, to be applicable to prison populations, and so becomes the barrier from which they recoil, and which they have allowed to throw them back into the mire of the lease system. "This problem," they say, "has long engaged the attention of philanthropists and statesmen." But they mistake. The real problem that has engaged such is, How to procure the most honorable and valuable results, and to pay for them whatever is necessary and no more. It was, unfortunately, under the shadow of these mistakes that the Texas board went so far as to "consider very seriously as to whether it should not adopt the Public Account or the Contract System," only to reject the one and to fail to get bids on the other. As a result the State

stands to-day bound, for fourteen years to come, by the Lease System, the worst prison system in Christendom, a system that cannot be reconciled with the public honor, dignity, or welfare. The board intimates plainly that this Lease System is not its choice, or at least would not be but for the nightmare of self-support. As it is, they strive to make the best of a bad matter. How bad it has been and is, a few facts will show.

It is said of the Huntsville penitentiary, Texas (an additional one has just been built at Rusk), that it was built "on the old plan, looking altogether to security, and without any regard to proper ventilation or the health or comfort of the inmates, . . . the cell buildings . . . to a considerable extent cut off from light and air, and in constant danger of destruction from fire." The prison board erected a new cell building to take its place, in which each cell has a cubic content of 384 feet, and, says the board, "can comfortably accommodate two men." This gives each occupant an air space one-quarter of the minimum necessary to health. Yet this was a great improvement. It may be mentioned in passing, as an incident very common under the Lease System, that about the same time a lot of machinery, the property of the State, valued on the inventory of one lessee after another at \$11,600, was sold for \$681, and the proceeds laid out in fifty-one breech-loading, double-barreled shot-guns. The following is from the superintendent's biennial report of October 31, 1880: "The most usual mode of punishment practiced at outside camps is by stocks. . . . Most of the sergeants, in order to make it effective, have lifted the convicts on the ball of the foot, or tiptoe, . . . jeopardizing not only health, but life. The [present] lessees . . . abolished the use of stocks at their wood camps, and I rejoice that you [the directors] have determined to abolish them altogether. On many of the farms sergeants have been in the habit of . . . whipping, as well as permitting their guards to do so, without first obtaining an order from the board of directors, as required by law." Of illegal punishments he says: "We have been compelled to discharge sergeants and a great number of guards on account of it. . . . I am satisfied that many escapes have been caused by illegal punishments and by cursing and threats." The spirit of this officer's report does him honor throughout.

One can turn again only to leased prisons elsewhere, to find numbers with which to compare the ghastly mortality of some of these Texas convict camps. Men in large numbers, "who have contracted in the miserable jails

of the State incurable diseases, or whose systems have been impregnated with diseases from having led lives of debauchery and dissipation, are put to the hardest manual labor and . . . soon break down in health." "Sick convicts are crowded into the same building containing well convicts, and cannot have proper nursing and quiet, even if they have good medical attention." "Frequently sergeants, believing that convicts are trying to play off, have kept them at work when, in fact, they were seriously ill, . . . or have tried to physic them themselves." On railroad construction the average annual rate of mortality, for 1879 and 1880, was 47 to the thousand, three times the usual death-rate of properly managed American prisons; at plantation labor it was 49; at the iron-works it was 54; and at the wood-cutting camps more than half the entire average population died within the two years. So much as to the rate. The total number of deaths in the period was 256, of which only 60 occurred in the prison hospital, the rest in the camps. Nor was any considerable fraction of them by contagious diseases. They were from congestions of the brain, the stomach, and the bowels; from scurvy, dropsy, nervous fever, malaria, chronic diarrhoea, general debility, pneumonia. Thirty-five died of gun-shot wounds, five of "*wounds miscellaneous*." Of three, the cause of death was "not stated." Three were drowned, four were sunstruck, two committed suicide, and two were killed by the explosion of a boiler. And all was reported without a word of apology or explanation. The whole thirty-five who were shot to death were shot in attempting to escape "from forces at work outside the prison walls." "In nearly all these cases the verdict of a coroner's jury has stated that the guard acted in discharge of his duty." As to the remainder, we know not what the verdicts were, or whether there were any; nor do we know how many vain attempts were made to escape; but we know that, over and above the deaths, there were treated in the prison hospital—where so few of the outside sick ever arrived—fifteen others with gunshot wounds and fifty-two with "*wounds miscellaneous*."

We know, too, by the record, that four men did escape from within the prison walls, and three hundred and sixty-two from the gangs outside. In the interest of the Texas taxpayer, from whom the Lease System is supposed to lift an intolerable burden, as well as for society at large, it would be well to know what were the favorite crimes of these three hundred and sixty-six escaped felons (since unreformed criminals generally repeat the same crimes again and again), what moral

and material mischief one hundred and twenty three of them did before they were recaptured, and what the record will be of the two hundred and forty-three remaining at large when the terms they should have served have expired. These facts are not given; we get only, as it were, a faint whiff of the mischief in the item of \$6,900 expended in apprehending one hundred of them.

And yet this is the operation of the Lease System under a Governor who was giving the State prison and its inmates a far more rational, humane, and diligent attention than is generally accorded them by State executives, albeit such officers are not as negligent in this direction as they are generally supposed to be; under a warden, too, who, if we read rightly between the lines of his report, is a faithful and wise overseer; and even under lessees whom this warden commends as "kind and humane gentlemen." We have both the warden's and directors' word for it, that this disciplinary and sanitary treatment of the convicts was "a very decided improvement" on what it had been. The question remains, What may the system do where it is a State's misfortune to have a preoccupied Governor and unscrupulous prison lessees? It is a positive comfort to know that for two years more, at least, the same officials and lessees remained in charge, that a second prison was added to the old one and a third projected, and that the total mortality was reduced by the abolition of the wood-cutting camps.

But it is far otherwise to know by the report for 1881-82 that the Lease System continues; that the death-rate is still enormous, and has increased in the prison and in most of the camps; that the number of men committed to hospital with gunshot and "*miscellaneous*" wounds was fifty-two; that in the mortality lists are three suicides, six sun-strokes, and thirty-six victims of the breech-loading double-barreled shot-guns; that there passed through hospital fifty-one cases of scurvy; and that there were *three hundred and ninety-seven escapes* and but seventy-four recaptures.

It may be enough attention has already been given to chaplains' reports in these so-called penitentiaries, but the one for the Texas prison compels at least a glance. It makes sixteen lines of letter-press. White men's prayer-meeting on Sunday at one hour, colored men's at another, general Sunday-school at another, preaching at another. These services are believed to have been fruitful of good; it is hoped "that some will leave the prison reformed men"; but there is not the record of one positive result, or a single observation registered looking to the discovery of a result,

either intellectual, moral, or religious, concerning hundreds of men whose even partial reformation would be worth to the State—if it must be reduced to money value—tens of thousands of dollars. Two lines of the report are certainly unique: "We endeavor to enlist all the men in this service [the Sunday-school] we can, and try to suppress all differences of opinion which are calculated to engender strife."

A single ten thousand dollars is the State's annual share in what are called the profits of this system of convict control. Were the convicts managed under the Public Account System at an annual loss of a like amount (which need not be), making a difference of twenty thousand dollars, and were the burden lifted from the mass of the one million six hundred thousand inhabitants of Texas and thrown entirely upon the shoulders of one hundred thousand tax-payers, it would be just one dime a year to each shoulder. But it would save the depredations of nearly two hundred escaped convicts per year, whatever they might be; such reprisals as about four hundred others, annually liberated and turned loose upon society, may undertake as an offset for the foul treatment they have undergone in the name of justice, and the attendant increase in the expenses of police; and the expenses of new trials and convictions for the same old crimes committed over again by many who might have been in whole or in some degree reformed, but instead were only made worse. And two things more it would save—the honor of the State and the integrity of the laws and of the courts. For one thing, however, the people of Texas are to be congratulated: that they have public servants ready—let the people but give the word—to abjure the Lease System with all its horrid shams and humiliating outrages, and establish in its place a system of management that shall be first honorable and morally profitable, and then as inexpensive as may be.

IN ALABAMA.

SOMETHING like the same feeling was displayed by the Governor and some others in the State of Alabama in 1882. In the matter of its penitentiary and convict camps, it is not necessary to weary the eye again with figures. Between the dates of the last two biennial reports (1880 and 1882) a change of administration took place in the prison management, affording, by a comparison of the two reports, a revelation that should have resulted in the instant abolition of the Lease plan at any cost. Under date of October, 1880, the penitentiary inspectors reported to the Governor that the contractors (lessees) had "provided

strong prisons for the safe-keeping and comfort of the convicts"; that these prisons had "generally been neatly kept," and that they themselves had "required much attention to be given to the sanitary regulation of them." They admitted the fact of considerable sickness at one or two places, but stated that two of the inspectors had visited the convicts employed there and "found the sick in a comfortable hospital, with medical attendance, nurses, and everything needed for their comfort." They reported their diligent attention to all their official duties, and stated, as from their own knowledge, that during the two years then closing the convicts had "generally been well clothed and fed, and kindly and humanely treated; and that corporal punishment had only been inflicted in extreme cases." They closed with the following remarkable statement: "Notwithstanding our report shows a decrease of one hundred and fourteen convicts, . . . yet we think . . . the future of this institution is brighter than its past." There had been paid into the State treasury forty-eight thousand dollars, and the managers in general were elated. But a change in the prison's administration added a different chapter, and in 1882 a new warden wrote:

"I found the convicts confined at fourteen different prisons controlled by as many persons or companies, and situated at as many different places. . . . They [the prisons] were as filthy, as a rule, as dirt could make them, and both prisons and prisoners were infested with vermin. . . . Convicts were excessively and, in some instances, cruelly punished. . . . They were poorly clothed and fed. . . . The sick were neglected, inasmuch that no hospital had been provided, they being confined in the cells with the well convicts. . . . The prisons have no adequate water supply, and I verily believe there were men in them who had not washed their faces in twelve months. . . . I found the men so much intimidated that it was next to impossible to get from them anything touching their treatment. . . . Our system is a better training school for criminals than any of the dens of iniquity that exist in our large cities. . . . To say there are any reformatory measures used at our prisons, or that any regard is had to kindred subjects, is to state a falsehood. The system is a disgrace to the State, a reproach to the civilization and Christian sentiment of the age, and ought to be speedily abandoned."

Almost the only gleams of light in these dark pictures are these condemnations of the system by those whose official duties require them to accommodate themselves to it, but whose humanity, whose reason, and whose perception of the public's true interest compel them to denounce it. This is again pointedly the case in Virginia. There the State prison has been for a long time managed on Public Account; but the management was only a mismanagement and a neglect; and when this came to be known, those in authority, instead of trying to correct the needless abuses

of a good system, rejected the system itself and adopted the contract system. The report of the prison board for the year ending September 30, 1881, indicates that the change was made mainly, and probably only, on pecuniary considerations, and there seems to be reason to fear that this narrow view is carrying sentiment downward toward the Lease System itself. The board reports itself "pleased to discover, for the first time, that the general agent has reached the conclusion that the 'best way to make it [the prison] self-sustaining would be to lease the convict labor.'" At the date of this report the mischievous doctrine had already made its way through the Legislature and into the convict management; and the prison becoming overcrowded, a large company of prisoners were leased to certain railroad companies, beyond the control of the penitentiary superintendent. A glance at the surgeon's report shows one of the results of this movement. In the population within the prison, averaging about 600, the death-rate was $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; while among the 260 convicts on the Richmond and Alleghany Railroad it was nearly $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., even after leaving out of the count certain accidental deaths that legitimately belong to the perils of the work and really should be included in the count. Including them, the rate would be 11 per cent. The superintendent does not withhold his condemnation: "The system of leasing," he says, "as is clearly shown by the statistics of the few governments, State and foreign, where it prevails, is barbarous in the extreme, and should be discontinued. The dictates of humanity, if no other consideration prevailed, should be sufficient to silence any effort to establish this system of prison management in Virginia."

IN ARKANSAS, MISSISSIPPI, AND LOUISIANA— THE SYSTEM AT ITS WORST.

EVEN where the system enjoys the greatest favor from the State governments whose responsibilities in the matter it pretends to assume, it is rare that there is not some one who revolts and utters against it his all too little heeded denunciation. Such voices are not altogether unheard even in Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana, where undoubtedly the lessees are more slackly held to account, as they more completely usurp the State's relation to its convicts than elsewhere. It is here may be found a wheel within this wheel; to wit, the practice of sub-leasing. So complete in these regions is the abandonment, by the State, of all the duties it owes to its criminal system, that in two instances, Arkansas and Louisiana, it does not so much as print a report,

and the present writer is indebted entirely to the courtesy of the governors of these two States for letters and manuscript tables imparting the information which enables him to write. "The State," says the clerk of the Louisiana penitentiary, "has no expense except keeping the building in repair." "The State," writes the Governor's secretary in Arkansas, "is at no expense whatever." In Mississippi, the terms of the present lease make no mention whatever of any moral, religious, or educational privilege, or duty. "All convicts sentenced for a period of ten years or less, said lessees may work outside the penitentiary, but within the limits of the State of Mississippi, in building railroads, levees, or in *any private labor or employment*." One of the effects of such a rule is that a convict condemned to thirty or forty years' service, being kept within the walls, has fully three chances to one of outliving the convict who is sentenced to eight or ten years' service, and who must, therefore, work outside. Yet it is not intended to imply that the long-term convict inside the prison is likely to serve out his sentence. While among a majority of commitments on shorter periods, men, women, and children are frequently sentenced for terms of 15, 20, 30, 40, and sometimes even of 50 years, a prisoner can rarely be found to have survived ten years of this brutal slavery either in the prison or in the convict camp. In Alabama, in 1880, there were but three who had been in confinement eight years, and one nine; while not one had lived out ten years' imprisonment. In Mississippi, December 1, 1881, among 77 convicts then on the roll under 10 years' sentence, 17 under sentence of between 10 and 20, and 23 under sentences of between 20 and 50 years, none had served 11 years, only 2 had served 10, and only 3 others had served 9 years.* There were 25 distinct outside gangs, and their average annual rate of mortality for that and the previous year was over 8 per cent.

During the same term, 142 convicts escaped; which is to say that, for every four law-breakers put into the penitentiary, one got away; and against the whole number so escaping there were but 25 recaptures. The same proportion of commitments and escapes is true of the Arkansas prison for the year ending the 30th of last April. In Louisiana the proportion is smaller, but far from small. A surer escape in Louisiana was to die; and in 1881 14 per cent. perished. The means are wanting to show what part of this mortality belongs to the peniten-

* From the nature of the tabulated roll, the time served by those under life sentences could not be computed; but there is no reason to suppose it would materially change the result, were it known.

tiary at Baton Rouge and what to the camps outside; but if anything may be inferred from the mortal results of the Lease System in other States, the year's death-rate of the convict camps of Louisiana must exceed that of any pestilence that ever fell upon Europe in the Middle Ages. And as far as popular rumor goes, it confirms this assumption on every hand. Every mention of these camps is followed by the execrations of a scandalized community, whose ear is every now and then shocked afresh with some new whisper of their frightful barbarities. It is not for the present writer to assert, that every other community where the leasing of convicts prevails is moved to indignation by the same sense of outrage and disgrace; yet it certainly would be but a charitable assumption to believe that the day is not remote when, in every such region, the sentiment of the people will write, over the gates of the convict stockades and over the doors of the lessees' sumptuous homes, one word: *Aceldama* — the field of blood.

CONCLUSIONS.

THERE never was a worse falsification of accounts than that which persuades a community that the system of leasing out its convicts is profitable. Out of its own mouth—by the testimony of its own official reports—what have we not proved against it? We have shown:

1. That, by the very ends for which it exists, it makes a proper management of prisons impossible, and lays the hand of arrest upon reformatory discipline.

2. That it contents itself, the State, and the public mind, with prisons that are in every way a disgrace to civilization.

3. That in practice it is brutally cruel.

4. That it hardens, debases, and corrupts the criminal, committed to it by the law in order that, if possible, he may be reformed and reclaimed to virtue and society.

5. That it fixes and enforces the suicidal and inhuman error, that the community must not be put to any expense for the reduction of crime or the reformation of criminals.

6. That it inflicts a different sentence upon every culprit that comes into its clutches from that which the law and the court has pronounced. So that there is not to-day a single penitentiary convict, from the Potomac around to the Rio Grande, who is receiving the sentence really contemplated by the law under which he stands condemned.

7. That it kills like a pestilence, teaches the people to be cruel, sets up a false system of clemency, and seduces the State into the committal of murder for money.

8. That in two years it permitted eleven hundred prisoners to escape.

Which of these is its profitable feature? Will some one raise the plea of necessity? The necessity is exactly the reverse. It is absolutely necessary to society's interests and honor that what the lease in its very nature forbids should be sought; and that what it by nature seeks should be forbidden.

EXCUSES FOR THE SYSTEM.

THERE are two or three excuses often made for this system, even by those who look upon it with disfavor and protestations, and by some who are presumably familiar with the facts concerning convict management in other States and other countries. But these pleas are based upon singularly unfounded assumptions. One is that the States using the Lease System, in whole or part, have not those large prison populations which are thought to be necessary to the successful operation of other systems. In point of fact, much the largest population belonging to any one prison in the United States, in 1880, was in Texas, under the Lease System. The fourth in numbers is that of Tennessee, also leased. That of Georgia, leased, is more than twice that of Maryland, managed on the Contract System. The smallest State prison population in the United States, that of Rhode Island, numbering, at the close of last year, only eighty-one convicts, showed a loss that year, on the Contract System, of only eleven dollars. Missouri manages a convict population of the same size as that of Georgia, and boasts a cash profit, on the Contract System. Indeed the State prisons under the Lease System are, almost without exception, populous prisons, the average population among the whole twelve so governed being 920, while that of the thirty-three that exclude the system is but 560.

Another unfounded assumption is that the prisons working under the Contract or the Public Account System receive their inmates largely from the ranks of men skilled in trade. The truth is, the strongest argument in favor of teaching trades in prison lies in the fact that men with trades keep out of prison, or appear there only in decided minorities, in any community; and prisons everywhere receive especially but few acquainted with the two or three or five or six skilled industries that happen to be carried on within their walls. It is assumed, again, that the great majority of the inmates of our leased prisons are not only without mechanical training, but without mechanical aptitude. Yet, in fact, there is quite enough skilled work taught to

just this class in just these prisons to make void the argument. Within the walls of the Virginia State penitentiary in September, 1881, under the Contract System, tobacco, shoes, barrels, and clothing were being made with a force of which three-fifths were black men. The whole force of the Maryland prison is engaged, within its walls, under contractors, in marble-cutting and the manufacture of shoes, stoves and hollow iron-ware, and in November, 1881, consisted of five blacks to every three whites, and of the entire number not one in ten was previously acquainted with any handicraft that could be of any service to him in any of these occupations.

Moreover, on the other hand, there is no leased prison that does not constantly receive a sufficient number of skilled convicts, both white and black, to constitute a good teaching force for the training of the unskilled. The Texas penitentiary, in 1880, had on its rolls 39 workers in wood, 20 in leather, 50 in metals and machinery, 20 in stone and brick, 7 engravers and printers, and 11 painters.

The leased prisons, as it happens, have one decided advantage in this regard; the high average term of sentences affords an unusual opportunity for training the convicts to skilled labor, and making the best use, both pecuniary and reformatory, of their occupations. The South Carolina penitentiary is probably an exception; and yet it is in this prison that the manufacture of shoes, say its officers, might easily be carried on with cash profit. In the Georgia penitentiary, in 1880, there were 87 sentenced for life; 104 for terms above ten years and less than twenty; 101 for twenty years; 10 for higher terms up to forty years, and only 22 for as low a term as one year,—in a total of 1185 inmates. In the Texas State prison, in October, 1882, with a population of 2378, only *two* were under sentences of less than two years' length.* To increase the advantage, the long sentences fall with special frequency upon the class that is assumed to require an undue length of training. In the Georgia convict force just noted, for instance, only 15 were whites among the 215 under sentences above ten years.

But why need we linger to show that there is ample opportunity in these prisons to teach the inmates trades, if only the system were such as to permit it? The choice of a better system does not rest upon this. In the Contract and Public Account prisons, it is not at all the universal practice to make the unskilled convict acquainted with a trade. This is done only in a few prisons. Generally,—

much too generally,—he is set to some simple task, some minute fraction of the work of manufacturing some article, a task that he learns to do at most in a few days, becomes skillful in within a few weeks, and continues to do unceasingly from the beginning of his imprisonment to the day of his discharge. He works a lever or pedal that drives pegs into a shoe; or he turns down or up the rims of hats, or varnishes the heels of innumerable boots, or turns a small wheel that bottoms countless tin cans. He is employed according to his physical strength and his intelligence. It is no small misfortune to society that such industries leave the convict at last without a trade; but, comparing them with the tasks of the lessees' camps, it may be said they do not murder him, nor torture him, but are to those tasks what light is to darkness.

After all, these objections to the abandonment of the Lease System, even if they were otherwise well grounded, would fail at last when it comes to be seen that the system does not make good even its one poor profession; it does not, even pecuniarily, "pay." In flush times it hands in a few thousands,—sometimes even a few ten-thousands,—annually, into the State treasury. But its history is a long record of discoveries and rediscoveries on the part of the State that she has been the losing party in a game of confidence, with nobody to blame but herself. How much has thus been lost morally, baffles estimation; suffice it to say, enough ungodly gains have gone into the hands of lessees to have put every leased prison in the country upon a firm basis under Public Account. Every system is liable to mismanagement, but there are systems under which mismanagement is without excuse and may be impeached and punished. The Lease System is itself the most atrocious mismanagement. It is in its very nature dishonorable to the community that knowingly tolerates it, and in its practical workings needs only to be known to be abhorred and cast out. It exists to-day, in the twelve American commonwealths where it is found, because the people do not know what they are tolerating.

But is there any need for them longer to be unaware of it? There is none. Nor is there any need that the system should continue. We have heard one, who could give no other excuse, urge the unfavorableness of the Southern climate to prison confinement. But what have the reports of prisons in this climate shown us? That the mortality outside, among the prisoners selected (as is pretended, at least) for their health and strength, is twice and thrice and sometimes four and five times

* Some idea of the ferocity of these sentences may be got from the fact that 509 of these Texas convicts were under twenty years of age.

as great as among the feeblers sort left within the walls. True, some of the leases still have many years to run. What of it? Shall it be supinely taken for granted that there is no honorable way out of these brutal and wicked compacts? There is no honorable way to remain under them. There are many just ways to be rid of them.

Let the terms of these leases themselves condemn their holders. There is no reasonable doubt that, in many States, the lessees will be found to have committed acts distinctly forfeiting their rights under these instruments. Moreover, with all their looseness, these leases carry conditions which, if construed as common humanity and the honor of the State demand, will make the leases intolerable to men whose profits are coined from the flesh and blood of human beings. It is safe to say there is not a lessee in the twelve convict-leasing States who,

were he but held to account for the excesses in his death-roll beyond those of prisons elsewhere in enlightened countries, would not throw up his unclean hands in a moment and surrender to decency, honesty, humanity, and the public welfare. But we waste words. No holder of these compacts need be driven to close quarters in order that, by new constraints, they may be made to become void. They are void already. For, by self-evidence, the very principles upon which they are founded are *contra bonos mores*; and though fifty legislatures had decreed it, not one such covenant can show cause why the seal of the commonwealth and the signatures of her officers should not be torn from it, and one of the most solemn of all public trusts returned to those official hands that, before God, the world, and the State, have no right to part with it.

George W. Cable.

KEATS.

On the slope of a "peak in Darien," in the shadow of the very ridge where stood the Spaniard,

" . . . when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,"

my fellow-traveler captured a superb blue moth, of a species so rare and so difficult to secure that the natives sell one at the price of a day's labor. We took the beautiful creature with us on our transit, and delicately leashed it that night to the jealousies of our veranda on the plaza of the city of Panama. There, far within the old town, a mate was fluttering around it at sunrise,—to me a miracle, yet one predicted by my friend the naturalist. It is just as safe to predict that young poets will chance upon one another, among millions; "there's a special providence" in their conjunction and forgathering; instinct and circumstance join hands to bring this about. The name of Keats is set within a circlet of other names,—those of Clarke, Reynolds, Hunt, Charles Brown, the artists Haydon and Severn,—each of which is brighter for the fact that its owner gave something of his love and help to the poet whose name outshines them all. The name itself, at first derided as uncouth, has become a portion of the loveliness which once he made more lovely; it belongs to an ideal now so consecrate that all who watched with him, if but for an hour, have some part of our af-

fections. Among these, if last not least, Severn, who shut out his own fair prospects, relieved a comrade's agony and want, accompanied him along the edge of a river that each must cross alone, until, as sings the idyllist, the eddy seized him, and Daphnis went the way of the stream.

Cowden Clarke, Keats's earliest companion in letters, son of his head-master at the Enfield school, first put Spenser into his hands. At the vital moment, when the young poet had begun to plume his wings, Clarke also made him known to Leigh Hunt, of all men in England the one it behooved him to meet. Hunt, whose charming taste was almost genius, had become—and largely through his influence upon associates—the promoter of a renaissance; he went to the Italian treasure-house, where Chaucer and Shakspeare had been before him, and also, like them, disdained not our natural English tongue and the delight of English landscape—the greenest idyl upon earth. In many ways, since fortunate guidance will save even genius years of groping, he shortened the course by which Keats found the one thing needful, the key to his proper song. When the youth settled down for a real effort, he went off by himself, as we know, wrote "Endymion," and outdid his monitor in lush and swooning verse. But it was always Hunt who unerringly praised the finest, the most original phrases of one greater than himself, and took joy in assuring him of his birthright.

Shelley, too, Keats met at this time,—the peer who was to sing his dirge and pæan. Meanwhile, his own heroic instinct, the presence of a muse "that with no middle flight intends to soar," was shown by his recognition of the greatest masters as he found them,—Chaucer, Spenser, Chapman, Shakspeare, Milton,—and his serious study of few besides. One must have exemplars and preceptors; let these be of the best. Neophytes often are drawn to the imitators of imitators, the catch-penny favorites of the hour, and this to their own belittlement. The blind still lead the blind. Give an aspirant the range of English song, see the masters that attract him, and it is not hard to cast his horoscope.

Pity is akin to love, when not too self-conscious of good fortune and the wisdom that leads thereto. Keats died so young, and so piteously, that some writers, to whom his work has yielded profit and delight, naïvely regard him from the superior person's critical or moral point of view. Lowell, however, pays honor to the "strong sense" underlying his sensibility. When Mr. Lowell said that "the faults of Keats's poetry are obvious enough," he plainly had in mind the faults of the youth's early work,—extravagances from which he freed himself by covering them in that sculptured monument, "Endymion," with divine garlands and countless things of worth that beguile us once and again to revisit their tomb. Nor can we take him to task for careless rhymes thrown off in his correspondence. Of their kind, what juvenile letters are better, and who would not like to receive the letters of such a poet at play? Keats is the one metrical artist, in his finer productions, quite without fault, wearing by right, not courtesy, the epithet of Andrea del Sarto. Rich and various as are the masterpieces of the language, I make bold to name one of our shorter English lyrics that still seems to me, as it seemed to me ten years ago, the nearest to perfection, the one I would surrender last of all. What should this be save the "Ode to a Nightingale," so faultless in its varied unity and in the cardinal qualities of language, melody, and tone? A strain that has a dying fall; music wedded to ethereal passion, to the yearning that floods all nature, while

"... more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain."

Then what pictures, echoes, immortal imagery and phrase! Can a word or passage be changed without an injury, and by whom? The "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is a more objective poem, molded like the cold Pastoral

it celebrates, radiant with the antique light and joy. Could Beauty speak, even thus might she declare herself. We term Keats a Grecian, and assuredly the English lad created, in latest-born and loveliest semblance, the entire breed of "Olympus" faded hierarchy." But what of "The Eve of St. Agnes"? Is it not the purest mediæval structure in our verse—a romance-poem more faultless, in the strict sense of the word, than larger models of earlier or later date? In proportion, color, exquisite detail, it is comparable to some Gothic hall or chapel of the best period; and just as surely "Isabella" is Florentine, and equally without flaw. These poems are none the less charged with high imaginings, Keats being one of the few whose imagination is not lessened by technical supremacy. The sonnet on Chapman's Homer was, in this respect, a foretaste of the large utterance to which he afterward attained. "Hyperion," with its Titanic opening and Doric grandeur of tone inviolate from first to last, was a work which the author, with half his power still in reserve, left unfinished, in the loftiest spirit of self-criticism, avowing that it had too many Miltonic inversions. The word "faults" is, in truth, the last to use concerning Keats. His limitation was one of horizon, not of blemish within its bounds.

As regards verbal expression, a close test of original power, he certainly outranks any poet since Shakspeare. Others are poets and something more, or less,—reformers, men of the world, or, like Körner and Chénier, aglow for heroic action. Keats had but one ambition; he was all poet, and I think he would have remained so. However possible the grotesque changes contrived for Byron and Burns in Hawthorne's fantastic draft of "P's Correspondence," the romancer felt that Keats would never become transformed, and pictured him as still true to the ideal. Shelley worshiped Goodness and Truth in the Beauty to which he vowed that he would dedicate his powers. Of Keats, one may say that his genius was Beauty's other self. In "Wuthering Heights," Catharine Earnshaw avows: "I am Heathcliff! He's always, always in my mind: not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being." And Keats *was* Beauty, with the affinity and passion of soul for soul.

It is hard to hold him to account for an early death from inherited phthisis, aggravated by bleeding at the hands of an old-time surgeon, or for the publication, after sixty years, of his turbid love-letters to Fanny Brawne,—letters in which, though probably the recipient flattered herself otherwise, there



THE LIFE-MASK OF JOHN KEATS.

is less of the real Keats than in the most trivial verse he ever wrote. If you would know an artist's true self, you must discover it through his art. It was deplorable that these poor letters should be brought to light; let us at least give them no more than their true proportion in our measure of the writer's strength and weakness. Mr. Arnold is warranted in contempt for those who enjoy the one letter that he quotes, and who profess to consider it a "beautiful and characteristic production." It reveals, as he asserts, "complete enervation," and I own that for the moment Keats appears to be "passion's slave." Nevertheless, why yield one jot or tittle to the implication that the old taunt of Blackwood's is sustained by this letter of a "surgeon's apprentice," — that anything "underbred and ignoble" can be postulated from even the entire series of these spasmodic epistles? A theory that such a youth as Keats was "ill brought up" cannot be thus deduced; the reverse, all things considered, seems to have been the case. Furthermore, it may be that the evolution of a poet advances quite as surely through experience of the average man's folly and emotion as through a class training in reticence, dignity, and self-restraint. In the first glow of ambition Keats inscribed "Endymion" to the memory of Chatterton, and gladly would have equaled that sleepless soul in fate, so were he equal to him in renown. Afterward, in his first experience of passion, he yielded to morbid sentiment, self-abandonment, the frenzy of a passing hour. It is not out of nature that genius, in these early crises, should be pitifully sensitive or take stage-strides. The training that would forestall this might, like Aylmer's process, too well remove a birth-mark. We can spare, now and then, a gray head on green shoulders, if thereby we gain a poet. Keats was a sturdy, gallant boy at school, — as a man, free from vices patrician or plebeian, and a gentleman in motive and bearing. No unusual precocity of *character* goes with the artistic temperament. It is observed of born musicians, who in childhood have mastered instrument and counterpoint, and of other phenomenal geniuses, that they are not old beyond their years, nor less simple and frolicsome than their playmates. But the heyday in the blood has always been as critical to poets as the "sister conjunction" was to the youth of the Arabian tale. Shakspeare, Milton, Burns, Shelley, Byron, were not specifically apostles of common sense in their love-affairs, but their own experience scarcely lowered the tone or weakened the vigor of their poetry. Keats's ideality was disturbed by the passion which

came upon him suddenly and late; he clung to its object with fiercer longing and anguish as he felt both her and life itself slipping away from his hold. Everything is extreme in the emotion of a poet. Mr. Arnold does justice to his probity and forbearance, to his trust in the canons of art and rigid self-measurement by an exacting standard; he surely must see, on reflection, that such a man's slavery to passion would be a short-lived episode. Before Keats could rise again to higher things, his doom confronted him. His spirit flew hither and thither, by many paths: across each, as in Tourguéneff's prose-poem, yawned the open grave, and behind him the witch Fate pressed ever more closely. He had prayed "for ten years" in which he might overwhelm himself in poesy. He was granted a scant five, and made transcendent use of them. Had he lived, who can doubt that he would have become mature in character as he was already in the practice of his art? It is to be noted, as regards form, that one of Shelley's most consummate productions was inspired by the works and death of Keats. I doubt not that Keats's sensuous and matchless verse would have taken on, in time, more of the elusive spirituality for which we go to Shelley. As it was, he and Wordsworth were the complements of each other with their respective gifts, and made the way clear for Tennyson and his successors. Impressed by the supreme art and fresh imagination of the author of "Hyperion," not a few are disposed to award him a place on the topmost dais where but two English poets await his coming, — if not entitled there to an equal seat, at least with the right to stand beside the thrones as lineal inheritor, the first-born prince of the blood. His poetry has been studied with delight in this western world for the last half-century. One page of it is worth the whole product of the "aesthetic" dilettants who most recently have undertaken to direct us, as if by privilege of discovery, to the fountain-head of modern song. But

"The One remains, the many change and pass."

This prophesying in the name of an acknowledged leader is old as the Christian era. And even the pagan Moschus, from whom, and from Bion, Shelley took the conception of his starry threnody, declares of a dead poet and certain live and unwelcome celebrants:

"Verily thou all silent wilt be covered in earth, while it has pleased the Nymphs that the frog shall always sing. Him, though, I would not envy, for he chants no beauteous strain."

Edmund C. Stedman.

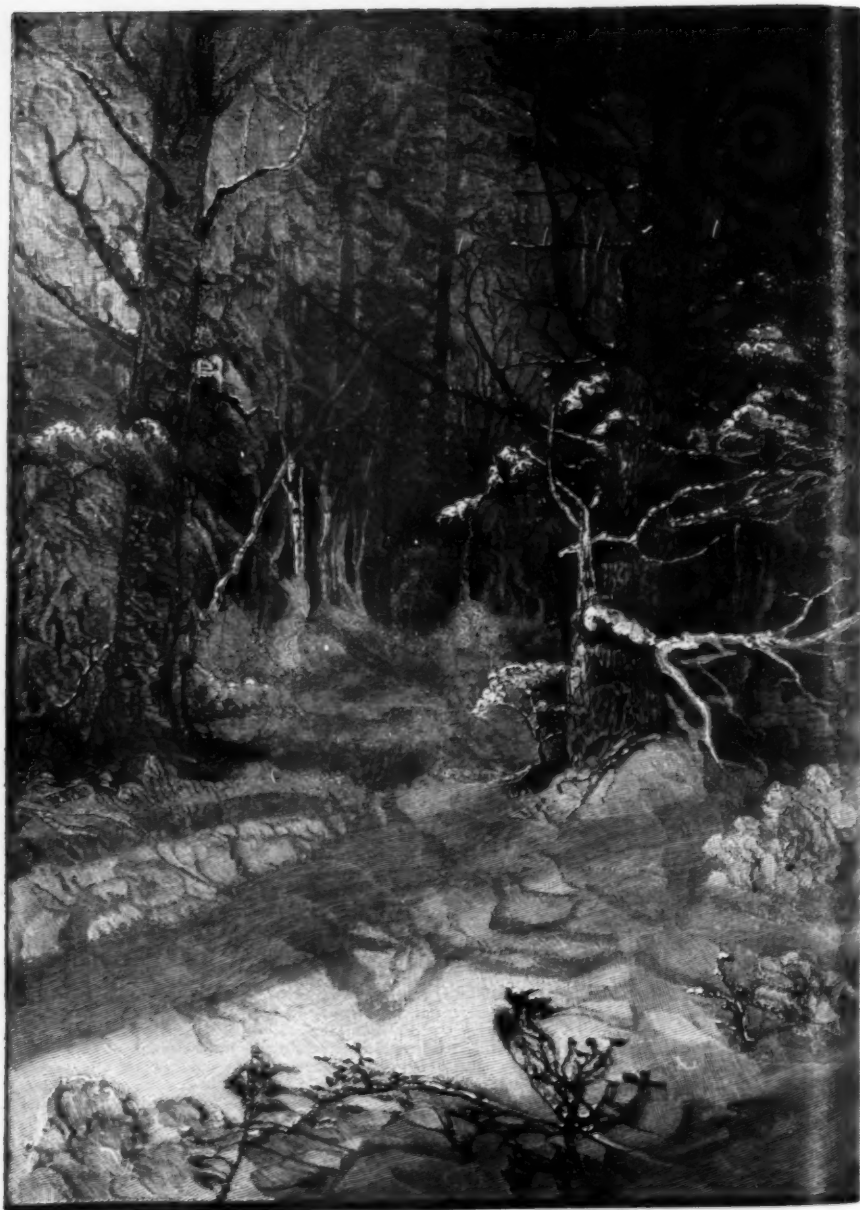


THE GRAVES OF KEATS AND SEVERN.

[In May, 1879, Joseph Severn, the artist, was still living in the city where fifty-eight years before he had closed the eyes of the dying Keats. He occupied rooms in the heart of Rome, in that building against the side of which is piled up the florid sculpture of the famous fountain of Trevi. It was here that we had the pleasure of meeting, more than once, the then aged friend of Keats, and of seeing some of the relics he still cherished of the poet. Among these was the original drawing made by Severn himself of Keats in his last illness (see *THE CENTURY* for June, 1883), also a plaster cast of the life-mask of Keats, which was believed by Severn to have been made by Haydon, the painter. The life-mask (an engraving of which is herewith given from a cast now in this country) is the most interesting, as it is the most real and accurate portrait of the poet in existence. It is, of course, much more agreeable than a death-mask would have been; for it not only escapes the haggardness of death, but there is even, so it seems to us, a suggestion of humorous patience in the expression of the mouth. The eyes being necessarily closed, it is the mouth that is especially to be observed in the mask; here will be found a sensitiveness, a sweetness, and a hint of eloquence that one would look for in any true portrait of Keats. In this mask one has the authentic form and shape—the very stamp of the poet's visage. It may be added that the mask bears a striking resemblance to one of Keats's relatives now living in America, and that it especially recalls the features of his niece, Mrs. Emma Keats Speed, of Louisville, Kentucky, who died in the month of September, 1883. At one of our visits, Mr. Severn maintained that Keats's eyes were hazel, and he insisted upon this recollection, though it was contrary to that of some others of Keats's friends. He spoke of the drawing of Keats now in the Kensington Museum, and said that he made it one day when Shelley was present, and "Shelley liked it very much." Mr. Severn, in referring to Washington Allston, said that he brought Keats's poetry to his attention, and to that of seven or eight of his friends, though Allston was the only one among them who appreciated it.

Since the date given above (May, 1879), Trelawney has been laid in the grave, beside that which contains the heart—"cor cordium"—of his friend Shelley, and Severn has been entombed in the neighboring inclosure by the side of Keats. Though apparently in good health at the time of our visits, and humorously boastful of the many years that his physician still promised him, Severn died within a few months—namely, August 3, 1879. There they all lie now, with others of their countrymen and countrywomen, beneath the shadow of the Aurelian wall of Rome, and of that pyramid of Caius Cestius which is to-day rather the monument of the two exiled English poets than of the ancient and well-nigh forgotten tribune for whose tomb it was built. It is pleasant to record (we believe for the first time) that among those who bore the expenses of the carved stone erected to the memory of Severn (and the other necessary costs of the entombment) were several of our American poets, from among whom two—Longfellow and Holland—have since followed into "the silent land." The engraving here presented of the companion graves of Keats and his friend is from a water-color drawing by one of the sons of Severn—namely, Mr. Walter Severn, of London.

As we go to press, an American edition of "The Letters and Poems of Keats" is about to appear, in three volumes (Dodd, Mead & Company, publishers), under the editorship of Mr. John Gilmer Speed, a grandson of George, the brother of the poet. Besides the poems, including a sonnet not before published, and besides the letters already published, are given the letters written by John to George Keats, in America, none of which, it seems, have been hitherto printed complete and unaltered, and many of which "now appear in print for the first time." Among the illustrations are reproductions in color of original paintings by Severn of the three brothers, John, George, and Tom. Mr. Speed's introductions and notes throw new light on the history of the entire family.—EDITOR *CENTURY*.]



SNOW-BORN.

ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

SNOW-BORN.

WITH Autumn's latest breath there came a chill
Of brooding sadness, as o'er pleasures dead;
And through the sunless day, with silent tread,
There seemed to pass, o'er vale and wooded hill,
The footsteps of some messenger of ill.
Through forest ways with rustling leaves o'erspread,
The pine-boughs whispered low of bodings dread,
And all the air a mystery seemed to fill.
But in the shadows of enfolding night,
From out the bosom of the frosty air,
Fell a baptismal robe of beauty rare;
And when, at kiss of dawn, awoke the earth,
Each leaf and pine-bough, clad in vesture white,
Told of the peaceful hour of Winter's birth.

Henry R. Howland.

LOVE SONGS.

LOVE 'S EVER AT LOVE'S SIDE.

Love, you are in the hills,
And I am by the sea;
But, ah, I know my loved one thrills
With touch of love and mel
No need to tell her why—
Where she is, there am I.

Whether
Together
Or apart,

I fold you, Love,
I hold you, Love,
Hard to my heart.

Love! Love! Its tears and smiles
Wing wide as sun and rain;
It reckons not the hours or miles
For gift of joy or pain:
Love, you can have no thought
My heart shall answer not.

Whether
Together
Or apart,

I fold you, Love,
I hold you, Love,
Hard to my heart.

Love, you are far away,
But naught my heart shall care;
This place or that, go you or stay,
Where you are—I am there:
In spite of time or tide,
Love 's ever at love's side.

Whether
Together
Or apart,

I fold you, Love,
I hold you, Love,
Hard to my heart.

EDEN.

EASTWARD love's garden lay,
In Eden, long ago;
Eastward, lo, it lies to-day,
Before the gates of dawn.

It rests as still and fair
As the first lovers found it;
And the flowers are blooming there,
The waters running round it.

The crystal fountains fill,
The golden glories play,
And the silver dew distill,
As on love's natal day.

O Eden, Eden bower—
Love's flower is still in bloom;
Sweets of love's undying flower
The bower of love perfume!

Eden!—I know it well,
And thither lies my way;
On my soul I feel its spell,
I see its splendors play.

Lo, one awaits me there,
Wondrous as Adam knew;
Face and form as strangely fair,
And throbbing heart as true.

John Vance Cheney.

AN AVERAGE MAN.*

BY ROBERT GRANT,

Author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc.

VI.

REMINGTON and Stoughton found it very difficult to avoid burning the candle at both ends; for, with all the excitement of society, their days down-town were by no means idle. Even in the way of law they managed to pick up a little business. An aunt of Remington's, for instance, had employed him to obtain a divorce for one of her deserving poor, who was in straits; and he had so far acquired the interest—the sentimental, not the metallic article—of a money-lender, whose office adjoined his own, as to induce Shylock to intrust him with a small collection suit. This Remington had won,—but rather, as he believed, from the fact that the justice selected to hear the cause was a personal friend of his client than from the merits of the case. In like manner Stoughton managed to obtain an occasional fee toward the defraying of his office rent.

Remington was spending his clientless moments in the preparation of a treatise on Railroad Law, in which he fancied himself much interested. He had felt it necessary to find a substitute for kicking his heels in his office. Besides, it had always been an intention of his to write a book of some kind; and a successful publication in the line of his profession would be likely to give him a start. The subject was engrossing, he found, and he pegged away at it with a good deal of enthusiasm. The necessity of research in connection therewith obliged him to be absent from his office at times, and Stoughton, who was apt to call round to get his friend to lunch, would often find the door embellished with a bit of card-board inscribed: "At the Law Association,—back at 1.30." Stoughton was wont to laugh at this studying law in cold blood, as he called it.

"Why don't you put, 'At the Supreme Court,' Arthur? It would look a great deal better."

"Yes, but nobody would believe it."

"What if they didn't! They'd admire your enterprise. I tell you, my dear fellow, I've come to the conclusion you and I are too devilish conscientious. We don't advertise ourselves enough. There's a Hoosier, now, in

my entry who doesn't know quarter the law I do, and yet he has four times my professional income. I asked him one day how he got his practice, and he told me he began by begging it. He lived in a boarding-house, and interested the lodgers in his briefless condition. Fancy going about asking people to give you law business! Well, it probably never occurred to him that there was any objection to it. I suppose it's our misfortune that we see things differently."

Stoughton had himself been acting to a certain extent on his own theory. As has been said, this text-book writing did not appeal to him. He had had enough of mere study, he felt, for the present, and was ambitious to try his hand in practical fields. A good law-book would not help him on very fast toward either fame or fortune. He still kept up, to be sure, his old voracious habit of reading, but it rarely took the direction of legal inquiry. In one of the bottom drawers of his desk a supply of the latest publications in the line of philosophy, poetry, and fiction was to be found. His new interest, however, was politics, which he conceived might help him toward an introduction to the litigious portion of the community. His own acquaintance he had discovered to be exasperatingly pacific; or, if they ever did get into the meshes of the law, the interests involved were apt to be of the kind that require the services of eminent counsel. Those young lawyers seemed to flourish who had gained the confidence of the small tradespeople and mechanics. Such folks were always getting into difficulties.

Accordingly, he had begun to attend the caucuses in his ward and hobnob with some of the local politicians. He was aware that his manners were against him, so to speak, and that he wore too good clothes to attract the favor of those who handled the wires; but he did not permit himself to become discouraged. He had always been able at college to tell a story with effect, and his songs were still referred to by present undergraduates (he had been told) as something out of the common. A little sociability on his part, he felt sure, would win over those who looked at him askance. He had, of

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course, decided views regarding the necessity of improving political methods, but it would be judicious not to offend the managers at the outset. He tried, therefore, to be cordial with such of his fellow-citizens as he encountered at these gatherings, and to avoid anything that might suggest to them invidious distinctions. He even studied their methods in the way of etiquette, and, in pursuance thereof, invariably removed his glove before shaking hands—which was considered a badge of breeding in municipal circles.

On one occasion he made a speech which had the effect of turning the scale in a close contest for candidates for the Assembly. It happened that Finchley the broker, who was of the same political faith, spoke upon the opposite side, and was so much surprised at such an ebullition of intelligence on the part of one whom he had set down as "a gilded flat" that he greeted Stoughton with distinct cordiality on their next meeting, and gave him a valuable point on the stock market. Finchley was himself an aspirant for political preferment; and his bustling, business-like demeanor stood him in good stead. The knowing heads pronounced him likely to go to the Legislature in a year or two.

It was the habit of Remington and Stoughton to drop in at the broker's after luncheon. That had become quite as much a part of the programme of the day as the meal itself. Who that is familiar with the purlieus of Wall street has not been struck with the change that has come over the appearance and methods of that great money center within the past few years? Wide-spreading, massive buildings, towering with roof ornament, the uttermost parts of which—thanks to that modern invention, the elevator—are available, dwarf the unpretentious structures of yore. An air of exceeding prosperity pervades the throng that pours at noontide along the pavement toward the restaurants,—a throng denser than ever, and scarcely more at leisure than formerly, but better groomed. The traditional gaunt physiognomy is less frequently observable. In its stead, the eye falls on well-built, scrupulously dressed men, strongly allied, save for a freer bearing, to the upper-class Englishman,—on faces foreign in type, suggestive of the German, the Hebrew, and of a blending of the two,—suggestive, in fact, of every variety of nationality.

But, despite its motley composition, there is little of the Old World in the temper of this crowd. With the change of soil, they seem to have imbibed the peculiar restlessness that marks the American character. The feverish rush and hurry of our ancestors is still observable. One takes, to be sure, after the conti-

mental fashion, his coffee upon rising, and eats substantially at midday; but who, pray, lingers more leisurely over the repast because of its greater profusion? The long counter, with its row of high stools, favorite resort of gastronomic minute-men; the dense array of little tables, among which waiters bustle with scurrying slap-dash; the resonance of laughter, the clatter of crockery, and tramp of feet, falling on an atmosphere where the oyster-bed and brewery compete in full-flavored rivalry,—who is not familiar with the economics of a down-town restaurant?

In most of these resorts—which are, however, with all their turbulence, luxuriously furnished—a stock recorder, technically known as the *ticker*, a veritable symbol of Black Care at the horseman's back, plays its spasmodic tune in some conspicuous recess adjacent to the stream of life that comes and goes. It is, indeed, a monument well adapted to mark the temper of the age. Now and again some customer steps aside to pass the tape over his hand with a quick, jerky movement, but the mass move by without swerving. Nor, forsooth, is its presence needful to suggest to the lunching public the existence of a short cut to fortune. What is the use of examining the list where every one can see you, when J. C. Withington & Co. are just around the corner? The grave attorney, who passes this modern guillotine without a wink of the eyelid, has already posted himself regarding the quotations of the day, believing doubt as to the state of one's *margin* to be a poor table companion; and the two clerks who trot by so blithely arm in arm, as if their worry was but second-hand,—their master's business,—are on the way to the broker's.

Remington and Stoughton had each, as has been stated, some four or five thousand dollars; which is a sum ill suited to the purchase of high-priced or, as the envious style them, gilt-edged securities. One can buy outright but a very small interest in safe railroad properties with that amount of cash, and the return on the investment is correspondingly inadequate. Moreover, a man who purchases twenty, or even fifty, shares of stock, and pays for them, makes but a paltry profit in case of a rise of ten dollars in the market price, compared with him who carries a couple of hundred on a twenty per cent. margin. All this argues strongly in favor of the theory that *wild-cat*, and hence cheap, properties are the consolation of the impecunious who visit Wall street. Not only can one get two or three times as much stock with the same amount of money, but the chances for improvement are infinitely

greater; and if you buy on a margin, you can carry enough such stuff to make you comfortable for life in case things turn out as well as you expect. Of course, there are risks,—what is not attended with risk in this world?—and you may come to grief; that is, to quote the parlance of the street, *be sold out*. But, after all, it is nobody's affair if you are. The margin is your own; and so, vulgarly speaking, is the funeral. The broker will look after himself; trust him for that. There is no need troubling one's head on that score.

One cannot, it must be confessed, support this buying what one has not the means to pay for (despite all absence of concern regarding your broker) on any theory of ethics. But then, reasoned Stoughton, it is the custom of the country, and is getting to be the way of the world. In short, everybody does it; and as we grow older, we become much more content to travel in the same boat with everybody else. There is safety in numbers; and, moreover, we have the reflection to console us, in case we go to pieces in the process, that it will be all the same a hundred years hence. That is the *left bower* of our philosophy; and the *right bower* is the undeniable need of growing rich. It is a question of chances simply, and we are ready to take the risk. The steady humdrum road will probably lead us to competency in the end, if we live long enough; but we want the money *now*. He was young, and could enjoy to-day. Thirty years hence would find him nearly bed-ridden. He was prepared to take the risks.

And then, too, after all, will one come to grief? Statistics show, it is said, that ninety-nine out of every hundred men who frequent brokers' shops are ruined. Granted, perhaps; but who is to guarantee that we are not to be the hundredth man? Other fellows are rash and short-sighted, ignorant and unreasoning. They buy at fancy prices, and without careful investigation. It is playing with fire, of course; but if one is prudent, and goes into the thing systematically, there is no reason why one should not make a handsome thing out of it in a quiet way. Study up values, and post yourself on the actual condition of properties, and you have the key to the situation in the hollow of your hand.

Such is a coarse presentation of the reasoning that induced Woodbury Stoughton to sell out the disgustingly safe bonds in which his pitance was invested, and *locate*, as the newspapers delight to say, the proceeds elsewhere. The rumor reached him that Olney and Sageville—a Southern railroad, which, like the decayed gentry of that cotton clime, had

known better days—was about to advance. He had the point from an *insider* (at least, his informant declared himself to be one); and a shrewd knowledge of whom to trust was one of the characteristics upon which Stoughton prided himself. He acted at once, and, buying at eighty-five, had the satisfaction of seeing within three days his purchase rise fifteen per cent. Finchley, through whom he had dealt, suggested the advisability of realizing such a handsome profit; but the young speculator thought otherwise. "It will sell at one hundred and fifty. I am advised to *cling on* to it," he remarked knowingly. This had been just after the speech at the caucus, and Finchley felt therefore less disposed to criticise his customer. The result proved the soundness of Stoughton's judgment, as the latter expressed it to Remington. He sold out, at the end of ten days, at one hundred and twenty-five. "Not bad for a *flier*," he remarked, with elation. And indeed it was not. He had bought two hundred shares, and put up his original four thousand dollars as a margin. His property had exactly trebled itself. Previous to this he had already made a few hundreds by his ventures in Northern Pacific and one or two other stocks. But then he had bought outright, and hence been able to hold only a few shares at a time. This other sort of thing was much more satisfactory, and just as safe if one only used judgment.

Remington, on the other hand, had been less fortunate. He had held off entirely for some time, merely sufficing himself with changing his bonds for an eight-per-cent. stock that was almost as unprofitably sound. Speculation was one of those methods that stuck in his ethical crop. He had been brought up with the idea that it was not quite reputable, and altogether unsafe. But then, to be sure, every one did speculate nowadays; and what Stoughton said was true enough, in a sense. The money was his own; and if he was shrewd enough to see a way of increasing it at a little risk, why shouldn't he? All business was attended with more or less risk, and it was the man who had the longest head who usually came out at the top of the heap. As to buying what you couldn't pay for, and selling what you hadn't got, that kind of thing was not confined to stocks. It existed in all departments of trade,—in grain, cotton, and the various raw materials; in fact, it was the principle of most modern business. And so Remington had, by degrees, got into the habit of taking *fliers* also. It was an easy way of making money, and his expenses were undoubtedly increasing. But Olney and Sagevilles are not to be found

every day; or, if one is fortunate enough to run across one, there is apt to be a corresponding drop in something else on the list which you hold. Remington's stocks hadn't gone up *for a cent*, to adopt a bit of financial slang. He had experienced hard luck, too, inasmuch as he had seen several ventures which he had tipped out, after holding them for a month without profit, jump up five points the day after. "You get scared too easily; you don't sit on things long enough," Stoughton would say, with the air of a connoisseur. "A man can't expect to make a fortune in a minute. Now, for instance, I bought yesterday a thousand shares in a Nevada silver mine—the Morning Star—that I shall very likely have to hold for a year. I got in at bottom prices, and I am going to sit on it. You haven't done badly as a whole. You're ahead on the entire *racket* for the year. What's the use in souring on your luck? If you only persevere and use judgment, you'll come out all right."

Thus, life down town was interesting enough. From one end of the week to the other there was very little chance for rest; and when Sunday came,—well, on Sunday most fellows slept pretty late. Remington did, however, usually manage to get to church about every other Sabbath. It was his intention to go always; but the arms of Morpheus are tenacious, when one has an opportunity of making up arrears. Still, Miss Crosby worshiped at the same sanctuary.

Sunday is not really much more of a day of rest in New York than any of the other six. Every one blessed with female acquaintances has occasionally to visit them; and frequenters of balls and dinner parties must call on their benefactors if they wish to be counted in next time. At least, Mrs. Fielding made it an invariable rule never to ask any one inside her house who had not acknowledged in person a previous invitation. She, to be sure, could afford to be select; and the same action on the part of a less admired hostess might have produced derision rather than consternation. But even the most lax and barefaced of youthful spirits are apt to bewail their negligence regarding visits. We would call if we only had *time*, they all cry; we never get up town in time. But then there is Sunday; and the truly conscientious young man reads the commandment: "Six days thou shalt labor and do all that thou hast to do, and the seventh day thou shalt *call*." Even Stoughton, who habitually cut church and spent his forenoon propped on the pillows, amid the penates of his own chamber, with the Sunday papers, always shaved himself in time to make one or two visits before dinner.

One Sunday afternoon, about three weeks after the Idlewilds' ball, Woodbury Stoughton dropped in upon Miss Crosby. He had intimated to her at a party a few nights before that he would try to do so.

Those who knew Dorothy well, and were familiar with the brilliant career and marriage of her sister, Mrs. Maclane, had, prior to her *début*, shaken their heads a little in private. She was bookish and quiet. She had ever evinced so much taste for more tranquil pleasures, that there might be a question as to whether she would become enthusiastic over society; and to be successful in the gay world, one must be enthusiastic. She was, of course, very pretty and lady-like and sweet to look at. But would she *say* anything,—would she talk? Were not her quiet ways likely to obscure her real cleverness, and deter prudent men from running the risk of stranding themselves for the evening by conversing with her? Balls are not or ought not to be charitable institutions; and girls who draw into their shells are apt to have a dull time. A few evenings of neglect are quite as sufficient to sour the feminine milk of human kindness as a thunder-storm the ordinary lactic fluid; and was not Dorothy just the sort of young person to set down society as hollow, because nobody asked her for the german?

Our nearest and dearest, however, prove sometimes quite mistaken in their predictions. What a miss of eighteen will develop into before the close of her first winter is beyond the calculation of parents. Mrs. Crosby, to be sure, had expended every penny that her income would allow to have her daughter well dressed; but exquisite clothes never yet made a girl a belle. Dorothy's air of good breeding and eloquent face had drawn to the small parlor in Washington Square, where she was wont to provide five o'clock tea, a goodly array of admirers ere many weeks of the winter had slipped away. Men liked to talk to her, for she was always so sympathetic, and ready to show interest in what concerned them. She was quick to catch the meaning of their various theories and pet ideas; and new lines of speculation were apt to call forth from her eyes that expression of intensity which was flattering to the speaker. She was a good deal of a belle; or rather, she would have been a tearing success had it not been currently known that she was comparatively portionless. As it was, she received much attention in a quiet sort of way; and the sight of occasional superb bouquets in her hand at parties, or cut flowers on the parlor table, filled with uneasiness the hearts of such of her admirers as could not afford these expensive tokens of devotion.

"No, thank you; tea always spoils my appetite for dinner," said Stoughton, in response to her proffered hospitality; and he watched Miss Crosby pour out a cup for herself with a graceful, undulatory movement of the arm, and her head on one side as if she were pondering the virtuous wisdom of his remark. She had, of course, no suspicion of the cocktail he would order some three-quarters of an hour later. She was fascinating,—no doubt about that. She would make a charming wife for a man. But what was the use of upsetting himself by thinking on impossible things? He couldn't afford to marry the girl. He had come here to have a quiet chat. It was a great pleasure to talk to her, for she always comprehended him so easily.

"I hope, Mr. Stoughton, you have brought with you the verses you spoke about the other evening at Mrs. Lawton's."

"Yes; I have them somewhere about me, I believe. They're only servile plagiarism, anyway," he said, fumbling in his tail pocket. "Ah, yes; here they are."

As he proceeded to unfold the manuscript, Dorothy leaned back in the big arm-chair and clasped her hands on her lap, prepared to listen. "What fun it must be to be able to write!"

Stoughton gave a little prefatory cough.

"I'd love thee, sweet, forever,
If I were not the child of fate;
No power our days should sever,
Could I but burst the gate
Which keeps our lips apart—
Keeps thy heart from my heart.

"But destiny, unbending
And ruthless as the sea,
Cries: Though love have no ending,
To love is not for thee!
And I —"

Just then the portière was drawn aside to admit a visitor. It proved to be Mr. Ramsay Whiting, whose attentions to Dorothy had become conspicuous of late.

"Hard lines," murmured Stoughton, under his breath; which expression, however, was intended to be typical of his luck, not of the verses.

"I hope I haven't interrupted anything," said Whiting, conscious of the pause which followed his reception by Miss Dorothy.

"Oh, no," she replied, naively; "Mr. Stoughton was just reading some poetry he had written. Perhaps he wont mind going on, now."

"Do. Don't mind me, really," exclaimed the new-comer urgently, but with a slight grin. Stoughton begged to be excused. The

verses were nothing, he said, but a condensation of a little philosophical discussion he and Miss Crosby had entered upon the other evening. The idea of reading them before Ramsay Whiting, who, good fellow as he was, had probably never opened a book of poetry of his own accord in his life, struck him as immensely humorous, and he returned the other's grin with interest. Whiting was going to devote himself to farming. He had some fine lands in the interior of the State, and his large fortune would allow him to sow without reaping for many years to come. He had set to work, however, most industriously, and the world were agreed that Dorothy would be just the wife for him.

"That black bull is dead," he observed confidentially, when Stoughton had taken his departure.

Dorothy sometimes got tired of agriculture as a topic of conversation; but Mr. Whiting was so kind and amiable that she managed in the end to excuse his lack of brilliancy.

"Yes," he replied, in response to her expressions of sympathy, "I would rather have lost any of the others. But, by the way, Miss Crosby, I told Hines to send down that bay mare I spoke to you about. She would just suit you, I'm sure, and I shall be delighted if you will ride her."

The eager manner of the young man made Dorothy blush a little. "You are very kind," she said, "but I'm afraid I shall not be able to ride this spring. What with society and my German and music lessons, I have all to do I can possibly find time for. Oh, how do you do, Mr. Remington?" She rose to greet her friend.

Despite the graciousness of his welcome, Remington was very formal in his behavior. Ramsay Whiting had been there lately whenever he called. There were roses on the piano, and she wore some in her corsage also. Whiting is rich, he thought, and she is going to marry him for his money. That's the way with girls nowadays—they are all so mercenary. He had supposed this one to be an exception.

He sat indenting the carpet with his cane, and saying but very little. For the sake of politeness he laughed in a sickly fashion when anything amusing was said by the others, who were now talking briskly. Dorothy seemed quite excited and interested. Apparently, she paid no attention to Remington's moroseness. When he arose to go, as he did soon under the influence of his mood, she bade him good-bye all smiles and quite indifferently.

Ramsay Whiting's attentions had given great satisfaction to Mrs. Crosby, who, as she often announced to her daughter, had heard

nothing but pleasant things regarding him. He had good manners, and was irreproachable in his habits; so every one said. "He isn't very bright, mamma," remarked Dorothy that evening. Mr. Whiting had staid nearly an hour, and had not been *especially edifying*, as Pauline Lawton would have said.

"I sometimes think, my dear," replied her parent, after a pause, "that you have too romantic ideas on some matters. I sympathize, of course, with your general views; but you must not forget, Dorothy, that, after all, life is practical. You cannot expect to find perfection in this world."

"No, mamma, I don't see many signs of it," said the daughter, a little wickedly. They were both busy with their work. Dorothy had in hand a large piece of canvas, on which she was embroidering flowers in floss. She glanced up for an instant stealthily at her mother, the click of whose large wooden needles was the only sound in the little parlor for some minutes.

"Why is not Mr. Ramsay Whiting, Dorothy, as attractive as Mr. Stoughton or Mr. Remington?"

"I did not say he wasn't, mamma."

"No, my dear; but I have noticed that you seem to have a partiality for young men who are without prospects. You must not misunderstand me, Dorothy. I do not wish to say anything against your friends, or to make mercenary suggestions. I believe them both to be most excellent young men; but they are neither of them likely to be in a position to be married for a long time to come."

"They are getting on very well in their practice."

"I dare say, dear; but it takes a large income nowadays to go to housekeeping with."

"I'm sure I don't want to go to housekeeping with any one. In the first place, nobody has asked me; and in the next, I wouldn't have them if they did," said Dorothy emphatically. "I don't see why you're in such a hurry to marry me off, mamma."

"When your father and I started life together," said Mrs. Crosby,—who, lost in a reflection on matrimonial wherewithals, scarcely heeded her daughter's remark,—*"we had only fifteen hundred dollars a year. We kept only one servant, and put out the washing. I don't see how we lived exactly, but we managed to get along."* She shook her head mournfully in the fullness of her reminiscence, for those had been happy years she was recalling. "Girls to-day are not content unless they have everything their fathers and mothers left off with."

Dorothy made no reply. She was used to these discussions with her mother, one of

whose hobbies was the matrimonial question. "Mamma will never be quite happy until she has me off her mind," Dorothy was wont to remark. With all their affection for each other,—and they were extremely devoted, in a way,—Mrs. Crosby had not been able to establish that relation with her daughter which springs from a complete sympathy of tastes and ideas. They were much together, and Dorothy would have done anything in the world to please her parent; but somehow or other she had ceased to make of her a confidante,—to share with her the puzzling reflections that occur to every thoughtful girl. Why this was so, Dorothy scarcely knew herself. It had come about by degrees, as do all such partial estrangements, and was a frequent source of unhappiness to both. Mrs. Crosby complained in sour moments of being lonely, and at such times openly grudged the intimacy that Dorothy enjoyed with Pauline Lawton, a younger sister of the vivacious Florence. The daughter was apt to remain silent under such accusation. She recognized the truth of the statements. She *did* tell Pauline everything, and concealed her intimate self from her mother. Still, how was it to be remedied? That was the important point; and here it was that Dorothy realized, as it were, a certain hopelessness. "Mamma does not understand me," she would say to herself, as she lay recumbent on the outside of her bed, where she was apt to throw herself for reverie at night before undressing. "She does not care for the things that I do. My ideas do not interest her. We are different."

Mrs. Crosby was a plump, easy-going woman, between forty-five and fifty. She had retained much of the vivacity and quickness of wit which had marked her as a girl, as well as that peculiarly cordial manner which makes many Baltimoreans so charming. She wore habitually the air of a belle, as if wishing the world to believe that, though unlikely seriously to consider a second marriage, she was still able to control her destiny in this respect. She now rarely went into society on her own account; but her little parlor was a favorite resort for some of the cleverest men in town,—men who, like the hostess herself, were in the prime of middle life. She delighted to see people, and always had enough to say,—a circumstance which rather tended to put poor Dorothy, who had little of the maternal sprightliness before company, in the shade. Mrs. Crosby was every inch a lady, and bore the privations of a very moderate income with a perfect dignity. She had never wholly laid aside the mourning put on for her husband fifteen years ago. Black silk was becoming to her; but, apart from that, she es-

chewed gay colors out of sentiment. She spent much of her leisure in reading clever French novels.

Under the pressure of that propensity to analyze their parents which is a characteristic of American girls, Dorothy had often puzzled her mind as to what her mother had been like at her age. The romantic story of her parents' runaway match was of course familiar to her, and had shed, so to speak, a wake of poesy over her youth. There had been a time when mamma had seemed to her the very embodiment of genuine romance; but that was long ago. The change in the daughter's feelings had, as has been said, taken place gradually; but a sense of reluctant criticism had grown up in its stead within her heart. Her mother seemed to her, now, so indifferent to ideal considerations, so matter-of-fact, if not worldly, in her estimates! If she did not laugh at things which were sacred to Dorothy, she took no interest in them, or spoke of them as of secondary importance. It was perhaps, after all, not so much what Mrs. Crosby said as what she did not say that troubled the girl. It was the apparent diversity in their respective plans of life that oppressed poor Dorothy. Would she herself be like that some day? Was mamma once as much in earnest and as full of aspirations as she? How often would she ponder these questions, and the train of thought which they set in motion, in the solitude of her chamber!

She was, indeed, in earnest,—sweet, serious-faced Dorothy; and, hand in hand with her idealism, she had nourished a clear and penetrating intelligence,—an intelligence that, moreover, was analytic in its processes. With all her susceptibility to sentimental considerations, she was preëminently a seeker after truth. Her mind was a tribunal where she criticised her every action with rigid impartiality. She liked to sift things to the bottom and to flood them with light. Speculation and inquiry interested her, and she was ever alive to there being two sides to most questions. Her attitude was almost judicial, so deliberate did she strive to be in her judgments. She possessed a strong humorous perception (although, in common with all women, unable to appreciate a jest at her own expense) and a fund of irony, which she did not hesitate to employ against herself.

This habit of unflinching introspection was one of Dorothy's chief characteristics. Inherent in her disposition, which strongly resembled that of her father, it had been fostered by, or rather it had fostered itself upon, the excellent school training she had received. To be sure, it had had the effect of making her, during the last year or two prior to her

debut, reserved and conscious, perhaps a little morbid. But she had acquired thereby a potent grasp over herself. Her shyness and self-absorption at that period had been a source of uneasiness to her mother, who had looked for a repetition of Mrs. Maclane's vivacity. Brimful as she was with feeling, Dorothy had been deficient in demonstrativeness; in fact, she was never superabundant in animal spirits. Mrs. Crosby, having, after diagnosis, made up her mind that her daughter was over-sentimental, had been prompted to present to Dorothy, with a greater force than she would have done otherwise, the desirability of being more like other people,—of being practical. Not even after the ugly duckling had lessened the maternal solicitude by force of a charming transformation, did Mrs. Crosby see any reason to alter her opinion. She thought she understood the girl completely, and flattered herself that her hints and *nagging*, as the victim called it, had done much to effect the evolution in question.

Dorothy had brought away from school beliefs that were simple and innocent. The scheme of ethics upon which her conscientiousness had expended itself was of a comparatively primitive order. The world, she had come to consider, was a place where men and women had been put to fit them for existence in a future state. To be unselfish, and eager to do all the good one could, seemed to her the most natural thing possible. Why men committed crimes, why they were sinful, or even idle, was quite incomprehensible to her. There was so much to do in life, and the time was so short in which to do it. Christ had died to save men from their sins; and were they not willing to live righteously for his sake? *She* would do so at least; *she* would prove herself worthy, so far as mortal was able, of the great atonement.

What she was going to do had not been precisely clear to her; but the doubt had never entered her mind but that the path would be evident enough. It might be beset with temptations; but were not faith and conscience proof against the subtlest snares? The way for men was simpler, perhaps; but woman's missions, if more humble, were none the less of service.

Side by side in her breast with these pure aspirations had nestled delightful hopes and imaginings regarding the social world where she was shortly to figure. She had grown to look forward to a brilliant career in society as a natural phase in a woman's destiny. The thought that she was only one of a small minority of the earth's inhabitants who spent their youth in such a manner did not occur to her; or if it did, she dwelt upon her good fortune,

and contrasted it pitiably with the general misery. The doubts and wonderings as to whether she should enjoy herself,—the vague but blissful dreams of conquests and adventures, of ideal admirers whose very suggestion caused her to blush in the dark,—had become her constant and absorbing companions. The thought of doing otherwise than those among whom she had been brought up never presented itself to her. To *come out* was a part of the ordinary sequence of a maiden's days.

So from guileless girlhood she had glided into real life; and the first experience of the same had been even sweeter than anticipation,—sweeter and yet different. The visions and fancies had scarcely fulfilled themselves in the ways she had imagined; but the entrancement of reality was an intoxicating substitute. The admiration of men of flesh and blood flattered her, even while she wondered at its diversity from what she had pictured in her maiden musings. She had been captivated by the delightful experience of becoming acquainted with her own powers, by the exquisite novelty of being sought and courted. With open, yet dazzled eyes, as in a delicious trance, she had let herself be swept along by the current of this strange, new existence.

But of late a sense of awakening had come over her,—not an abrupt and disagreeable experience, but, as it were, a slackening of the cord's tension, a gentle restoration to consciousness. The proportions of things were assuming more of a normal condition, and there seemed to be some chain of connection between the new life and the old. And yet, though painless, this coming back to reality was far from a return to the former status. In the past few months she appeared to have lived years, and, like the Sleeping Beauty in the fable, had awaked to find herself the same, and yet different. The mirror of fancy upon which she had breathed as a child, and traced with facile finger conceptions beautiful and fantastic as frost-work, had been wiped clean by the unfaltering hand of experience, and to-day she saw therein but the reflection of her own fair face. Puzzled and bewildered, uncertain and dismayed, she was confronting life's reality, and bending on its mystery the strength of her keen, honest intelligence and pure heart.

She lay on the outside of her bed that night, after the conversation with her mother, her head resting upon her clasped hands, thinking. Her mental glance sped, with the swiftness common to woman, wide over the field of human speculation, touching with thirsty inquiry on the dearest interests of mortality. What did it all mean? What was the purpose of it all? What relation was

there between the strange yearnings with which she thrilled at times and the bustling world that roared about her on every side? She, too, was one of the dwellers upon earth, and she must play her part in the struggle of life. Her part—what was her part? As she pondered, a vivid sense of the incongruity between the simple faiths of her childhood and the actual sphere of her activity came over her. Whisperings of such a kind had been heard by her often of late, and they would not be put aside, as she in the plenitude of her happiness perhaps would fain have put them aside. What was she living for? What was she trying to become—seeking to be?

She thought of her daily life—of the balls and thousand and one gayeties she enjoyed so keenly, of the constant round of pleasure and excitement. She delighted in them. Oh, yes; they gave her so much happiness. But what was it all leading to? What was the sense of it all? Was this the part she was put upon earth to play? What did she do in the course of the week that was useful—that helped to smooth the axle of the great world to which she belonged? She took a few lessons in music; she made an occasional flying visit to a sick friend; she tore from street to street to pay formal society calls; she went to lunch luxuriously with a bevy of girls; and at night she sallied forth to dinner and the german. There was the programme. On Sundays she went to church, and, kneeling, vowed at the altar of the true Lord to live "a godly, righteous, and sober life." How grim a mockery, and how cruel a satire! Her thin lip curled with the biting consciousness of the irony.

Ah, yes! But what was she to do? Life was real. Life was practical. She had come to be what she was, and had been placed where she was, without her own agency or control. If she were to change her habits, and renounce all these pleasant things, what should she do? Society, after all, must exist, and calls must be made. Girls must be introduced to the world, and how except through the medium of entertainments? The ways were doubtless exaggerated, the methods mistaken; but what was she to do if she did not accept them? People always considered her romantic, and even peculiar. Her mother until lately had looked upon her as somehow deficient, and now that she was enjoying the triumph of success, was she to renounce it all? Ah, no! But still, was this the purpose of life? Was there no better aim or ambition than this?

With the fatality of her situation staring her in the face like a huge wall of granite,—or rather, like a dense mist, into which her aspirations plunged and lost themselves,—Dorothy, forced back to earth, turned

her reflections by degrees elsewhere. Together with these earnest, serious questionings, she was aware of a sense of dreamy pleasure that hovered about her and associated itself with this new life. What was it? What did it mean? Wherefore did all this admiration and attention excite her so greatly? It was marvelously agreeable. But what was the sense of it? Where would it end? It *did* excite her; ah, yes, it *did* excite her. And why? She closed her mental eyes and lulled herself for a moment in this sweet but unfamiliar consciousness. Then—slowly, and with the frightened sideways glance of the miser who goes to unearth his hoarded treasure, the existence of which he would, if questioned, indignantly deny—she opens her eyes to gaze upon a face that has glided half unbidden into her vision.

Turning her head first, as it were, to make sure that no one is looking, she darts a stealthy, frightened glance at her secret. Breathless and timid, she examines it with furtive scrutiny, as if she feared lest such inspection were not quite right, or some hidden peril attended her curiosity. Her heart beats mutinously, and, terrified at last by its very fascination, she shuts her eyes again, to banish the intruder. She has seen nothing,—oh, no! she has seen nothing. Even to herself she whispers, "I have seen nothing"; and she clasps her hands in the joy of her deliverance; or is it the unuttered, unacknowledged consciousness of her discovery? This is certain, at any rate, that Mr. Arthur Remington's visiting-card—the one that accompanied the bouquet he sent Miss Dorothy Crosby for the Idlewilds' ball—lies concealed in a secret corner of her writing-desk.

(To be continued.)

THE PRINCES OF THE HOUSE OF ORLÉANS.

IN the tomb of the Comte de Chambord lies the last of the direct line of Louis XIV. possessing any claim to the throne of France; he descended from the eldest son of the Grand Dauphin, who was son of Louis XIV. The second son of the Grand Dauphin became King of Spain as Philip V., and from him descended the families known respectively as the Spanish Bourbons, the Bourbons of Parma, and the Bourbons of the Two Sicilies; but, by the Treaty of Utrecht, Philip formally renounced for himself and his descendants all claims upon the throne of France.

Upon the extinction of the elder branch of the French Bourbons—direct descendants of Louis XIV.—the younger branch, descended from the only brother of the Great King, has taken its place, and fallen heir to whatever rights or claims it may have possessed. That younger branch is known as the house of Orléans; it springs from Philip, Duc d'Orléans, second son of Louis XIII., and only brother of Louis XIV., and its head is Louis-Philippe-Albert, Comte de Paris. This title was borne by Robert the Strong, the stock whence the family of Capet sprang, and also by his son Eudes, the first king of that Capetian race to which belongs the house of Bourbon, now represented in France by the house of Orléans.

From the time of the divergence of the two branches of the royal house, their respective members have shown marked differences of character and natural endowments. After

Louis XIV., no head of the elder branch manifested any marked strength of intellect, or active force of character for good ends; wedded to the theory of Divine Right, hedged in by and holding fast to the traditions, etiquette, and formality of the past, excluded from all contact with the people, they were incapable of understanding the immense changes occurring around them in the present, and bequeathed to their successors a future made infinitely more difficult and dangerous by their own lack of energy, wisdom, and foresight.

With the house of Orléans it has been very different. Its princes have always shown positive traits of character, and the last three generations, at least, have in no case perverted to bad uses the qualities with which they were endowed. All have been men of intellect, and have shown great fondness for learning, a high degree of cultivation, and a desire to encourage and protect men of science and letters. Whenever occasion offered they proved themselves good and brave soldiers, capable of exercising high commands; and whenever authority passed into their hands they displayed the qualities of wise and patriotic rulers.

Take as one example the famous Regent, known to many only as a man abandoned to luxury and debauchery. In his early youth he showed such military talents as to excite the jealousy of his uncle, Louis XIV. Withheld from the army for many years, he

devoted himself to the study of the natural sciences. Created Regent upon the death of Louis XIV., he displayed many high qualities as a ruler, and during the eight years of his wise control the country rapidly recovered from the terrible exhaustion caused by the long wars of the Great King.

The Orléans Princes have always been on the liberal side, have mingled freely with men, have not been blind to the signs of the times, and are honest advocates of the system of constitutional monarchy. In replacing the extinct elder branch, it is impossible that they should adopt its peculiar principles and doctrines; they can never become advocates of the divine right of kings to govern as they please, but must remain true to the traditions of their family. That is to say, they recognize the right of the French people to determine their own form of government, and will honestly do their full duty as citizens under the government so organized, be it republic or monarchy. But they regard a constitutional monarchy as best suited to their country; and, should the people ever decide to replace the Republic by such a form of government, they stand ready to accept the responsibility and perform their share of the work as honest men and true patriots. Should this change ever be made, it will be found that France is still in essence a republic, with a permanent executive, guided by more conservative counsels, and pursuing a more stable policy in regard to internal and external affairs.

It is not my purpose to dwell upon the reign and character of Louis Philippe beyond the extent necessary to indicate his influence upon the surviving members of his family. He used the full power of his position and abilities to increase the prosperity of France, to reestablish order, and, as far as possible, preserve peace at home and abroad; he reorganized and vastly increased the efficiency of both army and navy. Finding on his hands the war of Algeria, he prosecuted it with vigor to a successful termination; he gave every encouragement to the arts, literature, and industrial pursuits; under him, public works received a great impulse, and liberal legislation was widely extended. Faithful to the constitution until age began to impair his faculties, he yet, toward the close of his reign, seriously injured his position by a strong tendency to substitute his own will for that of his ministers, and committed grave mistakes in foreign and domestic policy which brought about the Revolution of 1848. At first determined to employ strong measures to preserve his throne, he suddenly gave way and abdicated rather than sully the soil of France

with blood shed in civil war; for it would be illogical and uncharitable to attribute to less worthy motives the conduct of the man who distinguished himself most highly at Quévrain and Valmy, and—a lieutenant-general at nineteen—rallied the broken column of Dumouriez by his personal exertions, and at its head carried the intrenchments of Jemappes, thus converting disaster into the victory which secured the triumph of his country. Departing from the old traditions of the divinity which “doth hedge a king,” he gained for himself the title of the “Bourgeois King” by his accessibility and the simplicity of his family life. A devoted husband and father, he brought to bear upon the education of his children all the efforts of his good sense and the results of the experience gained in his checkered career as a prince whose early life was passed amid the excitement of war and the most violent of revolutions, then in exile, wandering not only through Europe but among the wilds of our own country as well, and at last upon a throne.

Louis Philippe inspired his children with the highest sentiments of patriotism, gave them an eminently practical education, afforded them early in life the opportunity of gaining experience of affairs and of sharing the toils and dangers of war with their fellow-countrymen. The result was that such a man as Sir Robert Peel could truly speak of Louis Philippe as a Frenchman all of whose sons were brave and all his daughters virtuous. The sons of Louis Philippe were, in the order of age, the Duc d'Orléans, the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Duc de Montpensier; his daughters were the Princesse Louise, married to King Leopold of Belgium, the Princesse Marie, married to Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, and the Princesse Clémentine, married to Prince August of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Ferdinand, Duc d'Orléans, was born at Palermo in 1810. When the revolution of 1830 broke out, he was colonel of a regiment of hussars. He took a prominent part in the Antwerp siege of 1832, commanding the advanced guard. In 1835 he was ordered to Algeria, and bore an active personal part in the campaign of that year. In 1836 he organized the Chasseurs de Vincennes, now known as the Chasseurs-à-pied,—picked battalions of light and active riflemen, who have often since more than justified their organization. He afterward served much in Africa, and always with distinction. He was killed in 1842, by being thrown from his carriage. He was immensely popular, and his death was regarded as a national loss; for he possessed all the qualities of mind and person which were calculated to endear him to the people,

and all felt that the nation had lost in him one who would have made an excellent ruler.

In 1837 he married the Princess Hélène of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a Lutheran. She was in every respect a superior woman, uniting practical common sense with a brilliant intellect and a poetic temperament. Although she was very young when she left her native place, her memory is still cherished there with the tenderest affection. During the long years after her husband's death, she gave herself to the care of her children with a devotion and good sense which produced the happiest results. She had two sons, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres. The Count is now forty-five years of age, and was nearly ten when the revolution occurred which deprived his family of the throne and drove them into exile.

Many who read these pages will remember the impression made upon them at the time by the story of the young and widowed mother who, on the 24th of February, 1848, with her two children, in vain sought refuge in the Chamber of Deputies; driven thence by the mob, she with her elder child escaped with no little difficulty to Bligny, where, on the second day, they were joined by the younger boy, who had been rescued by a friend. Within a few days they crossed the frontier to Belgium, whence they repaired to Eisenach, remaining there until the summer of 1849, when they rejoined the rest of the family at Claremont, not far from London. Here the King died, and around this place the family clustered until the death of Queen Amélie, in 1866.

One of the most pleasant pictures of home life imaginable was that at Claremont during the last years of Queen Amélie. Her children gathered around her, and, wanderers as they were, always returned to her side. Having lost the country they loved so well, they seemed to find their compensation in the tender care and affection they lavished on this gentle lady, who, while preserving her royal dignity, never allowed those around her to forget that she was at the same time a loving and most lovable woman. Under the supervision of their mother and uncles, and with the ablest instructors, the two children of the Duchesse d'Orléans here passed their boyhood, and received an education which never lost sight of the former position of their family and the possibility of their return to France, clothed with the responsibilities of power. Both body and mind were highly cultivated.

Early in life the differences in their dispositions manifested themselves: the elder calm, reflective, and self-poised, the younger impetuous and full of fire; the one gradually

developing the qualities of a statesman and ruler, the other those of a soldier; both of excellent ability, each in his own direction. So far back as the time when they first crossed the channel from Germany to Claremont, their mother wrote in regard to their bearing under the horrors of sea-sickness: "One suffered in patience, thinking only of those who took care of him; the other exhibited an ill-suppressed fury against an illness whose inexorable power he was unwilling to accept."

Later in life, those who saw them in battle observed the same characteristics. One of their comrades during our war speaks of the Count as "a gentleman, in our sense of the word, imbued with the true sense of duty, with whom the motto, '*Noblesse oblige*,' meant something more than words. At the battle of Gaines's Mill, where I saw him under fire, he carried himself with perfect self-possession, and displayed courage of such an unassuming character that I remember being much impressed by his bearing. It was that of an earnest, gallant, God-fearing man, in a moment of trial." The young Duke was in those days a dashing sabreur, seeking danger for danger's sake, and never quite so happy as when under fire.

Until their mother's death, in 1858, the young Princes remained at Claremont, occasionally traveling in Germany, where the elder, especially, spent much time.

In the fall of 1858 the Count traveled in Spain, while his brother served in Italy; and in the following year the brothers traveled in the East, visiting Egypt, Mt. Sinai, the Holy Land, Syria, Constantinople, and Greece. They happened to be in Syria at the time of the Mt. Lebanon massacres, and in 1865 the Count published a work on that subject, under the title of "Damascus and the Lebanon."

In August, 1861, the two brothers, accompanied by the Prince de Joinville, sailed for New York. Toward the close of September they arrived in Washington, and the young Princes at once received authority from the President to enter the army as aides-de-camp, being permitted to serve without taking the oath of allegiance, and without pay; it was also understood that they should be permitted to leave the service should family or political exigencies require it. They were borne on the army register as Louis Philippe d'Orléans and Robert d'Orléans, additional aides-de-camp in the regular army, with the rank of captain, and were assigned to the staff of the Major-General commanding the Army of the Potomac. The Prince de Joinville accepted no rank, and simply accompanied headquarters, on the invitation of the general command-

ing, as an amateur and friend. The position held by these "young gentlemen"—as the Prince de Joinville always designated them—was not free from difficulties. Princes who might at any time be called upon to assume their places in the government of a great nation, yet serving in the army of a republic whose cause was not regarded with very friendly eyes by the existing government of their own country, they had many contradictions to reconcile, many embarrassments to overcome. Connected by family ties with so many of the royal families of Europe, always received by them as of royal rank, the elder regarded by so many in France as the rightful heir to the throne, they could never lose sight of the dignity of their position, while it was at the same time necessary for them to perform their duties in a subordinate grade, and to win the confidence and friendship of their new comrades, who were sure to weigh men by their personal qualities and abilities, not by their social position across the Atlantic. Their task was accomplished with complete success, for they gained the full confidence, respect, and regard of their commander and their comrades. From the moment they entered the service, they were called upon to perform precisely the same duties and in precisely the same manner as their companions on the personal staff of their commander.

In the dull routine of office work, in the intelligent analysis of reports in regard to the number and position of the enemy, in the labor of organizing the Army of the Potomac, in long and fatiguing rides with their general, whether through the widely extended camps around Washington, or from column to column in the field, in accompanying advanced guards and cavalry detachments, in carrying orders by day and night in storm and rain, in the performance of their duties on great battle-fields, they were excelled by none in the alacrity, tact, courage, and intelligence with which their work was done. Far from evincing any desire to avoid irksome, fatiguing, or dangerous duty, they always sought it, and were never so happy as when some such work devolved upon them, and never failed to display the high qualities of a race of soldiers.

Their conduct was characterized by an innate love for a soldier's life, by an intense desire to perfect themselves in the profession of arms by actual experience of war on a large scale, and by unswerving devotion to duty. Not only this, their heads and hearts were with us in our hour of trial, and I believe that, next to their own France, they most love this country, for which they so freely and so often exposed their lives on the field of battle.

Soon after the beginning of the peninsular campaign, the Princes were strongly urged by their friends at home to return at once to England, partly to receive the large numbers of their adherents expected to attend the Exhibition of 1862, and partly because the French expedition to Mexico had greatly strained the relations between this country and France. They persisted in remaining with the army until the close of the Seven Days, and left only when assured that the immediate resumption of the attack on Richmond was improbable. Had the prompt receipt of reinforcements rendered a new advance practicable, it is certain that no considerations would have withdrawn them from the field until the completion of the operations against Richmond. Although warmly attached to them and very unwilling to lose their services, their commander fully recognized the imperative nature of the reasons for their departure, and entirely acquiesced in the propriety of their prompt return to Europe.

In a letter accompanying his formal resignation, the Count wrote:

"I have the honor to inclose my resignation in the form you indicated. You know the imperious circumstances which recall my brother and myself to Europe. It is with deep emotion that we separate ourselves from an army whose destinies we have so long shared, and in whose ranks we have met with so cordial a reception. We are happy that we could at least delay our departure long enough to be present with you at the great events of the last few days. . . ."

The Duc de Chartres wrote:

"It is with the greatest sentiment of regret and sorrow that I feel myself obliged to tender you my resignation. . . . You know, General, all the numerous and important reasons which call us back to Europe, and I hope you do not doubt that, if it had been possible, I should have remained with you longer. . . . It is a sad feeling for a soldier to quit his general and his fellow officers when they are still face to face with the enemy, but I feel perfectly confident that every day new successes will enlarge the glory of the Army of the Potomac and the reputation of its commander. I am glad that, although I was sick, I remained some days more with you, and was able to witness all the important events of last week. I must also say that, leaving the army when the difficult movement of changing its basis of operation is finished, makes me feel much more safe as to the result of the campaign, and I feel perfectly confident that, if proper means are furnished to you, General, I will soon hear of your entering Richmond. . . ."

I have already referred to the presence of the Prince de Joinville with his nephews; he remained with them until their departure. The Prince also brought with him to this country his son, the Duc de Penthièvre, whom he placed at the Naval Academy, then located at Newport. The young Duke passed through the school with much credit, and, entering our navy, acquired the rank of lieutenant before he left it.

From their return to Europe until the Franco-German War of 1870, the young Princes occupied themselves with travel and literary pursuits. Soon after the termination of our war, the Comte de Paris undertook the difficult task of writing an elaborate history of that remarkable contest. He brought to the work an amount of literary skill, impartiality, good judgment, and patient labor which have, in the opinion of many competent judges, placed it at the head of the histories of the Civil War. In the collection of data he has spared neither labor nor expense. The arrangement of material, the opinions expressed, the literary composition are all his own, and it is, in the strictest sense of the words, his own work, and not that of another over his name. The first volume appeared in 1874; the sixth, which has appeared during the current year, includes Gettysburg and Mine Run. While preparing for this important work, he engaged in other literary labors of an entirely different nature.

On his return from this country he found the "cotton famine" at its height, and soon went to Manchester, where he carefully studied the vast system organized in aid of the suffering population of Lancashire. For the purpose of giving the information necessary to organize a similar system in France, he wrote an article entitled "Christmas Week in Lancashire." As the Imperial Government would not permit the publication in France of any article over the name of an Orléans Prince, the article was published in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," February 1, 1863, over the name of "Eugène Forcade."

His interest being aroused by this preliminary study of the condition of the working classes, he pursued the subject with great ardor, and in 1869 published an extended work on "The Trades-Unions in England." This book met with great success, and is remarkable for the abundance and accuracy of the information which it contains, the wisdom of its conclusions, and the candor, liberality, and elevation of its sentiments. The concluding chapter on "The Future of Trades-Unions and Political Liberty" is really a summary of the writer's views on one of the most important functions of government. He advocates the broadest political liberty, an entirely free press, and the unlimited right to form associations, to meet and to discuss all political, social, and economical questions, in the clear light of open day, as the best and only means of preventing those outbursts of popular passion which, fostered by repression and the natural tendency to seek refuge in secret societies, have so often proved fatal in Europe. He thinks that it is only by free

discussion that extreme views can be corrected and sound conclusions reached. This chapter—and in fact the entire work—will amply repay perusal on the part of any one interested in that great question of the present and future, the relations of capital and labor. In this book he also takes the ground that it would be right to apply, wherever possible, the system of participation in profits.

In 1867 he published in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" an article on "The New Germany," and in 1870 one on "The Spirit of Conquest in 1870." In these he clearly explained the then condition of Germany—a state of transition from a disunited group of large and small states, with differing laws, interests, and systems of government, into one vast concentrated empire. He argues that, having become a great military power, Germany must necessarily become also a great naval and colonial power, and that, to satisfy this new ambition and give scope to the mercantile aptitude of its people, it must eventually seek to gain control of Holland.

In 1868 he published an article on "The State Church and the Free Church in Ireland."

In 1864 the Count married his cousin, the Princesse Isabelle, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier and of the Princesse Marie, sister of Queen Isabella II. of Spain. This marriage has been in every respect a most happy one, for the Countess possesses a very high order of intelligence, and all the qualities necessary to insure the happiness of her husband and children, whether in private life or on the throne. They have four children, the Princesse Amélie, born in 1865, the Duc d'Orléans, born in 1869, the Princesse Hélène, in 1871, and the Princesse Isabelle, in 1878.

When the disasters of the war of 1870 began, the Count, like the other members of his family, sought permission to enter the French army; being flatly refused, he had no alternative but to wait, as patiently as he could, the termination of the war. At last, in 1871, the National Assembly revoked the decree of exile, and the Orléans family were permitted to return to their country. In a letter from Twickenham, dated March, 1871, the Count writes: "The curse of civil war has been added to our other misfortunes, . . . but all honest men are decided to uphold the authority of the government established by universal suffrage. . . . But we all ardently hope that the law of exile will soon be abolished, and we shall then return quietly to our native country, there to serve her according to our means, as the country herself may think best. I really do not know what our best friends could wish for beyond that. What the future government of France will be is still a very obscure question.

We have to fear two dangers: Anarchy and Caesarism. Whatever government will preserve us from them will be the one we should take and keep, be it Republic or Monarchy." Not long after their return from exile, the confiscation of the Orléans property was revoked and they reentered upon its possession. The original confiscation was an act of spoliation, and a violation of the rights of private property.

Since 1871, the Comte de Paris has resided in France, often traveling on the Continent. For some years his residence has been the Château d'Eu, on the coast of Normandy, a few miles east of Dieppe. The present château was erected in 1578, by Henry of Guise — le Balafre — on the site of an older castle in which Harold of England visited William the Conqueror. It was enlarged and improved by Louis Philippe, who received Queen Victoria here in 1843. When the Comte de Paris recovered possession, the château and its grounds were in a state of dilapidation, for they had been completely neglected under the Empire. With the exception of three or four rooms, it was necessary to restore the whole interior. All the pictures and furniture have been brought back from England, and the long suites of galleries and apartments are once more hung with pictures and the portraits of the Guises and other historical characters, and decorated with fine old furniture, beautiful porcelain, and innumerable objects of art. The superb suite of rooms called the royal apartments is now hung with hundreds of Hispano-Moorish plaques, producing a very brilliant effect. The kitchens have been rebuilt, and are models of modern convenience; an artesian well has been completed, an ice factory established. The grounds have been largely extended and laid out with all the resources of landscape gardening, — presenting every variety of effect, from the somber grove of ancient beeches, historical from their association with le Balafre, and the heavy masses of trees shading the long line of the more elevated terraces, to the shrubbery, the brilliant masses of flowers, the little lakes and canals irrigating the rich greensward of the low ground bordering the Bresle. The stables at the château, the adjacent farms, — all in perfect condition, — with their kennels, model stables for hunters, farming animals and cows, barns and sheds, accommodation for farm hands, are worth study as examples of the most advanced improvement. All that money, taste, and skill can accomplish has been done, under the Count's direction, to make this one of the most pleasant and comfortable homes in Europe.

Adjoining the estate, and belonging to it,

there is a forest, many miles in extent, abounding in wild boar, which are hunted every autumn. The grounds of the château extend to the sea, close to the little watering-place of Tréport. Nothing could be more attractive than the home life in this château, where, surrounded by every comfort and by everything that can gratify the most cultivated taste, the utmost simplicity prevails in a family united by affection and mutual respect. The Countess, full of activity and kindness, not content with the cares inseparable from such an establishment, finds ample time to devote herself to the well-being of her poorer neighbors. The family have the love and respect of all around them, and as they pass along the roads all the people of the country — even the staunch republicans — halt as they meet, and, with a cordial smile of pleasure, salute "Monseigneur" or "Madame."

It is worthy of remark, that whenever the Orléans family are thrown in personal contact with Frenchmen, of whatever political bias, they seem to gain their respect and kind feeling, and are always received with the social deference due the former position of their family in the state. Their bearing is certainly admirable; for, while never encouraging or permitting familiarity, there is in their manner to the world in general a simple dignity and self-respect, with no touch of superciliousness, which permits them to exercise their natural cordiality without danger of being misunderstood.

The Comte de Paris holds the commission of a lieutenant-colonel of infantry in the territorial army, and conscientiously performs the duties of his rank.

THE Duc de Chartres is essentially a soldier; his bearing, his tastes, the character of his mind, all indicate that he was intended by nature for the profession of arms. In 1858 he entered the special military school at Turin, and when the Austrian war of the following year broke out, he was appointed sub-lieutenant in the cavalry regiment of Nice. On this occasion King Victor Emmanuel desired him to select a saddle-horse from the royal stables, and it is characteristic of the Duke that he chose an animal of pure white, which rendered his rider a most conspicuous mark for the enemy. His regiment bore its full share in the combats and battles of the campaign, and he won his way, step by step, to the grade of captain. After fighting by the side of the French troops, he gained the regard of his own countrymen as well as that of his Italian comrades, and such men as Cialdini and Fanti spoke of him as an officer who, instead of seeking a sinecure position under the pretense of witnessing great operations,

studied war in his place in the ranks, and gallantly did his duty under fire.

Leaving the Italian service at the close of the war, he came to this country and entered our army, as has already been related. Like his brother, he traveled much and engaged in literary pursuits. In 1869, under the title of "A Visit to some Battle-fields in the Valley of the Rhine," he published an excellent résumé of several noted campaigns in that region.

Toward the close of the same year appeared "The Campaigns of the Army of Africa, from 1835 to 1839, by the Duke of Orléans, published by his sons." For this the Comte de Paris prepared the preface, and the Duc de Chartres an introduction which in concise terms gave an admirable history of the events prior to 1835, when his father's narrative took up the thread of the story.

Immediately after the battle of Sedan, the Duke accompanied his uncles de Joinville and d'Aumale to Paris, where they in vain renewed their application to be permitted to serve in one of the French armies; failing in the effort, they were obliged to return to England. On the 25th of September de Joinville and de Chartres quietly disappeared from their homes, and a few days afterward a young man offered himself for enlistment as a private soldier in a battalion of Mobiles at Rouen; but being required to establish his identity, he departed. On the same day one Robert le Fort, recently arrived from America, was accepted as a captain of National Guards on the staff of the officer commanding the National Guards of the department. This le Fort was the Duc de Chartres, and his identity was confided to his commanding officer—a devoted friend of the family—only after the failure to enlist as a private soldier. He was at first assigned to the command of a small detachment of volunteer cavalry—"les Éclaireurs de la Seine-Inférieure." With them he performed such active and gallant service that his commanding general—Briant—obtained for him the commission of *chef d'escadron* in the General Staff corps of the regular army. While at Cherbourg his general was greatly inconvenienced by the total lack of maps of the country, whereupon de Chartres offered to obtain them if given thirty-six hours' leave of absence. This being granted by the general, who had no suspicion as to the real name of his staff officer, he crossed the Channel, went to his home near London, and returned within the specified time with a full collection of the General Staff maps. The secret of his identity was so well guarded that, in a spirit of well-meant kindness, the Prussian royal family caused inquiries to be made of the Duc d'Aumale as to the name under

which he served, so that, if he were taken prisoner, awkward mistakes might be avoided. To this the Duc d'Aumale replied: "Chartres is where he ought to be. If you take him prisoner, shoot him, hang him, burn him, if you choose. He is doing his duty, and we will not reveal the name under which he conceals himself to perform it."

Upon the signature of the preliminaries of peace, the supplementary corps were disbanded, and de Chartres returned to England. When the insurrection of the Commune broke out he went to France and offered his services to the Government, but was not received, because the great numbers of officers just returned from captivity in Germany were regarded as possessing a prior claim to employment. But, impelled by his adventurous spirit, he entered Paris, and was present at the bloody disturbance in the Rue de la Paix on the 22d of March, narrowly escaping the danger of falling into the hands of the Commune. About this time he was recommended by General Chanzy as a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, under the name of le Fort; which honor was, however, willingly awarded him under his true name.

Shortly afterward, subject to the ratification of the Assembly, he was assigned to the Third regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and commanded the three squadrons acting with the column of General Saussier, marching on Batna and against Bou-Mezrog. Here, as usual, he distinguished himself.

After two campaigns in the Sahara, in 1872 and 1873, he was finally confirmed in his rank as *chef d'escadron* by the "Commission des Grades." In 1875 he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy in the Eighth Dragoons, and in 1878 to the colonelcy of the Twelfth Chasseurs. He was recommended by his superiors for the rank of general of brigade, and was regarded as one of the very best colonels of cavalry in the army, having brought his regiment to the finest condition. On the 23d of February, 1883, during the excitement caused by the ill-advised proclamation of Prince Napoleon, he was dismissed from his command in the most brutal manner.

Immediately after his removal, which he bore with great dignity and propriety, he undertook a journey through the Crimea, Persia, Astrakhan, and the Russian cities, from which he has just returned.

In 1863 he married his cousin, the daughter of the Prince de Joinville; they have two sons and two daughters.

THE Duc de Nemours is of a retiring disposition, but is regarded by those who know

him well as a man of excellent judgment and a sound adviser. In his youth he bore an active part in the siege of Antwerp and in the Algerian war, where he acquitted himself with much credit. It is no doubt due to his quiet temperament that he has been less conspicuous than his brothers. He bears a striking resemblance to the portraits of Henri IV. He married a Princess of Saxe-Coburg, who died in 1857, leaving four children. The eldest son, the Comte d'Eu, married the Crown Princess of Brazil, heiress to the throne, and commanded the allied armies in the final operations against Lopez in Paraguay.

The second son, the Duc d'Alençon, is a captain of artillery in the French army, and married a Bavarian princess.

THE Prince de Joinville was educated as a sailor. He first went to sea at the early age of thirteen, and, passing the greater part of his time on active service, worked his way up through the various grades, until in 1838 he commanded the corvette *Créole* in the attack on Vera Cruz. Here he not only distinguished himself in handling his ship during the bombardment of San Juan d'Ulloa, but when the columns of attack were landed he forced the gates of Vera Cruz at the head of his sailors, and, after a sharp contest in the houses, took General Arista prisoner with his own hands. For his service he was made a post captain and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. In 1840 he was assigned to the command of the frigate *La Belle Poule*, and charged with the removal of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to France. After this he cruised on our coast, visiting Philadelphia and Boston, and thence to the coasts of Africa and Brazil, where, in 1843, he married the Princess Françoise of Brazil, sister of the present Emperor. In the same year he was made a rear-admiral, and thereafter took an active part in the labors of the Board of Admiralty. In 1845, in command of the squadron of evolutions, he cruised on the Morocco coast, bombarded Tangier, and carried Mogador by assault. In this attack he landed with his sailors and, with a riding-whip in his hand, led the men in the assault.

For his conduct here he was made a vice-admiral.

When the revolution of 1848 took place, he was in Algeria with the Duc d'Aumale, and, although he had foreseen and deplored the errors which induced this crisis, quietly gave up his command. From that period until his visit to this country in 1861, he spent much of his time in travel.

When he accompanied his nephews through the peninsular campaign of the Army of the

Potomac, he manifested the greatest interest in all that occurred; his observations were accurate, and his opinions always of weight. His amiability and accomplishments endeared him to those who enjoyed his friendship and his intellectual ability, extensive information, and sound judgment, gained their respect. Always in citizen's dress, he wore a large felt hat which attracted the admiration of the men, who knew and liked him, but who would inquire occasionally for the name of his hatter, and not infrequently designated him as "the man with the big hat." His excessive deafness sometimes exposed him unconsciously to fire, and when his horse comprehended the state of affairs the Prince would quietly jog along out of the fire with a quiet, pleasant smile, which showed that he moved more out of regard for the horse than himself. But whenever there was any occasion for remaining exposed, the horse was obliged to sacrifice his own preferences for those of his rider.

He possesses remarkable power with the pencil and brush,—is a true artist,—and constantly employed this power during the campaign, so that his sketch-book made a complete and interesting history of the serious and ludicrous events of the war.

He is a forcible writer as well, and, among other things, has published remarkable articles on the Mediterranean Squadron, the Chinese Question, the Steam Marine in Continental Wars, the Army of the Potomac, the Navy in France, and the United States in 1865, "Another Word about Sadowa," etc.

When the war of 1870 broke out, he made every possible endeavor to obtain permission to serve his country under his own or an assumed name. Foiled in every effort, he wandered about the Army of the Loire, as the American Colonel Lutherod, and whenever occasion offered took part as an artilleryman, as a rifleman, as an attendant on the wounded, —giving good advice to inferior officers, and becoming at last well known to the men, and always welcomed as "the man with the big hat." At length he was arrested and sent out of the country by order of Gambetta. It was a most affecting story, this of an exiled prince, wandering heart-broken among the wrecks of his country's armies, seeking in vain permission to serve her, and gaining such comfort as he could in risking his life in aid of those who, more fortunate than himself, were permitted to discharge openly the debt of patriotism. After the termination of the war he was elected to the Assembly, and restored to his grade of vice-admiral. He has not received any command since his restoration, and has very recently been placed on

the retired list, on the completion of his sixty-fifth year. It is a misfortune for France that she has so long been deprived of the services of so thorough a sailor and so able a man.

MOST highly favored in the gifts of nature and of fortune, the Duc d'Aumale has been perhaps the most conspicuous of the Orléans Princes. An accomplished and successful soldier in early youth, a finished scholar and spirited writer, with a fine person and fascinating manner, he, as heir of his relative, the last Duc de Bourbon and Prince de Condé, is possessed of great wealth and vast estates. It would be difficult to find a finer type of the best specimens of the old French noblemen, accomplished gentlemen, and gallant soldiers. After his long years of exile he is still a true Frenchman of the best type; he is still, with the added dignity of years, the same man who, when a youth, ordered his regiment to "present arms" when passing by the Clos Vougeot, where is produced the royal wine, so well known throughout the world, and who, upon meeting the ambassador of Napoleon III. at Naples, in response to the inquiry as to whether his health remained good in exile, quickly said, "Excellent, I thank you. Fortunately that cannot be confiscated."

Educated like his brothers, the Duke entered the army at seventeen, and became a captain in the Fourth regiment of the line in 1839. In 1840 he accompanied his brother, the Duc d'Orléans, in Africa as an aide-de-camp; was first under fire at Afrouar, was present at the combat of the Mouzaia defile, and returned to France in 1841, ill. In 1842 he returned to Africa as a major-general, and until 1843 commanded the subdivision of Médéah. During this period he conducted the brilliant expedition in which he captured the "smalah" of Abd-el-Kader, containing his family, standards, flocks, and herds, his treasure and all his correspondence, besides thirty-six hundred prisoners, thus virtually terminating the contest with the Emir. Now, promoted to be a lieutenant-general, he received command of the province of Constantine, and commanded in other expeditions, in which he uniformly displayed marked ability and daring. In 1847 he became Governor-General of Algeria, and, although only twenty-six years old, acquitted himself of the difficult duties of the position with the highest credit. Upon the abdication of his father he still held the position of Governor-General, and, resisting the temptation to avail himself of his popularity with the army, quietly acquiesced in the revolution, turned over his command to General Changarnier, and went into exile. In England his

large fortune enabled him to live in princely style, and to surround himself with the objects of art and the superb library so congenial to his tastes.

Like his brothers, he traveled much, and when at his home at Orléans House occupied himself with literature and with hunting. In 1870 he also used every effort to reënter the service, but like the others failed. After the war he was elected to the Assembly, and was soon restored to his grade as general of division. He presided over the court martial which tried Marshal Bazaine, and acquitted himself of that delicate task with the utmost dignity and ability. After that time he was assigned to the command of the Seventh army corps, at Besançon, and proved that the long years of exile had not impaired his military instincts and aptitudes, for he promptly brought his corps to a very high condition of discipline and efficiency. In 1874 he was removed from the command and placed on the list of those "waiting orders"; in 1883 he was placed on half pay. Some years ago he was elected one of the forty members of the French Academy. Among his writings are articles on the Zouaves and the Chasseurs-à-pied, the Captivity of King John, the Siege of Alesia, the History of the Princes of the House of Condé, and the famous "Letter on the History of France," which created such an excitement under the Empire.

In 1845 he married the daughter of the Prince of Salerno, by whom he had two sons, the Prince de Condé and the Duc de Guise. The mother died before the revocation of the law of exile, and the sons have followed her, so that the Duke is a widower and childless. His usual residence is the château of Chantilly, about twenty-five miles from Paris. This favorite seat of the great Condé was somewhat enlarged and rebuilt by his grandson, and partly destroyed by a mob during the great Revolution. The Duc d'Aumale has rebuilt it upon the old foundation, and has collected there the gems from his various châteaux. The gallery of *chefs-d'œuvre*, with its old stained glass, the relics of the great Condé, the pictures of his battles painted under his own directions, the superb specimens of old furniture and porcelain, the room decorated by the hand of Boucher, the magnificent dining-hall, and the unsurpassed library, form a whole of the highest interest.

THE Duc de Montpensier, youngest of the sons of Louis Philippe, entered the army in 1842, at eighteen, as a lieutenant of artillery. In 1844 and 1845 he served under the orders of General Bugeaud and the Duc d'Aumale, taking an active and distinguished part in the

severe fighting of these campaigns. In 1846 he was assigned to the command of the artillery school of practice at Vincennes, and continued in the exercise of those functions until the downfall of the monarchy. He married the sister of Queen Isabella of Spain, and took up his residence in that country. Through the various changes and revolutions that have taken place in Spain, his position has been one of great delicacy; but by his great tact, intelligence, and firmness, he has retained the respect and good will of all parties. His marriage has been a most happy one, save in the loss of his daughter Mercedes, the young queen of Alfonso, whose sad and premature death, in the flower of youth and happiness, excited the sympathy of the world. His eldest daughter is the Countess de Paris.

WHERE so many elements enter into the solution of a problem, and especially in a country where the unexpected is so likely to happen, it is impossible to foretell the exact form of the future government of France. The student of French history who understands the character of the French people in the past and present can, however, safely venture to predict this much at least: that, whatever may be the temporary result of any great crisis in the domestic or foreign affairs of France, the enduring establishment of either despotism or anarchy is impossible, and that its permanent government in future must be, in its fundamental nature, republican,—that is to say, established and constantly controlled by the people, conducted in their interests, and in accord with their will. It is less easy to foresee whether this government of the future will remain in name a republic, whose chief executive officer is elected for a term of years; or whether that chief executive will eventually be

chosen for life; or whether France will return to a constitutional monarchy, hedged in and guarded as a real republic by the force of that public opinion which, in modern times, has become omnipotent in all Christian nations which have attained a certain degree of civilization, intelligence, and personal freedom. Whatever the future may bring forth in this respect, it is fortunate for France that her most conspicuous family is made up of men who love their country above all things, who are animated by the purest motives of patriotism, who, whether in exile or at home, have proved that they are not drones, but energetic men of active lives, liberal in their political views, in full sympathy with the people and their needs, and in entire accord with the progressive spirit of the age; men who "are decided to uphold the authority of the government established by universal suffrage"; who, when in exile, only desired "to return quietly to our country, to serve her according to our means, as the country herself may think best"; who, during the twelve years that have elapsed since then, have fully proved their sincerity by serving the Republic honestly, ably, and faithfully, in whatever positions they were placed, as private citizens or holding civil or military offices; and who have abstained from all intrigue against the Republic, and, when most cavalierly and harshly deprived of their offices, submitted quietly and with dignity to an insult not justified by any act or word of their own.

Every true friend of the French Republic may hope that it will feel so secure and strong as at least to trust men who have given no just cause for suspicion, and whose talents, experience, and devotion to their country enable them to render great services, whether in the conduct of affairs in ordinary times, or in some hour of great tribulation.

George B. McClellan.

SUMMER HOURS.

HOURS aimless-drifting, as the milk-weed's down
 In seeming, still a seed of joy ye bear
 That steals into the soul, when unaware,
 And springs up Memory in the stony town.

Helen Gray Cone.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Uses and Abuses of Trades-Unions.

"TRADES-UNIONS are regarded, not unjustly, by most workmen as the most effectual agency they can use to resist unjust exactions. If there never had been unjust employers, there would be no domineering trades-unions. The political economy which teaches that cheap production is always a great good, that no man is bound to consider his workmen's needs, that every man must look after himself, is largely responsible for the growing indifference on the part of employees to the interests of their employers."

So writes an intelligent and successful manufacturer in this city. The tone of his testimony is somewhat less severe than that which we sometimes hear from those who take the side of capital in its controversy with labor. He is able to see the workman's side of the question as well as the master's. He is not alone. The number of those who stand with him is not so large as it ought to be; but there is an increasing class of employers who decline to adopt the maxims of political economy quoted by him, and who are learning to put themselves in the places of their workmen. Such employers have ceased to use the sweeping terms of condemnation which were formerly applied, almost universally, to trades-unions, and have learned to speak of them with some discrimination.

It is not necessary to argue concerning the methods frequently employed by trades-unions. Whenever they resort to violence or intimidation they put themselves beyond the pale of good neighborhood. If the police cannot cope with such banditti, let the military be summoned, with grape-shot and bayonets; if they will not yield to milder arguments, let them be relentlessly put down. No man is under compulsion to join a trades-union, and no man in this free country, who obeys the laws and provides for himself and his own, must be forced by his neighbors to work when he does not like to work, or to desist from working when it pleases him to work. If labor is not free, to this extent, in this country, it is high time that we have another revolution to set it free. Whatever points the trades-unions can carry by fair argument, or by moral forces, they are entitled to; whenever they attempt to carry their points by the use of force or fear, they are outlaws, and should be suppressed in the sternest fashion.

It is also true that these societies often behave themselves as if they had been organized for the discouragement of industry. Their apparent object is to secure the largest amount of wages for the smallest amount of work; and a society of which this is the main purpose is a doubtful factor in the commonwealth.

When the trades-unions forbid men to work beyond a certain rate of speed, as they have sometimes done, and forbid the employing of apprentices, and ordain that the least efficient labor shall be paid as much as the most efficient, they are simply setting the interests of the members of their own particular group against the interests of society in general,—and the

interests of the least worthy among themselves above the interests of the most worthy; they are attempting to grasp for themselves advantages which they have no right to monopolize, and to distribute these advantages among themselves in such a way as to discourage industry and skill; they are acting, in short, in a manner extremely unsocial and injurious, and they cannot expect the countenance of intelligent and patriotic persons. The best that can be said about these practices of the trades-unions is that the wages system, as based on unmitigated competition, is a system of warfare, and that everything is fair in war. On no other assumption can such practices be justified.

These violent and selfish methods form no necessary part, however, of the life of a trades-union; and although they are still in use, there is a decided tendency to abandon them, and to rely on peaceful measures. Attempts to coerce non-union men are made much less frequently than formerly. The trades-unions are beginning to see a little more clearly what purposes are legitimate and what methods are expedient, and in working out this problem they are entitled to the sympathy and the aid of all intelligent employers. Unqualified denunciation of such combinations of workmen indicates not only unfairness but ignorance. There are no respectable writers on political economy of the present day who do not distinctly say that such associations of workmen are, under the present system, not only permissible, but indispensable. So long as the wage-system of industry continues without modification, and the rate of wages is determined by sheer competition, it will be necessary for workmen to combine in order to protect themselves. Capitalists combine in great companies and corporations, and the companies and corporations combine in associations that represent millions of money; such combinations are authorized and protected by law. The laborers have the same right to combine for the protection of their interests, and they ought to be encouraged by public opinion and authorized by law to do so.

Professor Sumner of Yale is, perhaps, the most thorough-going Ricardian economist in this country, and his theories of the workingman's rights and claims are certainly not over-sympathetic. Yet he insists, in his latest volume, that "trades-unions are right and useful, and perhaps necessary," and he goes on to give strong reasons for this assertion. "They may do much," he says, "by way of true economic means to raise wages. They are useful to spread information, to maintain *esprit de corps*, to elevate the public opinion of the class. . . . Especially trades-unions ought to be perfected so as to undertake a great range of important duties, for which we now rely on Government inspection, which never gives us what we need. The safety of workmen from machinery, the ventilation and sanitary arrangements required by factories, the special precautions of certain processes, the hours of labor of women and children, the schooling of chil-

dren, the limits of age for employed children, Sunday-work, hours of labor,—these, and other like matters, ought to be controlled by the men themselves through their organizations. The laborers about whom we are talking are free men in a free state. If they want to be protected, they must protect themselves. They ought to protect their own women and children. Their own class opinion ought to secure the education of the children of their class. If an individual workman is not bold enough to protest against a wrong to laborers, the agent of a trades-union might with propriety do it on behalf of the body of workmen." Here is surely a clear recognition of the right of workingmen to form such associations, and a broad basis for their operation. Whatever they can do, by consultation, by discussion, by united action, without resorting to force or fear, to increase the rate or prevent the reduction of wages, or to promote their own welfare in any such ways as Professor Sumner has indicated, they not only may do, but are bound to do. The same enlightened public sentiment which denounces the abuses of the trades-unions should emphasize their uses.

The late Congress of the Unions at Paris seems to have been temperate in its action. An international convention for shortening the hours of women's and children's work was proposed and agreed to, and the following minute was adopted:

"The identity of the interests of the working classes in different countries renders international legislation in labor questions necessary. This legislation will be the outcome of class organization, and, above all things, tend to abrogate laws against trade combinations. It should, in the first instance, apply to the weakest and oppressed, to those least capable of protecting themselves, as women and children. Further progress should result from the development of the working classes."

The debates at the Congress are largely the utterances of moderate and fair-minded men, who have no revolutionary propositions to make, and who are cherishing no unreasonable expectations. Undoubtedly the affairs of the local unions are often managed by men of a different temper; but the presence of a wiser element in their councils should be recognized and encouraged.

What has been said involves the rightfulness of strikes, when these are not accompanied by violence or intimidation. It is doubtful whether the rate of wages is ever materially improved by striking—whether the advance gained would not, in most cases, have come in due season without the strike, and without the serious loss which the strike occasions to workmen as well as masters. Nevertheless, this power of united action belongs to workmen, and should be frankly conceded to them; it is only to be desired that they should learn to use it intelligently and effectively, in such a manner as not to inflict undue injury upon themselves and their employers.

It should be added that this discussion all proceeds upon the basis of the wage-system. So long as this system is maintained in its strictness, the considerations here urged will be valid. But there is another system to which this reasoning would not apply—a system of federation between workmen and employers; a system in which private property would be fully recognized, and in which the captains

of industry would reap the full reward of their organizing power, but in which the workmen should have, in addition to their wages, a stipulated share in the profits of production, and thus be consciously and actually, as well as theoretically, identified with their employers in their interests. It is not likely that the labor question will ever be settled until some such method as this is in vogue. Its adoption would not render trades-unions superfluous; they would still have a legitimate work to do; but it would change their character, and correct their worst abuses.

Modern Catholicism.

THE recent celebrations of Luther's four-hundredth birthday have borne good fruit. They have given a distinct impulse to historical study; and the results of this study, as spread before the people in elaborate addresses and in the public prints, have contributed not a little to popular education. The people who read are largely slaves to the record of petty passing events and the novel; whatever delivers them, though it be but for a brief space, from this bondage, and leads them out into the wide realm of history, is a salutary influence. Moreover, the tendency of the present time to seek out the causes of the things that appear has led to a more careful exploration of the ages preceding the Reformation. It was the popular notion that the Reformation had its birth in the brain of Luther: the more profound and philosophical of the recent discussions have made it plain to multitudes that many political and intellectual causes had been long conspiring to bring on the crisis of which he was the hero. This fact is familiar enough, of course, to students; but the great majority of the people, even of those who have been educated in the common schools, have but dim notions of the operation of those secular causes whose results are harvested in the great epochs of history: in their hero-worship they are apt to ascribe the uprisings and overturnings of nations to the men whose names are connected with them. Thus they get the impression that great reformations can be produced at any time to order; and they are impatient of the delays which always attend the working out of important problems in church and state. Wherever the work of Luther has been adequately treated, much light must have been thrown upon this whole subject; and we may hope that a few of the more rational of the modern reformers will learn from it an important practical lesson.

But the most significant feature of these celebrations is the reasonably good temper with which, in the main, they have been conducted,—the comparative mildness of the *adum theologicum* which they must needs arouse. The old battle between Papist and Protestant has been fought over again by some of the more strenuous partisans on either side; and there have been those who have sought to make this anniversary an occasion for widening the breach between the two wings of the Western Church. But these have not been the only voices; many of the discussions have been characterized on each side by justice and moderation. It is known by most of the eulogists of Luther that the Roman Catholic Church of this day and of this country is a very different Church

from that out of which Luther went; that Leo XIII. is a far more exemplary and devout person than Leo X. and the popes who immediately preceded him; that, in short, a constant reformation in discipline, if not in doctrine, has been going on within the Church against whose errors and abuses Luther recorded his protest. Doubtless, there is still much that needs to be reformed; to this every intelligent Roman Catholic will consent; but the moral condition of both the clergy and the laity of the Roman obedience is far better now than it was four hundred years ago. To what extent this improvement has been due to the counter-irritant of Protestant criticism and example, to what extent it has resulted from the increase of general intelligence, and how much of it must be traced to the vital and remedial forces that are inherent in the organism itself, it would not be possible to determine. It is enough to recognize, with gratitude, the truth that the religious reformation of the last four centuries has not been confined to the churches of the Reformers.

Some of the orators, while fully justifying the Reformation, and giving to Luther and those who wrought with him the honor due to them, have been sanguine enough to express the hope of a reunion in the future between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant bodies. Such a hope might have seemed altogether visionary twenty-five years ago; but it cannot now be deemed irrational to entertain it. As the conflict with Materialism and Agnosticism has been waxing hotter and hotter, it must have become evident to intelligent Protestants that they have in the Roman Catholic theologians a strong body of allies with whom they ought to maintain friendly relations. It is not Protestantism, nor the Papacy, nor Calvinism, nor Trinitarianism, nor any other secondary Christian dogma that is now on trial; it is the main question whether there is any such thing as religion—whether there is a conscious God, and a life beyond the grave, and a free will, and a moral law. Upon these issues Protestants and Roman Catholics stand together; and their agreement, so far as it goes, ought to be recognized and emphasized.

In certain matters of discipline, vitally affecting the life of the family and of society, Protestant teachers gratefully acknowledge that the Roman Catholic Church takes high ground. The Roman Catholic doctrine and practice respecting divorce are much closer to the law of the New Testament than those of the Protestant churches have been; and there is an earnest effort at the present time to bring the practice of the Protestant churches a little nearer to the Roman Catholic standard. In contending against the foes that destroy the family, Protestants and Catholics can stand together.

It is thus evident that there is much common ground for the two great divisions of the Western Church; and it is to be hoped that the anniversary which has just been celebrated will have the effect of bringing the more moderate men of both sides into closer sympathy. Signs of this ironical temper are not wanting in recent literature. Two of the most successful books of the past season, "But Yet a Woman" and "The Story of Ida," exhibit a hearty recognition on the part of Protestants of the strength and loveliness of the Christian character as developed under the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Hardy has

not been accused of exaggeration in his pictures of the old priest and the two noble women of his story; he has painted what he has seen; but his work gives evidence that a born Puritan is able to treat sympathetically the religious life of those in whom, not many generations since, no Puritan could have found a trace of good without incurring the suspicion of apostasy. As for "The Story of Ida," its transparent realism is irresistible. The grimmest Protestant will gladly acknowledge this young girl's saintliness, and will be grateful to Heaven for the faith that inspired and glorified her life.

In spite of all these practical and sentimental agreements, there are still vast differences between the Roman Church and the Reformers,—differences that reasoning cannot extenuate, and that good nature cannot set aside. There never can be unity between these separated churches until great changes take place in the beliefs of those who compose them. Is there any prospect of such changes? So far as the Protestant bodies are concerned, there is nothing in their principles to hinder them from making any changes which increasing light may require; and it is certain that the tendency among most of them is to minimize mere philosophical and ritual distinctions, and to put the emphasis upon those elements of character about which there can be no controversy. But what can be said of the Roman Catholic Church? Is not that, by its very constitution and all its traditions, irreformable on the intellectual side? Such may be the opinion of bigoted Papists and of bigoted Protestants; but it is safe to predict that the Roman Catholic Church will not successfully resist the light of science and the genial influences of this new day. It has felt these influences already; it is sure to feel them more and more. To realize how sensitive is Catholicity to its surroundings, one has only to compare the atmosphere of the churches in the United States with that of the churches on the Continent of Europe, or even with those of the French part of Canada. Many of the Roman Catholics in this country have the Bible in their hands; it is not denied them, and there is light by which to read it. That mighty angel, the Zeitgeist, is abroad, and the rustle of his pinions is heard, now and then, under the arches of cathedrals and in the palaces of bishops. The growing intelligence of the people will make loud demands for reforms within the church. When the time is fully ripe for such reforms, the dogma of infallibility, as Dr. Dorner has suggested, may prove the engine with which to set them in motion. It was monarchy in the middle ages that brought in liberty on the Continent of Europe. The power of the king was strengthened, and he made common cause with the people against their feudal lords. The same thing may happen in the Roman Catholic Church. Some future pontiff of a liberal spirit and a courageous temper, hearing the cry of the people for some lightening of their load of dogmas and ceremonies, and knowing that the time is at hand, may rise up and wield that supreme and unquestionable power which the Vatican Council has conferred upon him, in the reformation of many abuses, and in the great enlargement of the liberties of the Roman Catholic people. Such a movement, when it is once begun, is not likely to be arrested; it may be long delayed, but its hour will come.

The Proposed Library Building in Washington.

ALTHOUGH the question of securing better accommodation for the Library of Congress has long been a burning one in Washington, it has not received as much attention from the outside press or from the people at large as is warranted by its great national importance. Few who have not personally inspected the present library can imagine the deplorable condition of the collection; few who have not read the reports of the librarian can conceive how rapid has been its recent growth or how inevitably this will increase in the near future; and still fewer, probably, know what steps have thus far been taken toward the erection of a new structure.

At the end of the year 1874 the library contained 274,157 volumes and some 50,000 pamphlets; while at the close of 1882 the aggregate was no less than 480,076 volumes and 160,000 pamphlets. All this immense and so rapidly growing mass of literature is now housed in a way which prevents its proper use and endangers its very existence. Long years ago the shelves were filled; supplementary ones—necessarily of wood—have been introduced wherever possible; and books are piled in great heaps all over the floor, allowing scarce space for the library attendants to move from point to point. The Toner collection of 27,000 volumes, a donation of the past year, is lodged in the crypts under the Rotunda. Every other unoccupied chamber in the Capitol has been pressed into service, and the very valuable files of domestic and foreign newspapers are stored in a garret partly of wooden construction. It is needless to say that the accommodation left for readers is ridiculously meager, and that there is not a place where a Member of Congress can work in even comparative quiet and privacy. A few more years and the librarians will be buried alive, and it will be physically impossible to introduce another volume. To this prospect must be added the unavoidable and ever-growing risk from a fire, which would be surely fatal if once started in these crowded rooms.

It has actually been asked more than once why, under these circumstances, are additions made to the collection? Such a question hardly merits a serious answer; but a sufficient one is furnished by the mere fact that here—alone in all the world—the functions of a copyright bureau are combined with those of the library proper. From this one source came, in 1882, 22,000 additional numbers into the collection. Of course there can be no pretense of affording proper accommodation for the copyright clerks, or proper storage for the specimen volumes furnished under the law. The fire which may occur in spite of the great watchfulness of the attendants would not only be a public calamity, but a great private injury to multitudes of authors and publishers. Every man who pays for the copyrighting of a book or print has therefore a special right to demand that Congress shall provide a place in which the records of the transaction may be preserved in a suitable manner.

Of course none of these facts are new to our legislators. It is many years since the necessity of further accommodation for the library was demonstrated, and no fewer than nine years since active agitation has been under way for its attainment. The first proposal was to enlarge the Capitol itself by means of a projecting

wing. This was seen, however, by every architect who was consulted and by every person who realized the rate of growth of the collection, to be a plan that would not only ruin the appearance of the Capitol, but afford only a temporary, makeshift shelter for the books. "But," many a Member of Congress has been selfish enough to say, "it is the Library of Congress, and as such must not be removed from under our roof. Better have it improperly housed here than properly in any other place." Such a theory is to the last degree mistaken. To say that Congress needs for constant reference all these half-million volumes of miscellaneous literature is palpably absurd. If the bulk of them were removed to another spot, the present rooms would give ample fire-proof accommodation to a library of some 50,000 or 60,000 volumes, which would be more than sufficient for the needs of our legislators, and more than are to-day included in the library of the English Parliament—which, nevertheless, does not seem to pine to have the British Museum collection brought in under its roof. It is time, indeed, that this sort of opposition at least should give way to the absolute and crying needs of a library which is national in fact, if Congressional in name.

Nearly ten years ago a public competition was opened to obtain designs for a new library. Many architects responded, though few whose names would now be cited as among those of our better artists. The prize—there was no immediate prospect of actual work—was awarded to a local practitioner. The "Joint Committee on Additional Accommodation for the Library of Congress" long afterward authorized three architects—among them the former prize-winner—to prepare competitive designs once more, and this gentleman again won the suffrages of the judges,—not in an unqualified way, however; for he has since been requested or allowed to alter and correct his essays and to draw new ones in several different styles, until no fewer than nine or ten now hang on the walls of the committee room. Two years ago a bill to secure an appropriation to buy ground east of the Capitol, and to begin work according to the premiated design, passed the Senate, but was postponed in the House. Last session—February, 1883—a similar bill was defeated in the House by a majority of eleven votes. Shortly after, an amended bill providing for the construction of a library building, in sections and limited to cost two million dollars, upon some "government reservation" to be selected by a commission composed of the Secretary of the Interior, the Architect of the Capitol, and the Librarian of Congress, received a majority of fifty-eight votes in the House, but failed to pass because of the necessity for a two-thirds vote.

The failure of the first bill was undoubtedly owing to the site named therein. This site, which lies east of the Capitol, just beyond its own grounds, is not a government reservation, but would need to be acquired by purchase. Immediately there arose the dreaded cry of jobbery, and Congress shrank before it. Yet it seems as though this were the best possible site, since it is near the Capitol, and yet far enough away—remembering that there are rapidly growing groups of large trees between—to obviate the necessity of adopting a style of architecture absolutely identical with that of the Capitol itself. The only other available site is on Government ground south of the Treasury

building and between it and the Washington Monument. This, however, offers a less fortunate opportunity for architectural treatment, since it is partly surrounded by buildings which are mean and yet are likely to be permanent, and since it lies lower than the level of the approaching streets. A site formerly recommended for the purpose—on Judiciary Square—has now been appropriated for the new Pension offices, and few indorse the suggestion that more of the too-contracted public ground lying between the Capitol and the Potomac should be built over for any purpose. Surely the people would not grudge the necessary expenditure to secure the best possible site for their national library, and any Member of Congress who will say this in the present session should receive the thanks of the public and the support of his colleagues.

Thus the matter rested at the close of the last session. The committee in charge lapsed with the dissolution of Congress, and a new committee has now been appointed, which may either indorse the old plans and measures, or advocate new ones, and must then in either case appeal again to House and Senate.

Much as one regrets on general principles the failure of former efforts, it is yet impossible not to hope that the new committee will not feel itself bound in any way by the action of its predecessor, but will start quite afresh from the beginning. It is true that some little time will be lost by this method of procedure, and that time is of vital importance, since the present condition of the library is a national disgrace, and may result in a national misfortune. But it would be a misfortune and a disgrace were we to be given a building inferior to the best that might be obtained,—were one more to be added to the long list of architectural monstrosities, put up under governmental control, which deform our cities and corrupt the public taste. Ten years ago it would have been possible to secure a respectable, dignified, and scholarly building. To-day it would easily be possible to secure much more than this. We have now not one architect, but several, able to erect a structure upon which we could look with contentment and with pride. But it is well within the bounds of truth and charity to state that none of the designs of the architect who has thus far been most successful in competition come within this category. Pressing as is our need of a new library, we might better wait for a long time yet than afflict posterity by the execution of either of his essays. It is not a mere matter of "taste" which is involved in this decision. It is many matters of *fact* which are not readily perceptible, apparently, to untrained eyes (since they were not perceived by the various committees), but which could be thoroughly demonstrated to any mind whatever, were the drawings at hand for illustration. The first proposed elevation shows a so-called Gothic structure, impossible to describe according to any recognized type or formula. Not that one would deny freedom to the modern builder, whatever the style he chooses, or the liberty to recombine his elements and innovate upon the grammar of his predecessors. Architecture is, if anything, a living art, and may grow as does a living language, often welding together elements from various tongues. But it is not growth, it is not liberty or originality, to plan an immense front without any expression of the building's purpose or internal structure, without proper distri-

bution of masses or consideration of proportions, and then to cover it from top to bottom with a wilderness of applied details drawn from many times and quarters, without relation to the building they cover, the places they hold, or the functions they might reasonably be expected to fulfill, and utterly inharmonious with one another. Many of the details of this drawing could hardly be executed in their given places unless made of wood; none of them serve to strengthen or adorn the building, but all of them to deform, if not to drag it down.

Another design shows the same general outline with "Renaissance detail." One instance may serve to show the author's capabilities in this direction. The upper range of windows is of a type commonly found in early Italian Renaissance dwellings, round-arched, and divided into two round lights, with a circle in the space above these—the design being, of course, a reminiscence of Gothic tracery. Such a window is quite complete in itself; but here the designer, in his mad desire for "ornament," has placed above each a straight cornice with a triangular pediment, having no connection with the forms below; and to show that it has no use, even as a protection from the weather, it may be added that immediately over it projects the heavy cornice of the building.

The design which received the latest indorsement of the committee is a simpler Renaissance essay, less objectionable by reason of being less ambitious, but not really more excellent. Any visitor to Washington may examine these designs for himself, or may look at the new part of the Georgetown college for an example of what their author can produce. It would be, we repeat, nothing less than a public misfortune should the erection of the great new library be a sister work.

But since better architecture is surely to be had, how should the committee go about the task of securing it? The first and most essential thing is that they should abandon the idea of sitting as expert judges in an artistic matter. In no other province does the average layman hold himself capable of testing and directing professional work; but in the art of building it is the unfortunate custom for such capability to be claimed. If it is desirable that the library building should be a good work of art, then no lay committee appointed on purely political grounds should attempt to guide its erection. If it is *not* desirable and necessary, then let all pretense in this direction be frankly given up. Let us have a plain brick warehouse, in which our books can be safely stored until such time as we realize more clearly our needs, and the way in which they should be satisfied.

The first thing to be secured, of course, is a good plan. For this, the advice of competent librarians is absolutely necessary. A committee of such might be chosen, and some design agreed upon as to general features and requirements only; for if the architect is in the least competent, he will be able so to modify it—in consultation, if desired, with them—that their ends will be better served than by their own inventions. For the selection of this competent architect, there is more than one way open. The plan most usually adopted at the present day, in England as well as here, is to invite certain artists to join in a competition, each, whether successful or not, to be remunerated by a sum which will pay him for his time and

trouble. A simpler, more economical, and at the same time more sensible and dignified plan would be to choose an architect out and out. Surely a man's ability may be as easily judged from structures he has already erected as from architectural drawings, especially as these may be among the most hieroglyphic, untrustworthy, and misleading of earthly things. Whichever course is decided upon—whether that of competitive or of immediate choice—the Congressional committee should not trust in its own wisdom. Its proper work would be to designate a disinterested and well qualified judge or judges whose decision should be final and untrammelled. It would not be difficult to find men amply competent for this task,—men (like Professor Ware of Columbia College, for example) who are educated architects and accomplished critics, able to understand both the artistic and the material requirements of the problem, but who, not being concerned with the actual practice of their profession, would be above all suspicion of prejudice or self-seeking. Indeed, Congress has such a man close beside it in the person of the Capitol architect. He has his hands so full of his own work, is so averse to personally directing this project, and is, moreover, so thoroughly acquainted with the necessities of the case and the course of former agitation, that no better acting representative of the Congressional committee could be chosen. By thus putting the artistic part of the matter out of its own hands, the committee would not accuse itself of ignorance. It would clearly show, on the contrary, that it had a wise appreciation of the dignity and difficulty of the problem, a wise judgment as to how it should be met, and a wise wish to shift from its own shoulders upon those better fitted to bear them the burdens of public criticism and possible professional jealousy.

It may be added that, with regard to the selection of a site, no commission could be better qualified than the one we have above named as already once selected for this purpose.

On the Reading of Dante.

WE doubt if there is any name in literature at the same time so familiar and so unknown to those who speak English as that of Dante. It is an evidence, indeed, of Dante's unique power, that his character, in its sterner aspects at least, has impressed itself so strongly upon the imaginations of men that his name, even where his writings remain unread, stands as a type of deep and awful insight. Even those who have not read a sonnet of the "Vita Nuova" or a single canto of the so-called Divine Comedy, know that this is the mortal who, in a certain real sense, has seen Hell. As a mere word, even as a typical and expressive word, Dante is constantly before our eyes; and yet there are comparatively few who have read, even in translation, anything but extracts from the world-famed trilogy. As a rule the "general reader," if curiosity leads him that far, seldom gets beyond the "Inferno." This is true in America at least, notwithstanding that American scholarship has long been especially occupied in translating, or otherwise elucidating, the life and works of the great Florentine,—as is attested especially by the writings of Parsons, Norton, Lowell, and Longfellow. And now, another de-

voted student of Dante, Miss Sarah Freeman Clarke, is about to make public (in the pages of *THE CENTURY*) the results of many pilgrimages undertaken with a view to identifying the places and objects visited by the poet in his wanderings. By way of preface to these chapters, a study of Dante by Miss Rossetti and a paper by Miss Clarke on the portraits of the poet are printed in this number.

It is greatly to be regretted that an exaggerated idea of the obscurity of the poem should lead so many who are well fitted for its enjoyment to neglect the leading work with which Dante's name is associated. It is true, however, that as culture extends a knowledge of Dante grows among us in a rapidly increasing ratio, owing partly to the interest reawakened by the Rossettis, and also to the labors of American scholars already alluded to. A good work is being done, moreover, by the Dante Society. Readers are learning not to stop with the first book of the Comedy, but to continue through the "Purgatorio" and the "Paradiso" to the proper ending. In no other way, of course, can the full beauty and compass of this extraordinary conception be comprehended. Certain of the former writers on Dante are partly to be blamed for the slight thrown upon the second and third books of the trilogy—a slight strangely undeserved. For the "Inferno" (though not without a certain completeness in itself) is, of course, but a prelude part of the spiritual journey described in the trilogy. The climax of the wonderful story is not reached in this portion of the poem—or rather, neither of the two climaxes, for there are two. In the "Inferno" and in the "Purgatorio" Beatrice hovers unseen over the aspiring soul of her still earthly lover. As we read the "Purgatorio," we ask ourselves, can even Dante fulfill the expectations he himself has raised, when it comes to the actual meeting with Beatrice? But this he does in this second division of the poem, while to the third is reserved the still more difficult task of preserving the dramatic interest and bringing it to a second and higher culmination in the concluding vision. In describing Beatrice and glorifying her, how he marshals all history, all philosophy, and all theology! But the story rises ever upward, as it should, from Hell, through Purgatory, to Heaven, growing more and more ethereal, exalted, mysterious, till the final apocalyptic page is reached, and the poet comes at last to the central "abyss of radiance":

"O Light Eterne, sole in thyself that dwellest,
Sole knowest thyself, and, known unto thyself
And knowing, lovest and smilest on thyself!"

We cannot conclude this "advertisement for readers" of Dante better than by quoting the following from Dean Church: "The 'Divina Commedia' is one of the landmarks of history. More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power which measure and test what it can reach to, which rise up ineffaceably and forever as time goes on."
* * * It is the first Christian poem; and it opens European literature, as the 'Iliad' did that of Greece and Rome. And, like the 'Iliad,' it has never become out of date; it accompanies with undiminished freshness the literature which it began."

OPEN LETTERS.

The Silver Dollar: Is it Honest? and, if Honest, is it Expedient?

By the Constitution of the United States, we, the people, have wisely surrendered to Congress the power to coin money and regulate its value. We hold the fallacy lurking in the meaning of this word "value" responsible in a great measure for the criticisms issuing from many trustworthy and honorable sources against the honesty of our national legislation in remonetizing the old silver dollar. In 1873 our nation was enormously burdened with debts, which were solemnly pledged to be paid in coin, and it became a question of vital importance to select the metal of which the coin should be made.

The silver as well as the gold dollar was then, as now, a full, unlimited debt-paying coin of the country. As for more than twenty years preceding this time it required on an average over one hundred and three cents of gold to buy enough silver to make a dollar, it was thought to be a happy, economical stroke of policy to cease coining silver as full legal-tender money, and use gold alone, as it was the cheaper metal. In 1878 this rash financial mistake was rectified, and the silver dollar was again ordered to be coined. In the meantime the legislation of our country and of Germany against silver was one of the most potent causes in decreasing the demand for this metal, and consequently decreasing its intrinsic value, so that we find ourselves coining silver dollars out of a quantity of silver that we buy for about eighty-six cents in gold. Hence this dollar has received the libelous nickname of the "dishonest" or "clipped dollar," when it is well known that the quantity of pure silver contained in it has never varied since the first organization of our mints. It is equally well known that our Government in 1834 removed over six and a quarter per cent. of pure gold from the gold dollar. Whoever contends for the perfect honesty of this silver dollar strives for the honor of his nation just as effectually as if fighting her battles in a just cause at sea or on land.

When this word "value" is used in relation to money, no discussion can be precise unless qualified, either mentally or in words, by something to show its real meaning, and thus avoid being misled by one of the most seductive of word-fallacies. Money has at least three distinct kinds of value—debt-paying, intrinsic, and purchasing. The legal debt-paying value of money is a question of statute law, and is regulated only by this law. Its intrinsic value is a question of supply and demand, and is regulated only by this rigid economic law. Its purchasing or exchangeable value is a question of prices, and is regulated by the will of the people without regard to statute law. Thus, the silver dollar now worth intrinsically so much less than gold has a home debt-paying value equal to gold, and will purchase the same quantity of commodities or services from our people.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of

our marvelous age is the growth and magnitude of our private and public debts. Hence, this debt-paying quality of money is a question of commanding importance, and must not be seriously interfered with, unless in a great emergency. Congress has full power to fix permanently this debt-paying quality of money by maintaining the material, weight, and fineness of the coin. Whenever it changes these elements, existing contracts are violated. A legal debt is simply a contract or promise to pay at some future day a certain, definite quantity of the commodities, gold and silver, coined into full legal-tender money; or, if the promise is fairly settled by paper, it becomes a title to real money or its equivalent. We admit, however, that Congress has enacted that greenbacks are full legal-tender money, and that our Supreme Court has confirmed the law, and our people have indorsed these actions; yet this triple confirmation does not logically bridge over the immense chasm between real money and this fictitious paper representative. The civilization of the world would be paralyzed without the use of paper money in some of its various forms, and hence it is of inestimable utility; but we should never for a moment forget that it is not real money.

Gold and silver money is our measure of the exchangeable values of all other commodities. While this is true, let us examine if by any possibility the intrinsic value of either gold or silver in comparison with each other, or with the various exchangeable commodities in use in common life, can be maintained at a fixed point. All political economists without hesitation answer, No. The intrinsic value of coins, it matters not of what they are made, cannot remain fixed, but is continually varying from day to day, and from century to century. The supply and demand of the metals out of which they are coined, which are always variable, regulate this kind of value.

The assertion that the intrinsic value of gold remains comparatively fixed is almost as absurd in the science of finance as the Rev. John Jasper's astronomical assertion, that the earth remains fixed in position and that "the sun do move." Yet on this false theory how many of the arguments against the use of silver depend. As it is utterly impossible to have any standard of intrinsic value that will remain unvarying, shall we abandon the attempt to have one as steady in this quality as possible? The united wisdom of the commercial world for ages has given us this double standard of gold and silver as the most fit materials for money. We admit that this measure is a constantly varying one, but it is far more steady in this quality than either metal alone could be. Statisticians of the greatest reliability give us these two important facts, bearing on this case: Scarcely one-tenth of the people of the world now use gold as their sole legal standard, and about forty-six per cent. of the real money in use in the world is silver. Is it not then an immense stretch of the imagination to say that gold is "the money of the world"?

Should the world abandon the use of silver as a full

legal-tender money metal, does it require the mental caliber of a Newton to see that the demand for gold would be so great as enormously to increase its intrinsic value? It would approximately double all of our debts and decrease by nearly one-half the prices of all exchangeable commodities. It would cause a complete financial crash and revolution throughout the entire commercial world.

The demand for either metal for coinage increases its utility, and hence its intrinsic value; and if the civilized world would wisely make their principal demand for the cheaper metal (whichever that might happen to be) for coining full legal-tender money, the constant tendency would be to equalize the two metals at their old ratio in intrinsic value. The effect would be very marked should Germany alone change her unwise legislation of 1871 against silver, and should England again fully remonetize silver, as so earnestly advised by many of her most able financiers. This alternate use of these two precious metals is one of the most active forces in giving us money of comparatively great stability in this most essential quality of "intrinsic value."

It is a common but very captivating delusion to speak of a gold yard-stick, or of a silver yard-stick, when referring to coins as "measures of values." Nature has given us unvarying laws to test our "standards of weights and measures." Statute law may enact that the yard shall be reduced to one-third of its length, but this will not make the real height of a man who was two yards tall a single hair's breadth greater. We have no such unvarying natural laws to test the intrinsic value of our money standards. We can maintain the weight of the coins by accurate balances, their fineness by chemical analysis, their appearance by careful coinage, and their debt-paying value by statute law, but here we must stop.

The use of the phrase "standard of value," referring to the intrinsic value, is a mischievous delusion unless we conceive of a standard as being *elastic*. The phrase "agent of valuation," rather than "standard of value," will give a correct idea of this function of money.

By the adoption of the simple common-sense expedient, of leaving the coinage of silver entirely under government control, restricting it within reasonable limits, and of buying all of the metal needed at its market price, we have avoided the calamity of being overrun with the silver of the world. Notwithstanding our immense silver coinage, we have not met with the bankruptcy and ruin which it was foretold would result from this one cause alone; but, on the contrary, our national credit was never better than at present.

Coin is specially fitted for vault service, not for the pocket; and bankruptcy will not likely disturb us simply because our vaults are filled with real money and our pockets with its well-secured paper representatives.

John A. Grier.

COMMENT.

THERE is a difficulty in the way of answering or commenting upon Mr. Grier's article—the difficulty of knowing what he is driving at. There is nothing so discouraging as attempting to answer a writer

who has no clear idea of what he wants to prove, and who skips with bird-like freedom and unconcern from one branch of his subject to another, disdaining any continuous line of thought. For want of any other fulcrum to begin work upon, let us take the caption of his article.

"The Silver Dollar—is it honest?" This query is of a piece with the general slipperiness and uncertainty of Mr. Grier's argument, because it may be answered in two or three different ways. If it is meant to ask whether the silver dollar really weighs four hundred and twelve and a half grains, nine-tenths fine, as the law requires, it is undoubtedly honest. If the question is whether the silver dollar is worth as much as any other American dollar, standing on its own merits, everybody knows that it is not, and that, so far, it is a fraud. Bear in mind that the silver dollar purports to stand on its own merits and calls itself a dollar, differing in this respect from the greenback dollar, which makes no such pretensions, but calls itself a promise to pay a dollar. "But," says one, "even if the silver dollar, standing by itself, is not worth as much as some other American dollars, it nevertheless passes for as much." So does a counterfeit dollar until people find it out. The silver dollar and the counterfeit dollar are dishonest and misleading in this, that both pretend to be the equivalents, as metal, of the property they exchange for. The silver dollar is at par with gold up to the present time because the Government redeems it at the custom house, the tax office, and the land office. The Government has never said that it would give a gold dollar for a silver one at the Treasury, but its action, for the time being, has the same effect, since otherwise its collections of taxes and duties would be made in gold—exclusively. Silver has thus received a factitious outside support over and above its metallic value, and it is this support which, for the time being, veils its dishonesty. The dishonesty consists in the very fact of passing for more than it is worth—as metal. Whether we consider twenty-five and eight-tenths grains of standard gold, or four hundred and twelve and a half grains of standard silver, the more fit and proper unit of value, all must agree that if the latter passes for as much as the former it passes for more than it is worth, and that its extra value must be borrowed from some extrinsic and foreign source, which may or may not always continue to lend it the necessary support. This proposition has all the force and certainty of mathematics.

If, however, Mr. Grier intends to ask whether the reintroduction of the silver dollar into our coinage after its value had fallen below the legal ratio of sixteen to one was an honest act,—if this is the purport of the query which stands in the caption, its pertinence at this time is not perceived. The question was debated in the forums of law and morals, at great length and with great heat, more than five years ago. The vote taken in Congress upon it never convinced anybody, and it is hardly worth while to go over the heads of the discourse now. What the Government did at that time was simply to assert its right to pay its own debts in silver dollars of four hundred and twelve and a half grains, nine-tenths fine, which it could produce at ten per cent. less than gold dollars. It did not authorize private persons to pay their debts in the same way, because it held in its own hands the

right to manufacture silver dollars, and refused to sell them to the public for anything less than the price of gold dollars. Having asserted its own right in the premises, it has never yet exercised it. It continues to pay its debts in gold or gold value. Whenever it shall exercise the right to pay its bonds, interest, pensions, and current obligations at anything less than gold value, the question of honesty will come up afresh. At the present time it is not important. The only other right which the Government assumed in the silver act was to take two million dollars per month from the tax-payers to pay for silver bullion to be stamped with the figure of a spread eagle, and laid back in the earth from whence it came. Although the question of honesty is not of immediate importance, the \$24,000,000 per annum of public money spent upon silversmithing is of real consequence to those who foot the bills.

Is the silver dollar expedient? This again depends upon another question—viz., how many silver dollars are meant? One silver dollar would be expedient as a matter of curiosity. A few millions would be expedient for small payments, although the superiority of whole ones over halves for this purpose is not apparent. Fifty or sixty millions would be expedient if all notes smaller than five dollars were withdrawn, and the gold quarter eagle stricken from the coinage. Finally, it appears that under our very cramped and rigid national banking law and the operation of rapid debt paying and bond cancellation, room has been discovered for the circulation and use of ninety-nine millions of silver certificates—these being the only form of paper currency which could be obtained in haste in any desired quantity, of denominations as low as ten dollars. No virtue need be attributed to silver for all this, since it is gold, or gold value, which is invariably deposited at the Treasury in exchange for silver certificates. An equal number of new greenbacks would have circulated as readily, there being a real demand for them arising from the country's growth. An equal number of new national bank notes would have been provided, if bonds had been plentiful and the price not too high. It happened shortly after the silver certificates were authorized that a great development of agricultural and mining industry took place in the West and Southwest, and a heavy stream of immigration set in from foreign countries. This Western development called for a new supply of paper currency, and the silver certificates were the only available source. They were taken out for want of anything better. They are not legal tender except at the custom house and the tax office, but being received there they answer the purposes of currency. Copper or iron certificates under like conditions would answer as well.

Taking things as they are, however, and pursuing the inquiry *how many* silver dollars are expedient, we may admit that of the whole amount coined up to this time, viz. \$158,000,000, all except \$39,000,000 are in use somehow either as coin or as certificates: \$39,000,000 remain in the Treasury, an altogether dead investment, representing at 3 per cent. \$1,170,000 of annual interest lost to the tax-payers; and this stock is increasing at the rate of \$2,000,000 per month. It is open to us to show that the services rendered by the silver dollars and the silver certificates might be much more advantageously secured in other ways, but for

the sake of argument we will assume that about 119,000,000 of such dollars are expedient. The only question open to intelligent discussion is, whether it is expedient to go on manufacturing a particular coin after the limit of its circulation, either in its original or its representative character, has been reached and passed. Upon this question Mr. Grier throws no light. He does not seem even to apprehend it.

Never before in the world's history has any government charged itself with the duty of making metallic money, either gold or silver, beyond the needs of itself or its people. The United States alone furnish this example of wasteful and ridiculous excess. The solecism, it is well known, came about in the way of a compromise between two sections or factions of the "friends of silver" in Congress, one of which desired unlimited coinage, while the other desired limited coinage. It would be nearer the truth to say that one side desired to give everybody the privilege of scaling his debts ten per cent., while the other side desired to confine it to the Government. The result of the compromise was a limitation of the monthly coinage, but no limitation of the total. The arrangement was based upon no principles of finance. It was a mere "back fire" started against the Bland bill. It had the effect of stopping Mr. Bland's fire, but is itself still burning. What it may destroy hereafter is a matter of conjecture, but it is certainly consuming two million dollars per month of the public taxes, and serving no purpose except to steady the price of silver for mine owners in all parts of the world, and still more for the treasury and trade of British India, for which service we have as yet received no thanks.

The question, "Is the silver dollar expedient?" has no significance except as an inquiry whether the continued coinage of two millions per month, after all demands for silver dollars have been more than satisfied, is expedient. It must, of course, be answered in the negative.

Horace White.

Artistic Help in Divine Service.

It was thought to be of sufficient interest to the public to be stated in the reports of the meeting of the American Board at Detroit, last autumn, that at the beginning of the first service the hymn, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," was sung "as usual." Of course, most of us understand that the tune always employed is "Antioch." It is worth the inquiry, as a curious little speculation, whether the third verse was produced with the reduplication of those expressive syllables "Far as," according to the music requirement, "Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far a-as—Far a-a-as the curse is found"; and also whether the fourth verse is still loaded with the singular division which makes the people say: "And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wo-on—And wo-o-on-ders of His love." That is the way it used to be in Monthly Concert.

It is difficult to conduct a sober discussion on the special point to which I have long been wanting to draw attention, as one of the singing multitude, without seeming to be in fun instead of in dead earnest. The simple statement of our embarrassment makes people laugh. Now above is the example: I want to insist

modestly that even the authority of Lowell Mason is not enough to fasten on the churches such an awkwardness as this, which is plain the moment it is mentioned; though it looks like a joke to show it up. Lately the attempt has been made to slur over the whole strain, and that is certainly an improvement. But one must be pardoned if in candor he asks whether a hymn shall be travestied forever in order to carry out what a composer calls his "musical thought."

Such a question is far-reaching in principle. Which is it that singing is to follow, the words or the tune? What is the real purpose of the American Board, or of any one of our churches, in the act of singing in divine services? Is it to render a "musical thought" adequately, or to give a poetic sentiment fitting expression? Take another case: Once when I was preaching in a church beside the Hudson River, in May, the busiest month of the fishing season, I gave out the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The leader set it to a tune which, for the sake of some man's "musical thought," repeated half of the final line. When I heard the first verse, I shrank with consternation in frightful prospect of the second; for the movement ran thus: "Oh, receive—Oh, receive—Oh, receive my soul at last." That did no harm, it was simply unnecessary. But the next was awful. When I repeat it, it will be supposed a joke, although I am writing in sad earnest of a fact which almost destroyed my service: "Cover my defenseless head—With the *shad*—with the *shad*—with the *shad*-ow of thy wing." The whole congregation stirred with irresistible laughter. Must we all be forced to stand this?

Somebody will have to give in, and it is dangerous for a modern clergyman to criticise his choir. A good man in New Jersey last year came very near losing his charge for saying that he did not agree with his quartette in their adoration of the Virgin Mary, which they had been singing just for the sake of a piece of music. Frequently the worship is fashioned in order to admit of what are deemed artistic effects. Once in the city of Boston I had taken my place to begin; there had been presented to me a printed programme as I reached the vestry, the whole of which was filled in except the place for the closing hymn: it was issued by the choir as they had arranged it. While the organ was playing, up the pulpit stairs came a stranger; taking his seat by me on the sofa, he announced that he was the leader of the music, "basso." He purposed to sing for the anthem that morning a solo from "The Creation," and he desired me to read as the lesson the first chapter of Genesis, as "the most appropriate introduction." I meekly replied that if this was customary in that congregation, I had nothing to say. So I agreed to read the chapter, but I added that I trusted it would not be considered an innovation if I should put in afterward a few verses from the New Testament which I had selected. He bowed assent gravely as he left the desk. But when the moment arrived for the genesis of my perturbation to begin, once more I was favored with a visit, this time from the sexton, who only came to hand me a piece of a fly-leaf from a music-book, on which was written the gracious information that the leader of the choir, "basso," had concluded not to sing the solo, and I might feel at liberty to read what I pleased. How

much of that sort of artistic help is an educated minister, of a religious turn of mind, expected to endure?

It is of no interest to me to make issue with such willful vanity and outrageous conceit as this manifests; the man apparently assuming that the order of worship was to be constructed or modified to bring his voice into a proper orchestral setting. My troubles have come oftener from such sources as that intimated in the outset, than from the mere carelessness which grows out of a misconception. One of the older philosophers has said, "Incongruity is the soul of wit." This suggests a reason why we are not heard in stating our grievances; the cases have so much of incongruity in them, that our complaint is laughed out of court. We are supposed to be telling witty stories, when we are trying desperately to put an end to the dreadful incongruities in the divine service which destroy the worship we seek to conduct.

I wish to make this distinct point, and I never was more anxiously sober in argument in my life: I think that our choirs choose their "opening pieces" and their anthems with a view to the musical necessity of the voices or the day or the position, as they see it, and with no proper regard to the needs or wishes of those who have come to worship God. I do not assert that all do it, nor that any do it always; but I insist that this is the rule, and anything else is the exception.

Years ago, when I sought to hold our first Thanksgiving service in the Paris Chapel, it may readily be conceived by every New England heart how I was thrilled with eagerness of anticipation. My enthusiasm swept the people swiftly on with me. The leader wished me a hundred congratulations; he was full of joy; oh, he would give me such a grand anthem; but would I only let him put it in the place of the second hymn just before the sermon, after the congregation should all have come in and become still? I suffered it; and that was not all I suffered either. When the time came, the piece rolled out, "Bow down thine ear, O Lord." Ah me! you should have heard that splendid bass voice saying, "Thy will, O God, be done—*thy-ee* will, O God, be done!" Thus, there in the strange land, we hung our harps on the willows that Thanksgiving day; we had to send our cheerful gratitude aloft in the subdued strains of the most plaintive submission imaginable, for the entire choir were vying with each other in a chase to say best and most: "Thy-ee will, O God, be done!"

These things are among the commonest of all mistakes which try our patience. We started once last year upon an anniversary celebration; we planned to awake ourselves with a song. The pulpit alone with flowers; the Sunday-schools were trained in; the air quivered with sweet bright sunshine, hearts were alive, and memories full of exhilaration. The choir opened with a set piece, slow and hushed in tone, to which were adapted the words which they whirled over and over as they pushed on before them the involutions of an intricate fugue: "I will both lay me down in peace, and *sleep*; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." I am not willing to call that artistic; I consider it nothing more than provoking; it was inartistic inappropriateness. The piece was chosen, I presume, because the music pleased somebody; no possible reference to the use to which it was to be put could have been had. I cannot argue

about an awkward destruction of the service like that; there was no sense in such a song then. If singers cannot see the point when the picture is before them, logic is useless—as useless as Simon Peter found it on the day of Pentecost, after he had told the multitude that men did not usually get drunken before the third hour of the day. We do not want our congregations to lay themselves down in peace and sleep in the morning of an anniversary day.

Then there is a most unphilosophical way of dividing up the verses in hymns which are personal and experimental. It is as much as congregations can do to sing such things at all with four parts in the music; but traditional ease helps us a little. The moment, however, that the attempt is made to present them in the so-called "artistic" form of distribution among the performers, a challenge is forced, and we have to accept the office of critical estimate thrust upon us unawares. When a choir in effect says, "See how we will do it," we try to see. For example, it is not dramatic, nor artistic, nor philosophical, to divide the hymn, "Lead, kindly light," so that a bass voice of a man should say, "The night is dark, and I am far from home," Lead thou *me* on"; and then an alto voice should say with a woman's register of pathos, "I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou shouldst lead *me* on." For that inevitably suggests two of them in trouble, and the illusion is destroyed; we have no distinct conception of a soul struggling with an individual experience; if we have any conception at all, it is of a quartette of souls comparing experiences in different octaves.

Let me show what I mean exactly: some things are not perfectly clear unless they become melodramatic and exaggerated. Once in Brooklyn our tenor began thus, "Jesus, lover of *my* soul"; then the alto said, "Let *me* to thy bosom fly"; then the soprano said, "While the billows near *me* roll"; and the next line slid off on the bass, who added, "And the tempest still is high." So the organ proceeded to conduct the tempest to a successful issue with tremendous stops, which shook the glass overhead in the windows. Now, what a common man would like to know is, how many vocalists at a time were engaged in that prayer. This sending an individual experience all around the choir to supply singers with words for "musical thoughts" is of no sort of edification to churches—of no sort of comfort to preachers.

It is not quite fair to assert that outsiders do not know the difficulties which composers and leaders and managers of music-people have to contend with. But let me say, modestly, that for one I have been told with great pathos, and that more than once, during the past twenty years. The conductor of our choir, the one we had long ago, said frankly, on the sad occasion when I had what New England people call a "to-do" with him for cause, that, after a most extensive experience in leading, he had found it impossible to keep the peace in his gallery unless he would apportion the solos carefully among the performers from Sabbath to Sabbath, so that each should have a chance; hence, he often chose for the sake of a voice, or two voices, a composition the rendering of which would bring down praise from "the house."

Now, just for a moment, I should like to quote from "Aurora Leigh":

"The artist's part is both to be and do,
Transfixing with a special, central power
The flat experience of the common man,
And turning outward, with a sudden wrench,
Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing
He feels the inmost."

After this fine burst of enthusiasm, Mrs. Browning explains and guards her meaning:

"Art's a service, mark!
A silver key is given to thy clasp;
And thou shalt stand unwearied, night and day,
And fix it in the hard, slow-turning wards,
And open, as, that intermediate door
Betwixt the different planes of sensuous form
And form insensuous, that inferior men
May learn to feel on still through these to those,
And bless thy ministration."

Is art a "service"? Does the exercise of it in divine worship partake of the spirit of the inspired counsel, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant"? This thrusting forward of a personality of display does not look like it. Once our alto asked me, as I was entering the pulpit, whether I had any objections to changing the closing hymn, for she was expecting some friends that evening, and they could not come till late, and she wanted to sing a solo. And once, at a week-day funeral, our tenor crowded me even to my embarrassment with a request that he might be permitted to precede the arrival of the train of mourners with a vocal piece in the gallery, for he had just heard that two members of the music-committee of another congregation would be present, and he wished them to hear him, as he desired to secure the place of conductor there.

"Art's a service, mark!" But does it take the place of the rest of the service also? This entire discussion turns at once upon the answer to the question whether the choir, the organ, the tune-book, and the blower are for the sake of helping God's people worship Him, or whether the public assemblies of Christians are for the sake of an artistic regalement of listeners, the personal exhibition of musicians, or the advertisement of professional soloists who are competing for a salary.

In our travels, some of us have seen the old organ in a remote village of Germany on the case of which are carved in the ruggedness of Teutonic characters three mottoes: if they could be rendered from their terse poetry into English they would do valiant service in our times for all the singers and players together. Across the top of the key-board is this: "Thou playest here not for thyself, thou playest for the congregation; so the playing should elevate the heart, should be simple, earnest, and pure." Across above the right-hand row of stops is this: "The organ-tone must ever be adapted to the subject of the song; it is for thee, therefore, to read the hymn entirely through so as to catch its true spirit." Across above the left-hand stops is this: "In order that thy playing shall not bring the singing into confusion, it is becoming that thou listen sometimes, and as thou hearest thou wilt be likelier to play as God's people sing."

Charles S. Robinson.

Fielding.

WITHIN the past few months, a bust of Fielding has been placed in the vestibule of the shire hall at Taunton, Somersetshire. Both Old and New England may

be said to have united in paying this tribute to the great novelist; for the speech at the unveiling of the bust was made by the American Minister. No one needs to be assured that the address on the occasion was fitting and felicitous. Some surprise, however, has been excited by the view then and there expressed of the character of Fielding; for, whether correct or incorrect, it does not seem altogether to accord with either the contemporary or the traditional reputation of the man. Yet any false impression conveyed by it, if such there were, was probably not owing to the fact that what was said was untrue, but to the entirely different fact that all that may be true was not said. Let us not, however, scan too critically anything that comes from a quarter in which silence has never been a virtue. American literature has made to American diplomacy a gift it can little afford, when the published work of Lowell for six years would hardly fill six pages.

It is sufficiently appropriate that a recognition in this way of the Somersetshire novelist should be made in his native county. But the real monument which Fielding's memory most needs is one that does not ask for the chisel of any sculptor or the voice of any orator. It is, moreover, a memorial which it would neither be difficult to raise nor pecuniarily unprofitable. That memorial is a complete edition of his writings. Though one hundred and thirty years have gone by since his death, this act of justice to his reputation has never yet been performed. Apparently, it has never once been contemplated. A portion of his work—and, in a certain way, of work especially characteristic—is practically inaccessible to the immense majority of English-speaking men. We are the losers by this neglect more than he. The mystery that envelops much of Fielding's career can never be cleared away, the estimate of his character and conduct can never be satisfactorily fixed, until everything he wrote has been put into the hands of independent investigators pursuing separate lines of study. Equally essential is such a collection to our knowledge of the literary, the social, and even the political history of his time.

Fielding's collected works were first published in 1762. To them was prefixed an essay on his life and genius by Arthur Murphy—an essay more remarkable for what it did not contain than for what it did, and distinguished in particular for the lofty scorn it expressed of what it called the "cruelty of narrative" practiced by certain biographers who had no higher object than to pander to a depraved taste, seeking merely for information. Murphy's collection, or rather selection, remained for nearly a century the one generally adopted. Roscoe, however, added some pieces never before reprinted, and a still larger number of pieces of this class were included in the ten-volume edition of Fielding's works which was published in 1871, and especially in the supplementary volume which appeared in 1872. To this collection the ponderous *édition de luxe* of 1882 added a little. But it seems as yet never to have occurred either to publishers or editors that it was worth while to have all of Fielding's works reprinted. In one or two cases, this has been due more to ignorance than to design. It is pretty certain, indeed, that some of the novelist's miscellaneous writings have escaped the attention of most, if not of all, bibliographers and biographers. Reference, for instance, is often made to, and quotations

have sometimes been taken from, the unsigned preface which he prefixed to his sister's "Familiar Letters between the Principal Characters in David Simple," published in April, 1747. But it is certainly not generally known—I am not sure even that it has ever been observed—that five of these letters, extending from page 294 to page 352 of the second volume, were the work of Fielding himself, and not of his sister. Their style would betray their authorship, even were this not directly asserted. The first of these five, it may be remarked, has a certain special interest on account of its criticism of the stage during the season of 1746–1747, and its allusion to a certain actor, manning Garrick, as one "who never had, nor, I believe, ever will have, an equal."

Without mentioning other pieces of Fielding's which have never been reprinted, there is one class of his writings that has been treated, not so much with neglect as with unaccountable caprice. These are his contributions to the periodicals with which he was connected. Fielding, during his career, was the editor of four papers, "The Champion," "The True Patriot," "The Jacobite Journal," and "The Covenant Garden Journal." He was a warm partisan, he gave little quarter to his opponents, and he certainly received none from them. His attacks, however, were mainly directed against their intellectual flabbiness and political misconduct; theirs were directed against his morals and personal character. It is possible that they aimed at his vulnerable part, as he assuredly did at theirs. But these papers are not merely political; they are also full of references to the social and literary history of the times. Still, they have never been reprinted save in part. The meager selection made by Murphy, with little taste and less judgment, has until very recently been slavishly followed. The latest edition, though it has added something, is still far from complete; and this, too, when pieces much inferior in interest and importance have been carefully reprinted. It is perfectly safe to say that a complete set of the four journals above mentioned cannot be found in all the public and private libraries of the United States put together. It is even doubtful if there exists in this country a complete set of a single one of them. The essays from "The Champion" were, it is true, reprinted in two volumes in June, 1741, and subsequently republished in 1766. But these did not embrace anything written after June, 1740, and Fielding himself assures us that it was in June, 1741, that he ceased writing for that paper. In this respect, students of the period are doubtless far better off in Great Britain than in the United States. Yet it is a significant fact that, even there, Lawrence, in his "Life of Fielding,"—a laborious though not altogether successful work,—confessed that he had never been lucky enough to meet with an original copy of "The Jacobite Journal." No genuine investigator would ever be satisfied with a selection from these essays: he wants them, for he needs them all. Moreover, little respect can be paid to the judgment which made the selection originally. Of the thirty-three numbers of "The True Patriot," Murphy published only ten. One of those that he did not publish was the twenty-eighth number, which appeared May 13, 1746, and was entitled "An Address from a Footman in a Great Family to his Brethren of the

Cloth on the Execution of Matthew Henderson,"—Henderson being a footman executed the preceding month for the murder of his mistress under peculiarly aggravating circumstances. In all of Fielding's writings, hardly a finer specimen can be found of the irony in which he excelled than in this essay, which will be sought for in vain in editions of his so-called complete works. This meagerness of selection is even worse in the case of "The Jacobite Journal," which was published weekly from December 5, 1747, to November 5, 1748. Of the fifty numbers belonging to it, two only can be found in any of the editions of Fielding's works.

It is certainly full time that everything produced by the first great English novelist should be gathered together and put where every man who wishes it can find it. A critical edition of Fielding's writings, in which every change of text made by the author during his life-time should be noted, would be nothing more than a just recognition of his claims as a classic. This may be too much to expect. But there is surely no reason, either literary or pecuniary, why we should be deprived of the possession of his complete works.

T. R. Lounsbury.

Trades-Unions.

I HAVE read with much interest the several chapters of "The Bread-Winners," as also the correspondence in "Open Letters" of the October magazine.

While I make no pretensions to an intimate knowledge of the methods advocated and pursued by trades-unions, yet I cannot help feeling that the trades-unions have been misrepresented by the author of "The Bread-Winners."

The late unsuccessful strike of the telegraph operators was an ineffectual protest of underpaid labor against a gigantic and heartless corporation. So far from its being started by a "few conspirators whose vanity and arrogance blinded them to the plainest considerations of common sense," it was a national movement, advocated by nine-tenths of the operators, and had the sympathy of the vast majority of the American people, and which was deplorable only in its fruitlessness.

The members of trades-unions do not surrender their individuality, nor do they follow blindly the dictates of their leaders. They are principally intelligent and honorable citizens. Of course, it will be admitted by all that there is more or less destruction of property, etc., in most strikes. But the respectable should not be held accountable for the ill deeds of the rascals; the many should not be judged by the few. Labor, of course, has a perfect right to demand the highest price it can get, and so long as it leaves unmolested the property of others, it is entitled to the respect of the people.

Railroads, telegraph companies, and the like, as a general thing, pay immense dividends, the funds for which come out of the pockets of the people. The corporations force labor down to the barest minimum on which it can subsist, and when the laborers, like Oliver Twist, ask for more, the cry is raised that the security of society is threatened; and as in the novel, the request for more is denied, and the workingmen are put upon a bread-and-water diet for their impudence. There is, I am happy to say, a growing sentiment in favor of the Government's taking control of

the railroads and telegraph wires. This done, transportation and telegraphing will be immeasurably cheapened, and labor in these departments will receive its full and natural reward.

The author of "The Bread-Winners" should bear in mind that "In union is strength" is as good a motto for laborers as for legislators. Men linked together for a common object, advising and counseling among themselves and accepting the views of a majority of their number, can always be more certain of success than if every one followed a policy of his own. Collectively, the workmen can accomplish wonders; individually, they can do nothing.

J. H. Loomis.

Petrography and the Microscope.

I TAKE pleasure in responding to your request for a brief description of one of the youngest of the sciences—petrography, or lithology, a science the delicacy and elegance of which, as well as its great economic importance, entitle it to rank with its sister science, spectroscopy, as one of the marvels of the age. The study is still in its infancy, being little more than twenty years old, and but few popular accounts of it have yet been written. The tool of the petrographer is the polarizing microscope, and his field of work the investigation of the intimate interior structure of rocks. The folk-lore tales have become true: we have magicians now who can look through the solid rock and tell you what lies hidden in its heart. Extremes meet in the new science; the rich pencilings of the spectroscope tell the atomic story of a star millions of miles away, and the translucence of the rock-shaving, as seen under the microscope, invites the eye to witness the solidifications and crystallizations that befell a million years ago.

To see what a vast new field of investigation is opened up, consider the old methods of identifying the mineral components of fine-grained and minutely crystalline rocks. These methods were two, the hand lens and chemical analysis, both rude and imperfect in the case of most rocks. To offer a chemical analysis of certain aggregations of minute minerals, and call it a complete account of the specimen, would be very much like trying to get an idea of St. Mark's in Venice from its ruins—reconstructing in the mind the infinite complexity of its patterns of colored marbles out of the heaps of dust and debris into which they had been shattered. For many rocks, differing widely in minute structure and mineral composition, yield identical results under mere chemical analysis, and there are numerous little interchanges in the composition and molecular arrangement of rock-aggregates which chemistry could never discover. There are building-stones which undergo disintegration when they should not, and there are rocks which ought to contain metalliferous lodes, but do not. Micro-lithology ought in time to solve these puzzles, and undoubtedly will do so. An instance of its practical application has come under my notice, *i. e.*, a microscopical study, by Dr. M. E. Wadsworth of Harvard College, of the iron ore, or peridotite, of Iron Mine Hill, Cumberland, Rhode Island, in which the metallurgical problems presented to the iron-master by that ore are for the first time practically solved.

It is difficult to give an untechnical explanation of

the methods of the science; but a general idea may be given of the working of the instrument and of the preparation of the rock-slices.

A polarizing microscope consists of an ordinary compound microscope, in which two Nicol's prisms of Iceland spar are placed at a certain distance apart. One of these prisms polarizes the light, and the other shows you that it is polarized. Theoretically, common light is looked upon as vibrations of the particles of attenuated matter, called ether, with which all space is supposed to be filled. While the motion is propagated directly forward in straight lines, the particles of the ether are supposed to vibrate in every direction at right angles to the propagated motion. Now, if in any way these vibrations can be forced to confine themselves to one direction only, the light thus modified is said to be polarized. To make the meaning clearer, let the reader imagine a cord tightly drawn between two points, one of which shall represent the source of light and the other the eye. Let that cord be struck at the first end, the motion will be carried forward to the other, but the particles of the cord will of themselves only vibrate from side to side. Now imagine that the cord has been so struck that it shall oscillate outward in every direction about its former place of rest, as water does about the point where a stone falls on it, and it will yield us an imperfect idea of the vibrations of common light. Now imagine this cord struck so that it will vibrate from side to side only, and we have the vibrations as in polarized light.

When a ray of common light enters, in certain directions, a crystal of carbonate of lime (Iceland spar), it is separated into two parts, and in both of these parts the light is polarized; but when they leave the crystal they unite again, forming common light. If, then, by any means, we can get rid of one of the portions into which the light-ray has been divided during the passage through the crystal, the other portion on its exit will remain polarized.

Nicol found that by cleaving a crystal of Iceland spar into proper shape, then sawing it diagonally through its longest direction and cementing the parts together again by Canada (fir) balsam, the balsam prevented one of the two portions of the light from passing through the crystal, but did not interfere with the other portion. These calcite prisms, known from their inventor as Nicols, usually have at the end a rhombic outline; and when the shorter diagonals of the two prisms are parallel, the field of the microscope is illumined; but when the diagonals are crossed at right angles, the field is dark. When minerals or glassy substances are placed between the crossed Nicols, they act differently upon it, according to the system in which they crystallize. Glasses and minerals belonging to the cubic (isometric) systems, like common salt, do not affect the light at all; but those belonging to the other crystallographic systems present more or less beautiful and brilliant colors, showing oftentimes the most surprising contrasts and effects, such as no art can imitate.

Interpose a strip of porphyritic pitchstone between the Nicols: the matrix, or mass, of the pitchstone itself is glassy, and therefore remains dark, but the feldspar or mica crystals imbedded in it instantly gleam out in the most brilliant colors in the polarized light.

In practical work, the lithologist uses his microscope, sometimes without any Nicol, sometimes with one only, and then again with both, according to the problem he has before him.

Besides the Nicols, there are other appliances used, like quartz, calcite, gypsum, and mica plates, specially constructed thermometers for measuring the expansion by heat of the liquids and gases enclosed in the crystals, etc., which the limits of this article prevent our describing. Petrography, as at present studied, enables one to ascertain the origin of a rock, the various vicissitudes its component parts have undergone, their relations to one another,—in short, it gives a more or less complete history of the rock, while it throws a flood of light upon points previously obscure. It gives information regarding the decay of building-stones, and points out the injurious materials therein. It determines the minerals in the rocks, and, however minute they may be, yields them up to chemical analysis. It enables one to read the history of those celestial visitants, the meteorites, as plainly as the spectroscope does the stars.

The rock-sections are prepared by first striking off a thin flake of the rock as big as the thumb-nail, and then grinding this flake down on a wheel with crushed corundum and emery till it is so thin as to be transparent, or at least translucent,—so thin, in fact, that a couple of turns more would entirely remove it from the little glass slide to which it is attached. When necessary, the slices are cut on the treadle machine by means of a soft iron disk charged with diamond dust. After being attached by its smooth side to the glass slide (Canada balsam being used to cement it), the section is then made still thinner by grinding down the other side; next, another glass is cemented to that other side, and a number is scratched on the glass with a diamond, a paper label being usually added for convenience of reference. All the processes are extremely delicate and elaborate.

The most eminent students of petrography are found in Germany. Rosenbusch, Zirkel, Cohen, and Von Lasaulx are among the great names there. The first-named seems just now to stand forth most prominent. Zirkel came over to this country in 1876 by invitation of the United States Geological Survey, and accomplished the first extensive micro-lithological work done in America. He examined twenty-five hundred thin sections, and the results of his labors are embodied in his report on "Microscopic Petrography," containing twelve beautiful colored plates. The late Dr. George W. Hawes of the National Museum, and Dr. M. E. Wadsworth, now professor of petrography in the Agassiz Museum at Harvard, were among the first American workers in the new science—the latter having taught the first advanced course in modern petrography ever given in this country. Harvard is the only American college employing a professor of petrography exclusively, and the present chair is maintained by the generosity of Professor J. D. Whitney, the geologist. There are already over two thousand mounted rock-sections in the lithological collection at Harvard. The only text-book of lithology in English written in the modern system is the inaccurate one of Frank Rutley.

Wm. Sloane Kennedy.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Valentine to an Anonymous Miss.

BALLADE.

GOLDEN locks in cunning curl;
Eyes like jewels set in rings;
Teeth, a row of polished pearl;
Lips, two rosy blossomings:
Spryly to my side he springs.
Pray, who is this fairy fine?
At my feet he coyly flings—
"Will you be my Valentine?"

Ah, my brain is in a whirl,
Thinking on such dainty things!
'Tis young Cupid; see him furl
At his back two tiny wings!
Just between, a quiver swings;
Dipt in love's delicious wine,
To each dart the flavor clings—
"Will you be my Valentine?"

Watching, I will see him hurl
Recklessly these sugared stings;
Shaped like lips of some sweet girl
Is the bow his shoulder slings—
Silken hair twined for the strings.
Snap!—What ails this heart of mine,
Clamoring with questionings?—
"Will you be my Valentine?"

ENVOY.

Muse, unto the maid who sings
For my ears this teasing line,
This reply the echo brings:
"Will you be my Valentine?"

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Valentine to a Man of Worth.

FAIR Sir! to you my maiden intuitions—
Shy but sincere—ingenuously incline,
And if I find you answer the conditions,
I'll take your bid and be your Valentine.

I know your worth—that is, your general merit;
But, when your mourned and wealthy father died,
Pray tell a simple girl, did you inherit
His virtues only—or—a bit beside?

Yes, I admire your lofty reputation,
Dear to my artless spirit as my own;
But tell me this—to still my trepidation—
Are you an owner in Bell Telephone?

Your learning, too, has bound my heart in fetters—
For you are wise, if street report be true;
I, too, a childish fancy have for letters—
I hope you're solid on "C., B., & Q."

Your noble presence—"dignified and stately"—
With inexperienced ardor I adore;
But those Villard stocks! Have you tried 'em lately?
And were you long or short on that Lake Shore?

So, gentle Sir, if you aught but read me,
And will with all your Bonds and Stocks be wise,
Then into Mutual Union you shall lead me,
And I will be—

Your booming VALENTINE.

The Indicator

OF THE GOLD AND STOCK TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

A SONG, a psalm, an upward note,
A rapid, joyous *click! click! click!*
And *click! click! click!*
As animated, full, and quick,
As any trill from thrush's throat,
And up the bubbles rise and float.

What song is this the siren sings,
That charms the fishes in the sea?
That from the fragrant meadow brings
The lambs that gambol friskily?
A tuneless song, but oh, how strong
To gather hearers short and long,
And fill the sails of yonder boat,
And make the bubbles rise and float!

The tide is rising, get on board!
The wind is blowing fair;
The crew are all of one accord,
To sail a glittering land toward.
Come, faithful souls, and get on board!
The dapper crew, so debonair,
Are very sure, extremely sure,
The pleasant weather will endure.

Oh, what a ship! Her silken sails
Are swept along by perfumed gales;
Her merry crew, the long day through,
Make much ado, and dance and sing;
For on a little way before
There lies a golden, glittering shore.
Clap hands, and make the welkin ring,
Ye merry crew, carouse and sing!
But saw ye not, oh blind, blind, blind,
The wolfish faces left behind?

A change of tone! a *click!—click!—click!*
Slow-dropping like a death-watch tick;
A dismal, gloomy *click!—click!—click!*

Whereat the radiant atmosphere
Assumes a livid, sickly hue,
And droops in ragged fringes blue;
A tone that scares the lambs at play,
And sends them scurrying far away
To safety on the upland lea,
And frights the fishes in the sea;
Then sullen waves their fronts uprear,
And bubbles break and disappear.

Ah, where the ship that sailed away
For golden shores, with streamers gay,
And merry crew that surely knew
That summer skies were always blue?
Ah, waves that roll, and winds that moan!
And broken spars that creak and groan!
And drowning men, on billows high,
Who turn white faces to the sky!

David L. Proudfit.

Dat Fretful Tilda Strong.

GOOD mornin', Missis Strong; I hope you'se well.
 T'ank you; I will drap in an' set awhile.
 Sebenty year is putty ole, my chile,
 An' dough de heart is young, de years will tell.

Your life is hard? I guess no harder'n mine.
 Jess berry poor? But, chile, you has your healf.
 Don't scold de Lord becose you aint got wealf,
 W'en out ob ten good tings he gibs you nine.

Now, Missis Strong, I wants to ax you dis;
 Jess len' an ear, an' let a ole man talk;
 I'se lived so long dat I know cheese from chalk,
 An' hev advice to gib you mussent miss.

Yes! put de dishes down, an' take a cheer;
 Settin's better'n standin' w'en you kin;
 Hang up de towel on de wooden pin,
 For I've got sumfin dat you orter hear.

Dere! don't be offish; I'se a frien', you know;
 Don't look so cross: I doesn't mean to scold;
 I wants to ax, if I may be so bold,
 W'at early use dere is in frettin' so.

It's nuff sight easier for to slip along
 Widout dis peevish an' dis snarlin' way;
 An' life don't go no smooover day by day
 For findin' fault, now does it, Tilda Strong?

You can't untangle snarls by gittin' riled;
 De more you yanks de fread, de wuss it is;
 But coax de tangle, fust dat fread, den dis,
 An' soon de t'ing is done, an' nothin's spiled.

I call your 'tention to de porkipine
 Dat little Peter killed de odder day;
 He's hangin' outen yander, an' I say
 Dat he can preach a sermon better'n mine.

You stroke dat feller from de head to tail;
 You don't git pricked, an' yet de quills is dere;
 He seem so soft as dough dose quills was hair,
 An' bleedin' fingers don't set up no wail.

But now, jess fetch your han' de odder way,
 An' stroke de little beast from tail to nose;
 Dere! don't git riled, becose it only shows
 You tinks I mean a good deal more'n I say.

Now, Missis Strong, dat porkipine is life,
 An' life is 'bout as full of quills as he;
 Stroke up, an' t'ings is wrong as wrong can be;
 Stroke down, an' you'se a cheerful, happy wife.

You kin broil bacon like a city cook;
 You wash an' iron as no Chinees can;
 An' w'en you has a possum in de pan,
 Ole Pete look proud as any king could look.

But, Tilda Strong, you frets more'n you'se aware;
 You spects dat eberyting go wrong end fust;
 Dat odders git de best, an' you de wust,
 As dough de Lord had 'prived you ob your share.

Don't worry cos you hasn't all you wish;
 A hearty laugh is better dan a groan;
 An' if you hab enough to eat, don't moan
 Becose you eats it from a broken dish.

Well, bless you, chile! No, no, I mussent stay;
 I'll jess drap home agin wid dis remark:
 W'en tings aint right, an' eberyting look dark,
 W'y! stroke dat porkipine de odder way.

Rev. Plato Johnson.

The Sequel.

(Respectfully dedicated to the author of "Nancy—An Idyl of the Kitchen.")

OH lovers, who fancy that if you are rich in
 The love of a damsel who knows how to sew,
 Who passes her mornings at work in the kitchen,
 Your cake's in no danger of turning out dough,
 Come listen awhile, as in mournfullest verses
 A sufferer tells what you all ought to know,
 And here for your benefit bravely rehearses
 How his cake, alas! proved the heaviest dough.

My Prudence, although not possessed of a nickel,
 Was raised by a notable mother; and so
 There was nothing she could not preserve or else
 pickle.

And her heart seemed as light as was always her
 dough.

How often by chance, or by warm invitation,
 I dropped in to tea, only lovers will know;
 And though of my coming she'd no intimation,
 She'd always fresh biscuits of well-kneaded dough.

"Ah, here," I exclaimed, "is the girl for my money:
 It's not a great deal, but how far it will go
 With a wife who makes bread that is sweeter than
 honey,

And who isn't too grand, the dear thing, to knead
 dough."

With a prospect like this, I'd no reason to tarry;
 She owned that she'd loved me "a long time ago,"
 And when I suggested that straightway we marry,
 She rose to the plan like her own lovely dough.

And what is the sequel? My home is perfection,
 No doubt you will think. Oh, how much you all
 know!

My wife is fatigued with a daily inspection,
 And firmly declines the least contact with dough!
 My little appeals to her conscience are slighted;
 She's deep in a novel when not on the go,
 And asks, with a smile, if I'm quite so benighted
 As to think her fit only for kneading my dough!

To a slight explanation she once condescended:
 Her life was a burden, she hated work so;
 And she thought, when she married, her troubles
 were ended,

And vowed never more to lay finger to dough.
 With satins and laces I'm forced to adorn her;
 She yawns over Ruskin, says Irving is "slow";
 We deal with the baker who lives round the corner,
 Although he puts alum, I'm sure, in his dough!

I offer, in meekness, a single suggestion.
 A marriage may last fifty years, as we know;
 Things beside heavy bread sometimes cause indi-
 gestion:
 Don't marry a girl just because she kneads dough.

Margaret Vandegrift.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

DE blackin'-bresh don't half-sole de busted shoe.
 Little flakes make de deepes' snow.
 De lame horse can't tell when de road good.
 De fros' dat kills your crap sometimes thins out
 your frien's.

Red is de wrong culler for a patch.
 Knot in de plank will show froo de whitewash.
 A short yard-stick is a po' thing to fight de deb-
 bul wid.

Dirt show de quikes' on de cleanes' cotton.

James A. Macon.

* THE CENTURY for December.

The Wooing O't.

A LAWYER once, unlike most of his class
A modest man, fell dead in love. A lass
He worshiped quite, but still his secret kept
Till up the scale his cautious courage crept,
And, well assured no one his purpose knew,
He started out with this sole aim in view—
To wit, to woo.

His way led through a wood, the shadows fell,
His waning courage shadowy grew as well,
Until he asked himself, disheartened quite,
"Why am I here at this time of the night?"
An answer from a tree-top loud and clear,
In legal language couched, fell on his ear—
"To wit! to woo!"

He fled in fear, although he no one saw;
For fear, like many a lawyer, knows no law.
The bird of wisdom perching overhead
Slow flapped his wings, winked warily, and said:
"Why should this be? Such haste I never knew.
He sure an unwise purpose had in view—
To wit! to woo!"

ENVOY.

Take well to heart this text drawn from the wood:
Your modest wooer never comes to good.
Though all the world your secret clearly knows,
And through unheard-of shades your pathway goes,
Let not your courage fail what'er you do;
Your wit keep always clearest when you woo.

William Howard Carpenter.

Leisure Lines

FROM A POET TO HIS FRIENDS.

[MR. AUSTIN DOBSON has the pleasant habit of writing kindly verses in the books he gives his friends. We have been permitted to collect five of these little poems. Four of them were written in copies of "Old World Idylls" (substantially identical with the American edition of "Vignettes in Rhyme"), and the fifth was prefixed to a copy of Mr. Dobson's monograph on Fielding.]

FOR H. C. B.

WITNESS my hand (and seal thereto),
All ye who wrong, by word or sign,
This unprotected Muse of mine:
I wish you—something else to do.
May all your bills at once be due!
May she, whose grace you seek, decline!
Witness my hand!

But you, acute, accomplished, true,
And candid, who in every line
Perceive a spark (or sparks) divine,
Be blessed! There's luck in store for you.
Witness my hand!

FOR —.

OLD friends are best! And so to you
Again I send, in closer throng,
No unfamiliar shapes of song,
But those that once you liked and knew.
You surely will not do them wrong,
For are you not an old friend too?
Old friends are best.

Old books, old wine, and Nankin blue,
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace that Time makes strong,
All these I prize, but (*entre-nous*)
Old friends are best!

TO L. H.

THERE is no "mighty purpose" in this Book.
Of that I warn you at the opening page,
Lest, haply, 'twixt the leaves you careless look,
And, finding nothing to reform the age,
Fall with the rhyme and rhymers in a rage.
Let others prate of problems and of powers;
I bring but problems born of idle hours,
That, striving only after Art and Ease,
Have scarcely more of moral than the flowers,
And little else of mission than to please.

FOR J. B. M.

IN vain to-day I scrape and blot:
The nimble words, the phrases neat,
Decline to mingle and to meet;
My skill is all foregone, forgot.

He will not canter, walk, or trot,
My Pegasus. I spur, I beat
In vain to-day!

And yet 'twere sure the saddest lot
That I should fail to have complete
One poor (the rhyme suggests) "conceit":
Alas! 'tis all too clear I'm not
In vein to-day.

TO E. C. S.

PLEASANT to get one's book from press
After a month (or more or less)
In something like a decent dress;
And pleasant, too, to sit and guess
Whether the world will ban or bless
Out of its Great High Mightiness;
But pleasantest—I must confess—
To post it off to E. C. S.

Austin Dobson.

A Sonnet by Browning.

MR. RAWDON BROWN, an Englishman of culture well known to visitors in Venice, died in that city in the summer of 1883. He went to Venice for a short visit, with a definite object in view, and ended by staying forty years. An incident of his death is recorded in the following sonnet, which is here printed by Mr. Browning's permission, and that of the lady at whose request it was written.

"Tutti ga i so gusti e mi go i mi."
(*Venetian saying.*)

SIGHED Rawdon Brown: "Yes, I'm departing, Toni!
I needs must, just this once before I die,
Revisit England: *Anglus* Brown am I,
Although my heart's Venetian. Yes, old crony—
Venice and London—London's Death the Bony
Compared with Life—that's Venice! what a sky,
A sea, this morning! One last look! Good-bye,
Cà Pesaro! no lion—I'm a coney
To weep! I'm dazzled; 'tis that sun I view
Ripping the . . . the . . . Cospetto, Toni! Down
With carpet-bag and off with valise-straps!
"*Bella Venezia, non ti lascio più!*"
Nor did Brown ever leave her; well, perhaps
Browning, next week, may find himself quite
Brown!

Robert Browning.

Nov. 28, '83.

"* Everybody follows his taste, and I follow mine."

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VON MOLTKE.